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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN
& GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

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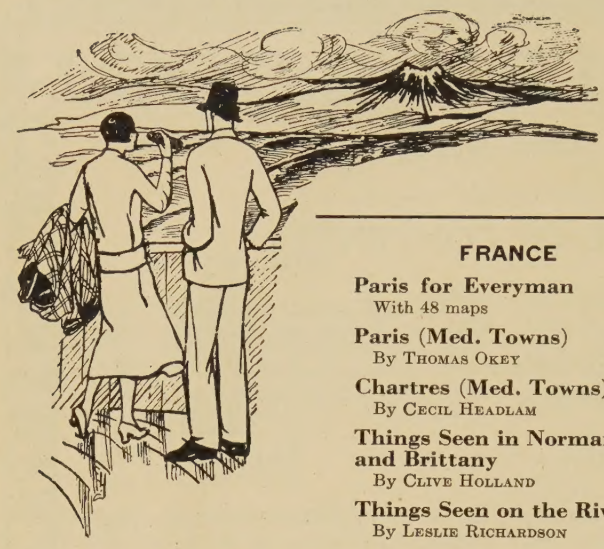

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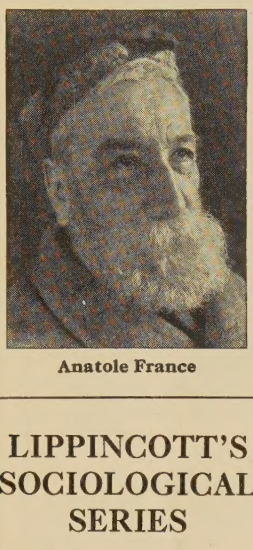

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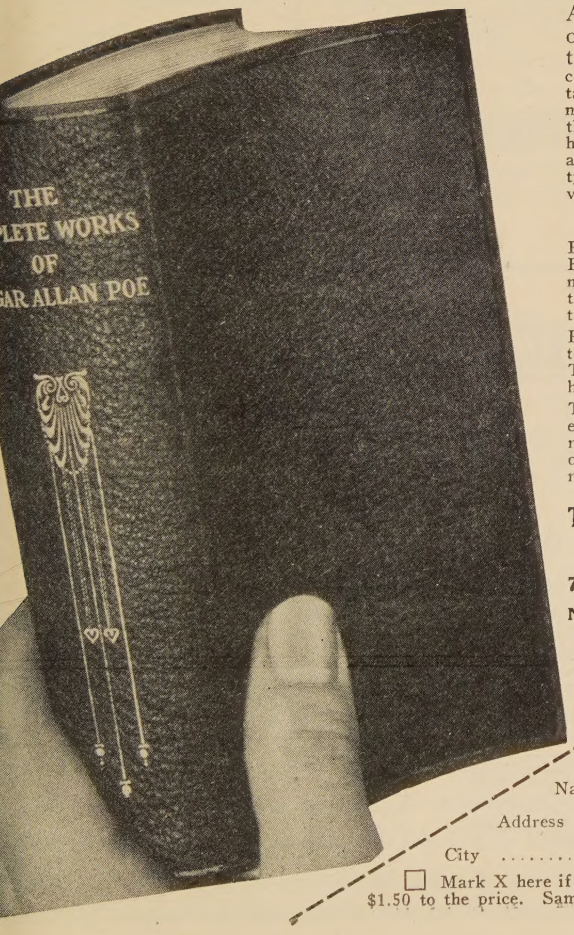

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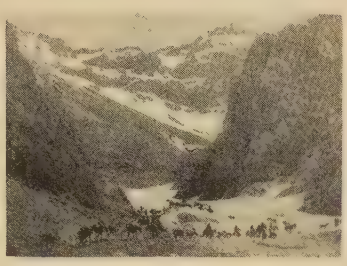

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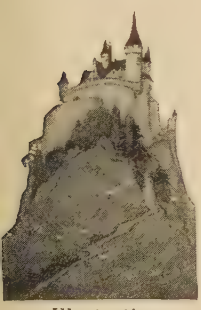

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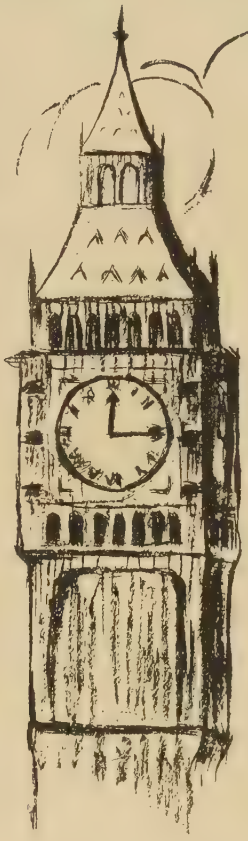

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The American MERCURY

June 1925

THE MANY-SIRED LINCOLN

BY J. G. DE ROULHAC HAMILTON

In early times men found themselves unable to understand high achievement by their fellows. They recognized it, but could not believe that it was the work of mortals like themselves. So they attempted to explain it by attributing to their heroes a supernatural origin. The gods were summoned from Olympus to become the fathers of mortal sons, and from the ancient father of the gods himself down to the least important deity they all obeyed the call. Strikingly enough, they were never called until their sons had already won the approval of the multitude. Their visits, therefore, may be regarded as *ex post facto*. So, for example, Jupiter became the progenitor of Leda's sons, Castor and Pollux, and of Danæ's Perseus; Ammon, the father of Alexander; and Apollo, the sire of Plato and Pythagoras. With advancing civilization men could no longer accept such genealogies, and in consequence *vox populi* no longer summoned the gods to fatherhood. Instead it ordered mortals to ascend Olympus and themselves become gods. In both cases the deified heroes were wrapped in mists of legend which in time tended to shroud from view all of their real features and characteristics.

A study of the most universally popular American hero, Abraham Lincoln, will reveal to the investigator a sad fact and one deserving attention. We have not held our own in the march of progress, and are actually retrograding. Apparently unable to rise to the later Roman system of deification *honoris causa*, we have dropped back to the habit of a more primitive day, and seek to account for Lincoln's character, personality, and achievement through his origin. Mere Abraham Lincoln, it appears, could never have been all he was, could never have attained his vast size unless behind him lay the explanation of heroic parentage. So legend has sought to furnish him with that parentage.

But we trusting students are in hard case. We are asked to believe too much. Particularly is this true as to that part of the legend which has sprung up with such mushroom-like rapidity in recent years. For example, we are asked to believe that all of Lincoln's contemporaries were blind. For how else can one explain their failure to take note of the fact, insisted upon so vehemently and with such authority today, that he was both in face and figure beautiful—so beautiful as to excite the awed, reverent, and sometimes even tearful admiration of every true artist who gazes upon his likeness now?

We are asked, again, to believe that his contemporaries were so unobservant as to be totally unable to recognize his most distinguished abilities. How else could they have failed so uniformly to see in him the

truly great lawyer he is now represented to have been—not the mere jury lawyer in semi-rural Illinois, which he undoubtedly was and which they knew he was, but a deep and learned student of jurisprudence in its broadest aspects? How else could Edwin M. Stanton, himself great as a lawyer, however offensive as an individual, say after being associated with him in an important case, that he was "a low cunning clown"?

We are asked, further, to believe that students of Lincoln today cannot read. How else can be explained the claim, now so universally advanced, that his central life motive was a passionate devotion to his fellow Americans of African descent; that he went so far in this as to agree with the Negrophiles of his day that the Shorter Catechism was all wrong, and that the chief end of man was to glorify the Negro and enjoy—no, let somebody else enjoy!—him forever. Of course, his contemporaries knew better; Lincoln himself saw to that. Again and again he expressed his opinion of the Negro, one entirely characteristic of any informed and thoughtful man of his time. As late as 1859 he could go no further in his worship than to say:

> I will say that I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of bringing about in any way the social and political equality of the white and black races—that I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of making voters or jurors of Negroes nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor to intermarry with white people; and I will say in addition to this that there is a physical difference between the white and black races, which I believe will forever forbid the two races living together on terms of social and political equality. And inasmuch as they cannot so live while they do remain together there must be the position of superior, and I, as much as any other man, am in favor of having the superior position assigned to the white race.

There is not a later word to indicate that he ever radically altered this opinion. But just the same no real or fancied discrimination against the colored man ever occurs today without a wail over the grief that would have been Lincoln's had he lived to see it.

We are, further still, asked to believe that that portion of the population of Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois with whom the Lincolns came in touch were morons or worse. How else can we explain the notion so prevalent among them at the time that Thomas Lincoln, legal and putative father of Abraham, was an idle, shiftless ne'er-do-well, when according to today's account he was an up-and-coming person, a man of substance, of clear and reflective mind and temper, of strong character—a person, in other words, worthy of the only really distinguished ancestry imaginable to most Americans—that is, one traced back to New England?

Last, and most remarkable of all, we are asked to believe that if the Lord God of Israel had placed Himself in the close and intimate communion with Abraham of Kentucky that He did with Abraham of Ur, He would have spoken somewhat in this wise:

> And I will make thy sires as the dust of the earth; so that if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy sires also be numbered.
>
> Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them. So shall thy sires be.
>
> And thou shall be the son of many nations.

II

Seven cities claimed Homer dead, but seven sires are all too few for Lincoln. We are asked to believe that he was the son of Thomas Lincoln of Kentucky, who was, at least, his putative father; of Abraham Enlow, of Hardin county, Kentucky; of Abraham Enloe, of Swain county, North Carolina; of Abraham Inlow, of Bourbon county, Kentucky; of George Brownfield, of Kentucky; of Martin D. Hardin, of Kentucky; of Samuel Davis, of Kentucky; of Patrick Henry, of Virginia; of Henry Clay, of Kentucky; of John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina; of Adam Springs, of North Carolina; of one Andrew ——, an adopted son of Chief Justice Marshall; and, presumably, of any and every male person of his time who ever came—or did not come—within hailing distance of any locality where any person named Nancy Hanks ever lived.

Had Lincoln been compelled to confront

this confusion of claims, he would have been a wise child to know his own father. Probably he would have done as he did with the identity of that unknown grandfather from whom, he argued, he inherited "his power of analysis, his logic, his mental activity, his ambition, and all the qualities that distinguish him from other members and descendants of the Hanks family" (evidently he shared the common opinion of Thomas Lincoln!), and given up the problem without attempting to solve it. But there is no evidence of his having been bothered while he lived with this task of choosing his father. He could have been pardoned, perhaps, in view of the list from which he could have chosen, had he selected some one else than Thomas, the least impressive of them all. With a whole firmament to choose from, why select a mere meteoric stone?

Nowhere else in history, so far as I am aware, has any such multiplicity of fathers been ascribed to any man. Demosthenes in the debate on making Alexander the son of Ammon, exclaimed, "By all means let Alexander, if he wish it, be the son of Zeus and Poseidon together," but generally one was enough. Two, or perhaps three, is the best that I have ever heard of. It is as unique a tribute as was ever paid any man, as unique in fact as the subject was as an individual, that Lincoln has a dozen.

It is not enough to say that he needs a better explanation than Thomas Lincoln. There are too many great men similarly unaccounted for. Nobody knows anything which would indicate that Andrew Jackson's father possessed unusual qualities. Thomas Jefferson's father surely did not, nor did the father of John Marshall, nor the father of Alexander Hamilton. Various writers have sought to find the source of Lincoln's dozen in hostility to him or to his memory. This might be an explanation had the stories originated with his enemies, political or sectional, or had they been advanced in the heat of a political campaign. But most of them came to public attention through men who knew Lincoln, and loved and revered him. There is no reason for any unbiased person to doubt the real affection of Herndon for him. Nobody, in fact, did doubt it until it seemed necessary to defenders of Lincoln to damn any and every man who ventured beyond the boundary of unthinking and uncritical praise. Ward H. Lamon also valued and admired Lincoln and nobody doubted it until he fell under the ban for seeking to present what he regarded as the historical truth. As a matter of fact, anybody who could say this about Lincoln was certain to be verbally stoned:

> With all my affection, admiration, love, and veneration for Mr. Lincoln, I have never been one of those who believed him immaculate and incapable of making mistakes. He was human and in the nature of things was liable to err, yet he erred less often than other men. He had amiable weaknesses, some of which only the more ennobled him. It is no compliment to his memory to smother from the closest scrutiny any of the acts of his life and transfigure him by fulsome deification, so that his most intimate friends cannot recognize the Abraham Lincoln of former days. The truth of history requires that he should be placed on the record now that he is dead, as he stood before the people while living.

No, the early stories, with one exception, did not originate in enmity or among those whom circumstances had placed in opposition to Lincoln. They came from friends. Nor were they given to the public in the bitterness of a political campaign, or even during the lifetime of their subject, when they might have worked him injury. Only one of them was known, or at least known to the public, before his death, and that one—the Davis story—while quite widespread in the Confederate army, seems never to have found its way into print contemporaneously. There is not a scrap of even dubious evidence to show that Lincoln himself ever had reason to believe that anyone thought him *filius nullius*. Dennis Hanks came into the world "through nature's back door" and Lincoln thought with the best of reasons that his mother had used the same entrance, but there is no credible evidence that he thought himself other than Thomas Lincoln's son, though there is considerable proof that he was never proud of his father.

It is true that a number of the later stories of the irregularity of his paternity originated in the South, but investigation shows no sign of hostile intent in them. James H. Cathey and D. J. Knott, for example, who have given enthusiastic support to two of the theories, are both ardent admirers of Lincoln. This track, like the others, leads nowhere. The only explanation that is at all satisfying to an inquiring mind is that alluded to in the beginning. Lincoln was a great and unique person; therefore, he must have had an unusual origin, and hence the multitude of sires assigned to him. In the mass they are unusual enough in all conscience, but individually they do not prove nearly so satisfactory as Jupiter was on a score or more of classical occasions. Nor do they, many of them at least, serve as any better explanation of Lincoln than his legal progenitor. Clay, Calhoun, or even Davis, may seem fairly satisfactory, but one finds no inspiration at all in Abraham Enlow, Abraham Enloe, Abraham Inlow, George Brownfield, or Martin Hardin. Well might Dr. William E. Barton, in his interesting "Paternity of Abraham Lincoln," compare Abraham Enlow to that small and insignificant mouse which the mountain brought forth after long travail and an abundance of groans. Truly, if the Enlow story is the source and origin of all the others a great matter has been kindled by a very small fire.

III

What of the stories themselves? How well do they satisfy the necessities of sound historical judgment?

Apart from the Davis story, which had currency in the Civil War, the original story was undoubtedly the one which ascribed to Abraham Enlow, of Hardin county, Kentucky, the paternity of Lincoln. What is the basis for it? Briefly stated, it is that two years after the marriage of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, Abraham Enlow, who lived near them at Hodgenville, entered into an illicit connection with Nancy Hanks Lincoln, and became the father of a son. There is connected with the story the tradition that Thomas Lincoln and Enlow shortly thereafter engaged in a terrific fight, from which Lincoln emerged the victor with the severed end of Enlow's nose held firmly between his teeth. Because of that fight, so the tale runs, Thomas Lincoln emigrated to Indiana. Of all the stories this is the only one that displays any kindness to Thomas Lincoln. Every one of the stories makes him cornigerous—more fully antlered, in fact, than any lordly stag, or even moose, that ever roamed the forests of the frontier. But no other story, however heavily it "charges his horns with garlands," gives him credit for any other quality of the horned animals.

No evidence has ever been produced to prove the truth or even the probability of this story, but it has nevertheless been believed by many to be true. As a matter of fact, there is every likelihood that Nancy Lincoln never saw Abraham Enlow until a month or so before the birth of the child, if, indeed, she ever saw him at all. Furthermore, Enlow was a boy of only fifteen in 1809, and there is not a particle of evidence to show that during the rest of his long life he was minus any part of his nose, or that he had the slightest other claim to the paternity of the infant for whose arrival he constantly boasted he had brought the midwife. (The child, he said, for that reason was named for him.) No, his boasts would have been more inclusive, his pride of firmer basis, had the story been true.

The North Carolina Enloe story has more plausibility, but no more truth. In substance, it amounts to this: Abraham Enloe, of Swain county, according to persistent family tradition, had as a member of his household a girl named Nancy Hanks, who in the course of time gave indications of an intention, to use a homely expression of the place and time, of "going to the straw." Mrs. Enlow, with how much reason the tradition does not clearly show, placed the blame for the girl's con-

dition upon her husband and declined to speak to him; according to the story, he thereupon sent Nancy to Kentucky, where the child was born and duly named Abraham, taking later, after his mother's marriage, the surname of Lincoln. A variation of the story places his birth in North Carolina. The tradition is not burdened with matters of such small historical moment as dates. It does not in any way account for the young Abraham in the period between his alleged birth and the undisputed marriage of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks. Apart from the name of the latter, the story found its greatest strength in the supposed resemblance of the legitimate children of Abraham Enloe to Abraham Lincoln, a resemblance which was, however, evidently far from striking. As a matter of fact, there is very little doubt of the essential truth of the tradition, except as to its connection with Abraham Lincoln. There *was* a Nancy Hanks in the Enloe family, and she possessed that frailty which was apparently not uncommon among the Hanks women, and when she disappeared from North Carolina she was the prospective mother of a child, presumably Abraham Enloe's. But she was another Nancy Hanks —one of the tremendous number of Nancies in that most prolific Hanks clan. And that is all.

The tradition that Lincoln was the son of Abraham Inlow, of Bourbon county, Kentucky, has nothing to back it at all. It probably owes its origin to the defective memory of someone who had heard the Enloe story. In respect to its lack of visible foundation, it closely resembles the Marshall and Springs stories. Once it is started, there are always plenty of people ready to whisper or to shout such a yarn into a full-fledged tradition. "That," as the North Carolina farmer, from his perch in the top of a tree where the freshet had deposited him, called to his children who were vociferously announcing his death by drowning, "that is the way all these damned lies git about the country."

The Marshall yarn may be summed up and dismissed in a few words. According to it, Chief Justice John Marshall's son and an unknown Englishman were killed together in border warfare and the Chief Justice thereupon adopted Andrew ——, the latter's son. Later, this Andrew met Nancy Hanks, the illegitimate daughter of the dead Marshall and of Lucy Hanks, who was an inmate of a rural house of ill-fame. Abraham "Lincoln," thanks to the obliging disposition of Thomas Lincoln, was the result. But Chief Justice Marshall lost no son in border warfare and never adopted a son, and Nancy Hanks was older than any of his children.

The Brownfield story embodies a simple assertion that George Brownfield, on whose farm in Hardin county the Lincolns lived in 1808, was Abraham Lincoln's father. The chief evidence presented is that Brownfield had several tall sons, one of whom had long arms. So often does one hear this sort of thing adduced as evidence that one is forced to the conclusion that any male person in the United States who was, in 1808, within striking distance of puberty was likely to be saddled with the paternity of Abraham Lincoln. It is not at all necessary for him to have been in Kentucky at the time. Nancy Hanks was apparently always on hand, amiably ready to bear the child.

Martin D. Hardin is supposed to have stopped to visit the supposedly complaisant Nancy while on his way to attend a session of the legislature. But he was never a member of the legislature, and there is no evidence that he ever saw Nancy.

Of the Henry tradition one need go no further than to recall the fact that Patrick Henry died ten years before Lincoln's birth. Nancy Hanks had to bear many things, not the least perhaps of which was life with Thomas Lincoln, but even the most relentless of those who pursue her reputation in these latter years would hesitate to inflict upon her a decade of gestation. Of course, there is another explanation, which should attract the attention of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. A recent issue of *The American Stand-*

ard, a 100% American journal, describes the nomination of Lincoln in the Republican National Convention of 1860 by Henry Clay! If Clay could come back eight years after death to make a speech nominating his son for President, Patrick Henry presumably could have returned nine years after his demise for the purpose of begetting him.

Henry Clay's title to Lincoln's paternity seems to rest chiefly upon the facts that he once lived in Kentucky, was tall in stature, and was somewhat given to amorous pursuits. Incidentally, a large proportion of the male population of Kentucky at that time could have qualified similarly. Perhaps Clay's newly-discovered reappearance in 1860 may be regarded as evidence of his paternal interest.

Adam Springs as Lincoln's father requires as absurd a stretch of the imagination as any on the list. The story is that Nancy Hanks came to Lincoln (now Gaston) county, North Carolina, on a visit and attracted the roving eye of Springs; that the child resulting from this intimacy was Abraham Lincoln. The tradition varies as to the place of birth between North Carolina and Kentucky. Since Adam Springs was of German descent it may be confidently predicted that the movement to make Abraham a German in blood will lead to a wider acceptance of this theory.

The Davis story is of course highly intriguing to the imagination. What a dramatic touch would be added to the Civil War if it were true! It had, as has been mentioned, considerable currency in the South during the course of the war, starting, so it seems, among Kentucky troops who claimed that it was generally accepted in Kentucky. As the story is usually told, it is within the range of possibility. Todd county, where Samuel Davis lived, and Hardin county (now La Rue) are close together. Davis was a loose-living wanderer from home and fireside. In his wanderings he saw Barkis-like Nancy Hanks Lincoln, with the usual result. "Everybody in that section of Kentucky knew it." "Look at the likeness between Lincoln and Jefferson Davis." "Lincoln and Davis never abused each other during the war."

But what are the facts? Todd and La Rue counties are more than one hundred miles apart and there is no evidence that Samuel Davis was ever in the latter. Far from being loose-living, he was a sober-sided individual of rather rigid morality who adored his own wife. As for the story being common knowledge "in that section of Kentucky," there is nothing to show this was actually the case in the extensive area between Todd and Hardin counties. The likeness to Jefferson Davis is undoubted and that is the strongest evidence which the story has. There are pictures of the two men which are far more alike than is usually the case with brothers. But that isn't proof, nor is the fact that they refrained from abusing each other during the war. Neither of them was given to personal abuse. No, this story, more's the pity, will not wash either. There is nothing to it. It was written up at length a few years ago by a man, since dead, who believed it implicitly, but he failed to find a publisher, not because of what he said of Lincoln but because of allusions to the fruits of certain indiscretions of the Father of his Country. The manuscript is apparently lost.

Thus we are left with John C. Calhoun. What are the alleged facts in this case? At Craytonville, Anderson county, South Carolina, was a stage-road tavern kept by one Christopher Orr. In Orr's employ was a girl from the neighborhood, named Nancy Hanks, who was possessed of unusual beauty. At Abbeville lived Calhoun, a young, unmarried lawyer who made frequent trips to Pendleton, by way of Craytonville. When he reached Orr's tavern he nearly always developed a sick headache of such severity as to compel his stopping. Presently it was discovered that Nancy, free of favors, of course, was the cause of his visits and that presumably he was responsible for the condition which led to her discharge, and to her rejection by her own people. Calhoun then bought a horse

and saddle and sent her off with some horse-drovers to Kentucky, where she had an uncle. Two months later her child was born and named for her uncle, Abraham Hanks. Six months later the ever-obliging Thomas Lincoln married her. A variant of this is that Thomas Lincoln came to South Carolina with the horse-traders and for a consideration agreed to take Nancy off Calhoun's hands. A frill on the story is that Calhoun once left Washington on horseback, bound for Kentucky, ostensibly to visit Henry Clay, but really to see his son Abraham. The rumor does not indicate whether he admired him or not.

There was undoubtedly a Nancy Hanks at Craytonville, but she never married Thomas Lincoln nor gave birth to Abraham Lincoln. She did marry and was living long after the death of Nancy Hanks Lincoln. Whether or not the story of her relations with Calhoun is true is a matter of no importance so far as Abraham Lincoln is concerned.

IV

Each and every one of these stories has its advocates, and all of them ignore such trifling things as facts of time and space. They value word of mouth tradition (with little question of the character of the mouth) more highly than the incontestable evidence of records. For the growth of these legends, the defenders of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks are undoubtedly in part responsible. They have sought to prove too much about Thomas and the Hanks family, and in their attempt they have become as untrustworthy as the proponents of the other side. But, it is argued, where there is so much smoke there must be some fire, and hence Lincoln must have been illegitimate. This is the most plausible of all the arguments, but if it is to be sustained we must have a new set of claimants, or else leave the paternal honor to Thomas Lincoln, where it would seem most clearly to belong.

In the face of the evidence this modern attempt at deification is at its best a feeble imitation of the ancients. Take the position assigned to Nancy Hanks. Danæ was highly honored by the shower of gold, Leda was honored no less as the result of the swan's visit, while Europa furnished the name of a continent. Nancy Hanks, on the other hand, appears as merely a drab outcast. The ancients were able to clothe their legends with dignity and adorn them with the drapery of a light and shining imagination; but somehow we moderns are too stodgy and literal to do so. Our legends' bare nakedness, unadorned by delicate imagination, is utterly lacking in dignity. When we escape being disgusting, we are only ridiculous, and when, as a climax, *vox populi* calls down as the gods of the occasion Abraham Enlow-Enloe-Inlow as a substitute for Jupiter Tonans, or even John C. Calhoun and Henry Clay to take the place of Apollo and Mars, then indeed it is time for the angels—no, for the gods themselves—to weep. Olympus has fallen below sea level.

THE UPLIFT HITS THE ARMY

BY AN ARMY OFFICER

THE Uplift has come to the Army. Those who fought the War under the banner of the Red Triangle may think that this is no news. They err. Previous efforts toward our salvation have been partial and pallid. Now, however, the High Command has been converted, and we move *en masse* to the mercy seat. We, too, side by side with Rotary, Kiwanis, the Better Babies' League, the Society for the Suppression of Vice and all the rest, have joined the march of humanity toward that white tremendous daybreak foretold by recent and pending Amendments to the Constitution.

Tidings of the dawn, all uncomprehended, appeared in a letter sent by the Adjutant General of the Army, dated October 7, 1924, to Chiefs of Service, Corps Area Commanders and others, and by them transmitted to all commissioned officers. The following is an extract:

> In Field Service Regulations, 1923, are set forth basic principles for the conduct of operations by, and the administration of, our armies in the field. Knowledge of these principles, with their frequent application in peace-time training, is essential to the accomplishment in war of that coordination of military effort so necessary to success.
>
> "Studies in Citizenship," published as Training Manuals Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 5 . . . , are designed for use in the instruction of young men, enlisted in the Army of the United States or undergoing training in one of its civilian agencies. . . .
>
> It is directed that you call the attention of all officers serving under your command to the importance and significance of the texts above referred to, and that you require each officer to familiarize himself with the contents thereof prior to May 1, 1925. . . . It is further directed that you call upon the officers serving under your command for constructive criticisms of [these manuals], and that you forward a consolidated report [thereof] to reach this office not later than May 31, 1925.

There was some unusualness about this letter. It is not customary in the Army formally to require officers to familiarize themselves with, and comment on, a certain publication by a certain date. The order implied that this was no light matter. Soon "Studies in Citizenship" arrived; and the plans for the Summer's target-practice, Captain Blank's views on the last ration issue, and the sad case of Private Dash (asleep on guard on the 12th inst.) had to wait in my basket through a happy morning, while I read and uplifted myself. Strange sounds from beyond the partition indicated that the adjutant was likewise occupied; the sergeant-major's face, too, was that of one who saw visions. Tongues of fire hovered over headquarters.

I select Studies No. 5, perhaps the juiciest. Here we have it. This is the Fundamental Policy, latest edition, of the Army of the United States, of such passing importance that all officers must familiarize themselves with its contents, and make report thereon. The pamphlet, of forty-nine pages, opens with a formal, colorless letter from the Chief of Staff, which reveals that the Studies were developed at the Plattsburg Summer camp of 1924. The important thing in them, it appears, is the use of the "applicatory method," whereby the student "reaches his own conclusions by reasoning on the facts and the situations discussed." Criticisms and suggestions are desired. Signed, J. L. Hines, Major General.

Next comes the Preface. It begins with a definition of the "applicatory method." The idea back of it, it appears, when it is "employed in training courses designed to develop thoughtful behavior, is that we

learn to think by thinking under circumstances as nearly like those in which the thoughtful behavior is desired as it is possible to make them." I shall not give my theory, worked out by diagrams, of what this means, but I venture the opinion that it is a pippin. It is the jewel in the ring; thereafter, the Preface becomes fairly transparent. These Studies are to be given to recruits, young soldiers, C. M. T. C. men and others, by their instructors, *i.e.*, platoon and company commanders. They are intended to teach citizenship, and simultaneously to teach the pupils to think. Instruction will take the form of a reading from the text, followed by questions and informal discussion. The instructor will guide the discussion lightly, permitting the men to form their own conclusions. He will also endeavor "to make vivid and real the problems associated with union, justice, tranquillity, defense, welfare and liberty." Some official padding, a misquotation from the Constitution, and all is said.

Next comes an "Introduction for the Instructor." It says over again what the Preface says, but more beautifully. I quote the opening choral:

> The basic ideas involved in the course and the order in which they are developed may be summarized in the statement that America—
>
> *a.* Delivers the goods—
>
> (1) Through productive service,
>
> (2) With freedom of initiative to all.
>
> *b.* Divides the work—
>
> (1) Among many hands,
>
> (2) By operating upon the basis of mutual confidence.
>
> *c.* Gets results through—
>
> (1) The voluntary efforts of self-reliant individuals,
>
> (2) Working under competent leadership.
>
> *d.* Sets forth the common objectives of our national life—
>
> (1) In the Preamble to the Constitution,
>
> (2) By progressively upgrading the American people in—
>
> (*a*) Skill,
>
> (*b*) Understanding,
>
> (*c*) Character, and
>
> (*d*) National strength.

While the pamphlet, like all such mellow documents, is a compilation, the literary analyst will quickly note the presence of one hand, ever and anon, throughout. For example, "America . . . sets forth the common objectives of our national life . . . by progressively *upgrading* the American people in . . . national strength" could, I feel, have been written, page Sir Boyle Roche, only by the one who constructed the definition of the applicatory method, quoted above.

II

All preliminaries completed, we approach the Studies. In this volume, No. 5, there are four of them. Each has a Foreword, from three to six Readings and a Supplementary Reading. Each Reading consists of the Reading proper, a set of Questions, and Notes for the Instructor. Sub-paragraphs and sub-sub-paragraphs abound, with an insane lucidity of analysis worthy of a small French bureaucrat. Here is the table of contents:

> Study I—Individual Initiative. *Readings:* Made in America; Ten-Miles Then and Now; William Kelly, Master Ironworker; No Help Wanted; The Unconquerable Soul; The American Pioneer.
>
> Study II—Interdependence. *Readings:* The Path of a Pickle; From India to Indiana; So This is News; On the Border; Boring from Within; The Semaphore.
>
> Study III—Leadership. *Readings:* A Chalk Talk; Captain Jones, Leader of Men; What Would You Do?; Essentials of Leadership; Lead or be Driven; Fitness for Success.
>
> Study IV—The Spirit of America. *Readings:* Come with Me; Who is My Neighbor?; Oath of Allegiance.

I open to Study No. 2, Reading No. 1. "The Path of a Pickle." Reproduced from *The Nation's Business* for April, 1922. J. M. O. C. was stumped at dinner because his wife, Elizabeth, had to pay a quarter for eight small pickles. He writes to the editor of *The Nation's Business* for light. The editor obliges. Elizabeth, for her money, bought more than pickles. She bought the bottle, labels, and a metal top, lined with cork. She bought Service—salary of the clerk, rent of the store. She bought Transportation—spices carried from Java, cork from Africa, sugar from Cuba. Sweating coolies, grimy miners and swart men of

the jungle (the adjectives are the editor's) swarted, grimed and sweated to assemble Elizabeth's eight pickles.

The class of recruits having digested this, must then answer eighteen questions. Here are some of them:

5. How did insurance companies help Elizabeth get her pickles? Banks? School teachers?
10. How do differences in places affect the kind of things that can be done best in each one?
11. How do differences among people affect the kind of work each can do best?
18. What are the advantages in being dependent upon others to supply things wanted?

Note—The instructor can add other questions if he finds time and need for doing so, as Why did the pioneers not find it profitable to run shoe factories? Why were there no expert diamond appraisers among them? Etc.

Study No. 1, Reading No. 5. "The Unconquerable Soul." A brief thought by the late Franklin K. Lane. He is in favor of Fighting Against Odds, and cites Lincoln and Helen Keller in purple words. He then lapses into poetry concerning a dream, in which, he thought,

> There spread a cloud of dust along a plain:
> And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
> A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
> Shocked upon swords and shields. . . .

Questions:

3. Summarize the results of productive enterprise in America on wealth, intelligence, character and national strength.
4. What responsibility does freedom for initiative place upon the American citizen to do his part in productive service?

Note—These last questions are in the nature of a review. The answers should be snappy, and the men should be on their toes as the period ends.

Study No. 1, Reading No. 1. "Made in America," by Julius H. Barnes. A page of statistics on coal production and the like. Questions:

1. What is meant by saying that in America we have 6% of the world's population?
9. What right has America to consume such a large proportion of the basic materials produced in the world?
12. How do you account for the high consumption of newsprint? What effect does this have on the American people?
15. How do you know that the people of America believe that the best way to meet the problem of making a living is to produce the goods, ideas and services needed?

Note—In no country in the world is freedom for initiative enjoyed quite so fully as it is in America. Government, laws, customs and traditions operate here to enhance that freedom.

Study No. 3, Reading No. 2. "Captain Jones, Leader of Men," from Casson's "The Romance of Steel." Captain Jones, from boyhood, was absolutely indifferent to pain. He got a job at $2 a day and was soon promoted. In sixteen years he was in line for manager of the Cambria Works, but another man was promoted over his head. This was the turning-point of his life. He became manager of another steel-plant, and shortly was producing more steel in a week than the average plant produced in six, while the world marveled. The rest of his life he spent storming up and down the shops, flashing practical suggestions "like sparks from a converter." *Exemplia gratia:* "Do you get enough fresh air in that corner, Joe? I'll have a window put in for you." Ten thousand wet-eyed men followed him to his grave. Questions:

4. Did Jones have any right to tell Smith to pay his grocer? Did he have a right to tell him he could not work for him? When is it wrong to use power over a man to get him to do something? When is it right?
11. Is it ever right for a man to want to be powerful or rich? What would be the result if no one wanted wealth or power?

Study No. 1, Supplementary Reading. "The American Pioneer," again by Franklin K. Lane, copied from "The World and Democracy." Here we ascend to pure poesy, three dithyrambic pages. Sample:

> In his long wandering he has had time to think.
> He has talked with the stars, and they have taught him not to ask why.
> He is here.
> He has seated himself upon the golden sand of this distant shore and has said to himself that it is time to gather his sons about him, that they may talk. . . .
> And here, too, these sons of the pioneer will tell of other things they do—how they have filled the night with jeweled light conjured from the melting snows of far-off mountains . . . how they baffle the eagles in their flight through the air and make their way within the spectral gloom of the soundless sea . . .

And in their honor he has fashioned this beautiful city of dreams come true.
In their honor has he hung the heavens with flowers and added new stars to the night.
In blue and gold, in scarlet and purple, in the green of the shallow sea and the burnt crown of the Summer hillside, he has made the architecture of the centuries to march before their eyes . . .
We have but to anchor his quaint covered wagon to the soil and soon it rises transformed into the vane of some mighty cathedral.

No questions follow this effort. It stands alone, a flower hung in heaven above the golden sand of the distant shore and the green of the shallow sea.

III

It is difficult to convey the emotion produced in me by this swill. It leads to reminiscence.

The Regular Army of pre-war days was a peculiar institution. It has not yet had justice done it in print, having been florifierously lied about by its friends and ignored by everyone else. It was a nodule of foreign matter in the nation: anti-democratic in a democracy; reticent in an atmosphere of advertising; narrow and conservative in an atmosphere of windy hope; preserving, in a stiff Eighteenth Century mask, traditions of abstract honor in a country where honor consists in clawing and lying one's way into wealth.

The officer of that period knew little about the contemporary United States, which he referred to vaguely as "civil life." He knew little of war on the grand scale, strategy, logistics and major tactics. But he knew a lot about minor tactics, the handling of men, the building of military units up to regiments. He was either a graduate of West Point or colored by its traditions. These were, that one should obey orders, should not lie over one's signature, and should remember that one was something special and sacred, an officer and a gentleman. It was consistent with being an officer and a gentleman to organize petty garrison rows, get drunk in the club, cultivate the old colonel's young wife, and beat up a Filipino—or water-cure him. It was not consistent therewith to steal from the company fund, appear drunk on parade, cultivate the sergeant's wife, or lay hands on a private. Did officers do these latter things? Assuredly, on occasion. But when they were caught and court-martialed, it was for "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman."

Below the officer, across the enormous gulf of caste, were the old style non-com, a strange and often fanatical being, and the private. This last was typically a young, adventurous, unmarried, partly educated commoner out of a job, or too stupid or restless to hold one, physically sound, tractable enough to be molded into the system, independent enough to retain his self-respect after the molding. He had no particular patriotism, and no vices other than craps, a mild drunk and a daughter of joy or so on pay-day. He liked the army fairly well, expressing his liking by scurrilous and obscene songs about all its works. His education, after he learned to shoot and keep healthy, consisted in hammering into him, by the hypnosis of form and ceremony, the notion—the complex—that an officer was about half way between him and God, and that he must, must, *must* do what an officer said. He didn't give a hoot for good citizenship, or better babies, or justice, tranquillity, defense, welfare and liberty. He had simply a rifle, a gay cynicism, and the officer-complex. The latter he was quite capable of entertaining side by side with the feeling that his particular captain was an SOB.

I have an emotional fondness for this queer cramped institution. But I ask only that it be judged by results. It existed (we never thought of divisions or army corps) to make regiments. Some of them got overseas almost intact, as in the First and Second Divisions. They were excellent. They were as good—and I speak from close observation of the whole front—as the best French chasseurs, or the best Prussian Guards I saw, and nearly as good as the best English Guards regiments. Where they

appeared, at Château-Thierry, south of Soissons, in the horrible tangle west of Montfaucon, were bright spots in a rather sorry performance.

Well, that small old army ended with the war. We expanded forty-fold, and into the vacuum rushed the Uplift. In rushed the third-rate preachers, the Y boys, the aspirant executive secretaries, the vice crusaders, the anti-prophylactites, the circulating-librarians, the vocational trainers. In rushed the *vieilles filles*, the motherly women, the nice little superflous girls in search of thrills. . . . I shall not describe their A. E. F. activities, which are old stuff. The trouble is that they are still with us. Proportionately, more so. In the hurry of the war they were merely nuisances, like lice or trench-mouth. In peace they are becoming a menace.

The movement is backed by, and supports, numerous quacks. But there are two serious bodies of opinion behind it. One is the big corporations. They see us, under the Defense Act of 1920, pathetically trying to keep alive the factitious war enthusiasm by Citizens' Camps and the like, where we annually assemble young men, give them plenty of baseball and swimming, and softly insert a little squad drill. A group of such youngsters is a fallow field for propaganda, and the boards of directors know it. For instance, here in my trash-basket is the latest monthly bulletin from my Corps Area headquarters. An article by a Major Phillipson describes the enthusiasm of the Standard Oil of New Jersey, the General Motors Company and the New York Life Insurance Company over the C. M. T. C. "They are going to profit by this strange new efficiency-building movement. . . . They see the youths come back with . . . a keener sense of duty and of right and wrong, and a susceptibility to just discipline that has made them better workers. . . ." (*New Republic* and *Nation* please copy!) I dislike this. I dislike to see my profession made a cat's-paw in the endless rows of capital and labor, the big rascals and the little rascals.

The other body of opinion arises out of the moony yearning of the country at large for sweetness and light. Here is a group of a hundred thousand men. Much can be done with them. They can be made patriotic. They can be taught trades. They can be taught to write once a year to their mothers. They can be taught to love animals. They can be taught to love Christ. And they are easy to get at. If the man in the street, desiring peace, is approached by an uplifter, he can tell him to go to hell. But if the men in the ranks have a general who has been convinced by an uplifter, they must march to his lecture and stand at ease until he is through. Between their numbers and their availability, the soldiers touch the motherly heart of every male spinster in the Republic who believes that God is a Rotarian.

I dislike this even more, for it starts from the wrong basis. Good citizenship is an excellent thing, and so are religion, filial affection and brotherly love. But they are not the ends of an army. An army exists to kill men, when ordered, in the nation's quarrel, irrespective of its justice. It should train its men to that single end. I do not mean that its members should insult women or steal chickens; I am not advocating riotous hard-guys. But if it is a choice between praising God and going to bayonet drill, God should wait. If we object to any of our citizens thus specializing on murderous and un-Christian activities, we should abolish the army. If we want an army, we should recognize it for what it is. We should not tell lies about it being a school for citizenship or manual training, nor clutter up its drill-grounds with disciples of these irrelevant arts.

If this be thought prejudice, I appeal to the test of experience, and I think that any officer of over ten years' service will back me up. I have watched since 1917 this infiltration of the uplifters. I have watched their fantastic efforts to make recruits into salesmen, into electricians, into accountants, into Christians, into anything under Heaven except soldiers. I have watched the

establishment on Army posts of Y's, of K. C.'s, of Chautauquas, of welfare centers, of everything that has nothing to do with a combatant army. I have participated in these orgies, under orders. I have meantime seen the desertion rate go up; marksmanship, horsemanship, discipline and reënlistments go down; and an army produced that could be routed by about three-fourths its strength of pre-war men. I have seen some strange things.

But—returning from far musings—I have not yet seen anything approaching the heights of pure damn foolishness attained by these "Studies in Citizenship," Training Manuals Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 5.

IV

I wish that, just once, I could give instruction in those Studies to the enlisted men of a company I commanded, long ago. I should like to read Franklin K. Lane's poem to Stable Sergeant Gooch, a stolid, illiterate Missourian, wonderful with mules. I should like to read "Who is My Neighbor?" (adapted from Royer, and resembling the more intricate passages of Nietzsche) to Corporal Cazalli, crack shot and company joker, leading the chorus at the end of a long hike—"You'll never be rich, You'll die in the ditch, You're in the ar-my now." I should like to call the sour gray top-sergeant from the orderly-room ("Stand ye at attention when the captain speaks to yez!") and try him on the relation of the insurance companies to Elizabeth's pickles. I should like to round up the four pay-day drunks, cleaning the picket-line under guard, and ask them "how the preamble of the Constitution commits Americans to a world-wide cooperative enterprise in which they will have to show consideration for each other if the enterprise is to succeed." I should like—

But these are dreams, and my basket waits. Captain Blank is still respectfully indignant over his rations. Private Dash has yet to explain why he was asleep on guard, and will doubtless tell me that he was up all last night studying conic sections with the Y secretary. Fondly I leaf over my "Studies in Citizenship" to the last page, seeking a happy ending. I am not disappointed. Here it is, the last Question of the last Reading of the last Study:

> 12. What is a democracy? Can it make all people healthy, wealthy and wise? What can a democracy do? When can it do it? Who will do it? Why?

I shall omit that Question, when I have occasion to give instruction in the course. Somebody might ask me the answer.

THE GRAND INQUEST OF THE COUNTY

BY H. ROB. KEEBLE

I PRESUME that country grand juries are about the same in all our Imperial States. I have no reason to doubt that the average one in New York or California is composed of about the same grade of morons that engage in snooping into their neighbor's affairs in Texas. I sing of the Texas grand jury for the reason that I spent four shameful years as a prosecuting attorney in that great State and can, therefore, write with some degree of authority. I trust that the celestial Recording Secretary has made note of the fact that when I offered my youthful talents to the electorate of my county I was long on youthful ideals and short on cash and clients. To my credit be it noted that I was possessed of no over-mastering desire to curb the local crime wave. The simple fact is that I had but recent sanction to practice before the courts, and clients were slow to avail themselves of my talents. My office rent and board bill were extremely regular —and the commonwealth, as a regular client, paid fair wages and conferred a certain prestige upon its lawyer. Thus I became a candidate.

I had been active in lodge circles and had achieved a county-wide reputation as a graveyard orator at Woodmen monument unveilings and was what is commonly known as a good mixer, having little else to do. Naturally and logically, I sought to cash in on these assets. I was aided in my ambition by the fact that my opponent in the election had the handicap of having served two efficient terms and was seeking a third, thereby violating the sacred democratic doctrine of rotation in office. So much by way of apology.

Running for public office in America, I believe, is the most debasing of human pursuits. To achieve a job dependent upon the pleasure of the voters requires servile fawning, supreme hypocrisy and the suppression of all the instincts of self-respect. But even more pernicious are the effects upon the soul of the unfortunate after he has been invested with his honors and emoluments. To take seriously the theory that one has acquired thereby a sacred mission to regulate the lives of one's fellow sinners—this will quickly warp and poison all the sweet reasonableness that should endow every honest man. After two terms, I also, like my predecessor, attempted to achieve a third, and was in turn unhorsed. For my liberation I now return my brief thanksgiving to whatever gods guided the sovereign voters on that day.

With the passing of the years I view with growing horror and honest remorse the degradations into which I was drawn by my work. To my credit again be it noted that I took no joy in it. From what I now recognize as an entirely mistaken sense of duty, I prosecuted with vigor several hundred of my fellow-beings, who in most instances differed from myself and his Honor upon the bench only in that they had been indiscreet as well as wicked. In no case, as I recall it, did my heart swell with pride in the thought that God and myself were collaborating and the Devil being put to confusion by our joint endeavors. When the time came to leave the office I did so as one discarding an unclean garment. Since then I have greatly enjoyed a modest practice on the other side of the docket. Always, indeed, I have rejoiced

more over securing the acquittal of one honest bootlegger than I ever did over the conviction of the ninety and nine whom I aided in their progress toward the penitentiary.

Distasteful to me as were the duties of actively prosecuting in open court, they did not compare with what I had to suffer in the grand jury room. It was there that I learned to what depths of unutterable meanness human nature can descend. Though I aided in the investigation of many deplorable and heinous crimes, I can recall none in which I could not perceive a very natural and very human motive, driving the offender into its commission. But I have never yet been able to understand the zealous and fiendish joy that so evidently surcharged the heart of the average grand juror as he went about digging into and exposing the lapses of his fellowmen, and the ill concealed satisfaction he obtained from bringing humiliation and sorrow to his friends and neighbors.

The grand jury was designed as a sort of judicial sieve through which all accusations should be carefully sifted, to the end that none should be presented unless they had sufficient evidence behind them to make out a prima facie case. This plan was based on justice and good sense. The faults found in it in practice are the faults inherent in all democratic schemes and institutions. In brief, it overlooks the fact that the average private citizen is just as tyrannical and malicious as the average justice of the peace, sheriff or constable. And so the protective purpose is utterly frustrated, and the grand jury becomes dangerous and a nuisance.

It is clothed by law with very unusual powers. It works behind closed doors and its proceedings are protected by an oath of secrecy. It is accountable to no one. Only the prosecuting attorney can be present while it works and even he is excluded when it deliberates on its findings. Lifted thus for a brief space from the harassed ranks of the rabbits and endowed with the fangs and hunting hunger of the hound, the average rustic, become a grand juryman, responds instantly to the metamorphosis. The mild-mannered village grocery clerk who yesterday shared with you a pint of contraband hooch, today becomes the wild-eyed ally of Volstead and Wheeler. The jovial town barber who confidentially tipped you off on the new milliner is now one in purpose with Anthony Comstock. And the briefness of his tenure in office serves to make him all the more eager to use his power to its cruel limit.

II

The panel from which a grand jury is chosen in most American States is picked by commissioners who are themselves appointed by the district judge. The judge is elected by the people and usually gains his office by political bargaining and trickery. Legal learning and judicial temperament are qualifications rarely considered by the voters or by the petty political leaders who sway their suffrages. Thus the average district judge throughout the United States is a typical product of democracy—a blatant demagogue and a mean-minded pusher whose selfish little soul becomes only the more shriveled and arbitrary when he mounts the bench.

He may, perhaps, furiously upbraid and deliver to retribution any litigant who directly offers him a bribe, because he is crafty enough to realize that his chances of getting away with it are remote. But he is none the less vicious, for he is a constant mountebank, and shapes his every act and utterance to the particular madness that happens to possess *hoi polloi*. It was the district judges of Texas who within recent history turned over a large portion of that State to the government of the Ku Klux Klan. Once the organization had put on a few night-shirt parades and received the public endorsement of the rev. evangelical clergy, the judges, with a few notable exceptions, hastened to kiss the hem of the Imperial Wizard's gown, and to prostitute all of their official powers to the spread of his empire.

Much has been said and written about the extra-judicial courts established and operated by the Klan in the woods and river bottoms of the South. They were very picturesque, and no doubt helped to dazzle and enchant the nitwits for whom the Klan was created. But as a means of administering its conception of justice they were entirely unnecessary, for the high priests of the visible government were all too ready, willing and able to degrade their offices to the Klan's uses, and to turn over all the established machinery of the courts at the command of its unseen powers.

It is well-authenticated history that in Klan dominated districts the judges appointed only jury commissioners from the inner circles of the order, and that the commissioners in turn summoned for grand jurors only the most intense zealots of the Flaming Cross. Thus was the mantle of protection thrown over true believers and the All-Seeing Eye given an official microscope wherewith to seek out the lapses of its enemies. Do you wonder that at an early stage the coffers of the Imperial Treasury were swelled with the initiation fees of all the more astute bootleggers and pimps? The resulting reign of anarchy, working through the legal and duly constituted machinery of justice, was the logical result of our highly defective judicial system. The outrages perpetrated in the name of justice were many and hideous. Yet they were only the natural and typical results of the grand jury system as it works in the country districts in normal times.

In the more congested centers the grand jury is in almost continuous session and the public becomes inured to its presence, but in the backwoods it convenes only two or three times a year. From the day that bailiffs go forth to summon the panel, the sense of excitement and apprehension grows throughout the countryside. To the major felons, of course, such as murderers, burglars and hi-jackers, the solemn convocation means little, save the hastening of their cases to an issue. The facts in such matters are ferreted out by the officials before the grand jury meets, and only sufficient evidence is submitted to it to warrant a formal indictment. It is to the ordinary citizen, who lacks the imagination and moral courage to kill his wife, hold up a train or break into the First National Bank, that the convocation brings a sense of high apprehension.

All too well he knows his danger. For is not the grand inquisition composed of men of like passions unto himself? Most assuredly it is, and as he has done in the past and will do again when he gets his day, so will they now diligently inquire into all rumors and gossip as to the secret poker games in the back of Deacon Brown's drug-store, and as to the origin, transportation and specific throats of destiny of all vinous, spirituous and malt liquors that have enlivened the county since the last session. But most particularly, avidly and unrelentingly will they search out the juicy details of those indoor and outdoor sports which may be roughly classified as amorous activities outside the code. It is the certain prospect of these impertinent and voluptuous inquiries that breaks the rest of many a good Baptist and hastens the temporary hegira of those who know too much.

On the appointed day the panel assembles in the court-room and twelve good men and true are sworn in. A foreman is appointed and the dirty work begins. However, before they retire to the star chamber they must listen to the charge of the court. Here is where the rustic Dogberry shines. It is his best opportunity to make campaign thunder. The statutes order simply that he shall charge the grand jury upon the law and direct its attention to the particular violations to be inquired into. But always he seizes upon the occasion to deliver an unctuous sermon, deprecating every moral wickedness and excoriating in particular all bootleggers, adulterers and violators of the Sunday closing law. Frequently he puts himself formally on record as believing in the Bible from cover to cover, and so aligns himself

firmly with the defenders of the old-time religion and the single standard of morality. Jazz, gin and midnight petting parties are exposed in all their hideousness and the newly inducted jurors are sicked on to the forces of hell with all the fiery exhortations of a Methodist revivalist. Thus the grand inquest enters upon its crusade filled with the Holy Ghost, and incidentally full of the conviction that his Honor should be kept in office as a militant defender of the faith of the fathers, and an uncompromising scourge of the world, the flesh and the devil.

III

Once it has been organized, the matters to be investigated are docketed, and subpoenas are sent forth for the witnesses. Spurred with a freshly aroused sense of duty, the members rack their memories for rumors and suspicions and so lay the proper moral foundation for digging into their neighbor's affairs. Woe betide the unlucky brother who hath been indiscreet or overfrank within the recollection of the jurors! Past friendship shall avail him nothing, for hath not the anointed solemnly sworn that he will leave unpresented no one for love, fear, favor, affection or hope of reward?

Within a few hours the corridors are crowded with witnesses awaiting their turn under the rack and thumb-screw. Their number is augmented by a host of volunteers whose hearts swell with abhorrence of those who serve not the Lord. Prominent among this class are usually several indignant matrons seeking discipline for husbands who have been too rough with them or too tender with less permanent connections. Also among the more eager volunteers are usually several Shylocks who wish to invoke the swindling laws to aid them in collecting unbankable debts. These are they who lift their hands protesting that they care nothing for the loss of the money but that it is "the principle of the thing" that has aroused their wrath. This class is given but short shift. The grand jury knows, by searching its own soul, that if any law has really been violated, the complaining witness will compound the crime by settling outside of court before the case can be brought to trial.

A more willing ear is given to the ladies in distress. While their troubles are also usually settled extra-judicially, chivalry demands for them a hearing, and besides, their stories are usually highly salacious, and certain data may be mentally noted which it may pay to check up when the juror turns to private life. These dames, like the Shylocks, are inspired by the very human motive of self-protection and are therefore entitled to a due allowance of charity for their apparent malignancy.

But most conspicuous among the volunteers are those who have come forward inspired solely and singly by undiluted malice—and envy. John Doe, in his young manhood, shared his weekly wage joyously with the frailest ladies of the neighborhood. His chief glory then was his utter disregard of the laws fixing the so-called age of consent. But once, on a week-end visit to a nearby village, a far-seeing Jezebel took advantage of his muddled condition and flung the matrimonial noose over his head. Being strong-minded and with her eyes steadfastly fixed upon the goal, she came back home with John, and entered intelligently and advisedly upon the task of settling him down and achieving their joint respectability. Since then his style has been exceedingly cramped. Cut off in his new rôle from tasting forbidden fruits, his eye and that of his highly sophisticated spouse have become doubly sharp to detect others not so restricted. They have reason to believe, and do believe, that the traveling salesman who leases the back rooms of a house adjoining their own does not rest uncomforted on Saturday nights. So John awaits unsolicited in the hallway of the court-house, ready and eager to tell it all. He is a fair sample of those who stand and knock at the gates. For his benefit and those of his persuasion I sometimes long to recapture

my lost faith in a superheated hereafter.

During my tenure of office there dwelt in an outlying settlement an old deacon whose diabolical custom it was to carry always with him a memorandum book in which he made daily note of all the moral lapses, real or fancied, that came under his observation. When the grand jury convened he laid aside all other duties and hastened to town to lay before the body his data. Once, by sitting up half the night and risking his life in a blizzard, he was able to present "eyeball" testimony against fifteen of his neighbors' boys who had engaged in a prolonged session of penny ante. When they were duly indicted for gaming, a misdemeanor, and had paid their fines, he was profoundly disappointed. He had cherished the joyful delusion that playing poker was a felony and would be punished by at least two years in the State penitentiary! One of the few joyful thrills of my experience as a prosecutor came a short time later, when I helped to convict this Christian man of looting the treasury of his Baracca class of its fund to buy German marks.

As to what goes on behind the closed doors of the rural grand jury I may not enlighten you with authentic details, lest I be subjected to the pains and penalties visited upon those who divulge state secrets. Suffice it to say that far happier is the lot of a rat loosed in a ring of terriers than that of an unwilling witness in a county grand jury room. Here the established rules of evidence have no standing whatever. Even the common principles of good sportsmanship and fair play are unrecognized and may be invoked in vain. Every kind of pressure is brought to bear on the witness.

I have seen weak-minded women and frightened children brow-beaten and terrorized for hours by the persistent nagging of the twelve good men and true. I have heard a hoary-headed foreman, whose own lechery had been limited only by his opportunities, assume the unctuous tones of a tearful father as he pleaded with some bucolic young Sybarite to center on some victim as the "author of her shame." I have seen terrified little boys reduced to hysteria by awful threats of life-long imprisonment. I have heard wives and daughters fervently preached at and prayed with in an effort to inveigle them into betraying their husbands or fathers. Time after time, I have known a grand jury to hale before it, ostensibly on another matter, one against whom it contemplated an indictment, and trick him into furnishing the evidence against himself. The reports of the appellate courts of all the States are filled with cases reversed on that ground, but in most instances the wrong is seldom righted. If the accused later complains, the grand jury can usually be depended on to swear as a body that he was properly warned before giving the damaging testimony.

When all possible indictments have been returned and the last pile of muck has been thoroughly raked, the grand jury makes a perfunctory examination of the courthouse and jail and prepares its report to the court. This is written by the county attorney and is filled with pious platitudes. It generally ends with a solemn adjuration to parents to keep a closer eye on their night-riding boys and girls, and furnishes the inspiration for red-hot sermons from the local pastors on the following Sabbath. So at last the doors of the star chamber are closed and the high inquisitors depart for their dunghills. Within a few hours the lid at the corner drug-store tilts at its old liberal angle, various light-hearted ladies, whose names do not appear upon the register, resume their interrupted residence at the local hotel, and the sounds of the rolling dice and the shuffling pasteboard are once more heard in the land. The community draws a long sigh of relief. A strained expression leaves the countenances of peasant and burgher as the joyful tidings are spread abroad. The grand jury has adjourned.

ROWDY DAYS ON NEWSPAPER ROW

BY WALT McDOUGALL

When I joined the *World* staff, Newspaper Row seemed little altered from the street that I had known in my earliest days. It began with the *Herald* Building at Fulton street and ended with the home of the *Sun* at Beekman. It had been my playground in infancy, as it had been my mother's. The restaurant of her uncle, Ned Windust, opened in 1824, stood until the '70's at 3 Park Row, with the house entrance on Ann street. Barnum's Museum stood at the opposite corner, a four-storied structure; between each pair of windows was an oval painting of some zoölogical marvel. I remember harboring a conviction that my father had painted all these. Having free entry for some unknown reason—probably an intimacy with the doorkeeper, or perhaps with P. T. Barnum himself, for it is said that he often handed me a big copper penny—I spent hours among the wonders in the museum and laid the foundation of an abiding respect for humbug. I was upstairs in the Windust house when the museum burned, and when our windows on Ann street began to crack from the intense heat I carried Aunt Sarah's parrot, a deadly foe, down to the street. A Bowery tough, a type of the period, tried to take the bird from me, but Inspector Walling, a mild-eyed, bearded terror of criminals, rescued it.

From the Windust house, which was exactly opposite my paternal grandfather's furniture factory, upon the site of which the Astor House was later built, my father, a Park Place artist of considerable note, beguiled my seventeen-year-old mother into eloping with him to Huntington, Long Island, where they were married by his brother James, who was for some sixty-odd years the pastor of the old Presbyterian Church there. In Windust's eating-house Dickens, Washington Irving, George Arnold, Poe (my father painted his portrait in the '40's; it was reproduced in *Scribner's* in 1910), John McCullough, Forrest, Keane, Macready, Booth, Kemble, Henry Clay, Wheatley, Wallack, Placide, A. T. Stewart, Fitz Greene Halleck, John Brougham, Fenimore Cooper, Greeley, Raymond, Fisk, Daniel Drew, Vanderbilt, and other notables lunched and dined, and the poets of the time exchanged their hard-earned honoraria for the best of sound old port and Madeira. I recall distinctly that the whole house was heavy with the pungent aroma of turtle soup at all hours. Charles Delmonico was the head waiter for years. He went into business for himself, I believe, when Windust retired to a great lonely house at Oak Neck, overlooking Oyster Bay. The restaurant and the rooms upstairs were filled with theatrical souvenirs.

When prosperity settled upon the *World* Joseph Pulitzer bought the Windust building. In excavating beneath the sidewalk there was found a bricked-up vault containing two barrels of port. This treasure was claimed by the contractor who was tearing down the building, by the builder of the projected Clark Building and by Mr. Pulitzer. Finally the prize was divided among them. It turned out that the wine was some seventy-five years old. When I told J. P. the history of the old building he gave me a quart of it. Although I have since tasted port aged 112 years and

Madeira past 123, neither equalled in flavor that mysteriously hidden juice.

Libbey's Oyster House occupied the corner afterward; then came a deluge of restaurants in the neighborhood: Mouquin's, the greatest of them all, Dolan's, Dennett's, and Hitchcok's, and the first of New York's fifty-cent table d'hôtes down in Ann street. Then the Bennett Building arose in its glory, six stories high, in 1875, and gave the hint to the Felix Ismans of the day that a turn in the real estate tide was coming.

At the time of my appearance on the scene with means to satisfy a healthy appetite the Astor House had almost regained its ancient prestige. In the circular restaurant adjoining the downstairs bar (there was also a select and cloistered drinking-room on the second floor), one might encounter almost all of the great men of the city: Mayor Gilroy, Collis P. Huntington, Austin Corbin, John R. Fellows, Hamilton Fish, Senator Conkling, Inspector Byrnes, Bob Ingersoll, Jake Hess, Ed Stokes, Chauncey Depew, Ed Lauterbach, Elihu Root, and a sprinkling of literary stars such as Howells, John Brisben Walker, Alden, Curtis, Gilder, Lathrop and Joe Stoddard, with Jim Metcalf, Frank White, Irving Bacheller, Willis Hawkins, Howard Fielding, Julian Ralph, Julius Chambers and Ed Marshall, who composed the high-browed Lantern Club down in William street. The men who made whisky and sold it fraternized here with the men who consumed it, and the great wine agents, such as Osborne, Heckler and Somborn, who were all civic institutions, began their daily rounds of joy in this circular temple of Apicius.

One of the town sights was the Chemical Bank at 270 Broadway, where strangers stopped to catch a glimpse of Hetty Green, who would not have her photograph taken and whom I could always throw into a panic by pretending to make a sketch of her from the doorway. The average New York bank had not then taken on the solemnity of a cathedral, but the Chemical already possessed an awful and sublime dignity. When Bill Nye and I received our first checks from Major Smith of the American Press Association we repaired to the Chemical to cash them, and the cashier rather testily informed Bill that he would have to be identified.

"Do you mean I've got to go and find somebody who knows me and whom you know before I can get the money?" drawled Nye.

"Precisely," replied the cashier. "Step aside and let that gentleman get to the window."

"Oh, he's with me. He can identify me."

The cashier demurred, not knowing me either, and an argument ensued. Finally Nye asked him, in turn, if he knew Grover Cleveland, T. DeWitt Talmage, Senator Breckenridge and Queen Victoria, eliciting a snappy "no" each time, whereupon Bill said, with a protesting gesture, "There! You see, you don't move in my set! How can I find anybody who knows us both?"

Then he pulled out that morning's paper, exposed his portrait and took off his hat. The cashier glared, melted and with a grin began to count out the money. Then Nye introduced me and he cashed my check too, after which we invited him out to lunch and found him to be entirely human and companionable.

II

Across the front of a wooden house in Green street in 1886 there hung a large faded sign, "Laura's." In my 'teens practically every house on the street bore such an advertisement, and the simple Jersey commuter wended his way to and from the ferry twice a day through a section given over to sin. In time the growing needs of the provision business evicted the fair occupants of these establishments, filling the ground floors with potatoes and cabbages and the upper with virtuous Levantines and Armenians. The Red Light district, an actuality and not a mere name, then shifted to the region south of Macy's new store

in Fourteenth street, but the practice of hanging out large conspicuous signs ceased. This district, with its monotonous rows of silent darkened houses by day and steady flow of vehicles through the night, was awesome and fascinating to growing, curious, palpitant boyhood. As I endeavor to form a picture of the night wanderers of those times I get an impression of furtive forms, rather pathetic, of seemingly middle-aged drab women, none under twenty at any rate, and certainly not a hint of the brazen creatures of thirteen and fourteen who at present give color to our garishly lighted thoroughfares.

A Mrs. Grannis, followed by Doctor Parkhurst, began to agitate against the segregation of vice in that quarter just about the time business needs drove the Cyprians northward to the thirties. In Thirty-first street the newspaper men established the Tenderloin Club in an old mansion, and Archie Gunn and I did the interior decorating in an entirely novel manner. Everybody who was anybody belonged to the club; it had a membership of seventeen hundred, and its reputation was simply devilish, but it was actually a workers' club, and generally as dull as dishwater. Nothing more exciting than boxing matches in the back yard and a poker game on the top floor ever happened in it, but before it went into bankruptcy it had witnessed the suppression of "recognized vice" and seen the painted women driven from brothels into lodgings, flats and private homes, some twenty-five thousand of them. Its sophisticated members, to a man, predicted great evils to follow. Once I had a spicy altercation with Doctor Parkhurst on the subject, during which he gave way to temper and termed me "a predatory libertine," which was aside from the argument entirely and moved me to intimate that I had been told that he was not devoid of fleshly passions himself, whereupon he grabbed his umbrella and bolted from Ballard Smith's editorial room.

When I recall the tawdry attractions of such oft-assailed dens of iniquity as Billy McGlory's Armory Hall, Tom Gould's subterranean dive in Sixth avenue, Theiss's Palm Garden in Fourteenth street, Harry Hill's dingy hall, and the Haymarket, I marvel at the crudity of those remote uncultured days and rejoice that all that sort of thing is done away with, as the prophets predicted it would be when vice was no longer "recognized." Tom Gould, who never permitted any excesses in his dive, would be shocked today at sight of the goings-on in dance halls, supper clubs and public parks. Strip-crap and strip-poker games, necking parties and nude posing are some of the fruits of knowledge disseminated by the banished twenty-five thousand. Another fruit may be the vast increase in certain sorts of hotels.

The most striking feature of Newspaper Row and its adjoining streets in those days, to outsiders at least, was the amazing number of saloons. Half of the basements were rum-holes or cheap beaneries. On the Bowery every other building harbored a more or less disreputable gin-mill, where liquor was sold—and men acquired wealth by selling it—at from three to ten cents a glass. Today, with rye at a dollar and corn at a dollar-forty a bushel, the most careful moonshiner with the most efficient post-Prohibition devices cannot produce booze at less than five dollars a gallon, and he is compelled to dilute it even then to make a profit. It was different in the golden days, when corn cost twenty cents a bushel.

These saloons thrived on the Bowery's fame as the one wide-open, rip-snorting, hell-bending and never-failing merry-go-round of vice west of Port Said. The clergy in distant Wilkes-Barre and Elmira used it as a synonym for Lot's old home town, a popular song aided in its publicity, and even now there are persons in Goshen, N. Y., who think it is the permanent headquarters of hell's chief executive. It may have been such in the prehistoric period, but in my callow years, though it was still the first place visited by the eager

hick in search of a thrill, it had long since lost its gilding. The flopping-place of panhandlers, professional cripples, chronic soaks, bargain-lot prossies, pickpockets and thugs, it was then a sodden, dingy, moth-eaten mockery of the glitter and blare of the Roaring Forties and Fifties. It had a sad and tarnished aspect, an acrid, deathly smell; its mirth was shrill and unreal; the taint of disease, the presence of vermin, the need of chlorate of lime were everywhere evident.

One step behind the once gaudy scenery revealed a repulsive dirty squalor, sour-smelling vice, lost men and women, doomed children and the shadow of self-destruction. The cold horror of the morgue seemed to hang like a pall over the frowsy, painted and tawdry performers in this carnival of cheap vice, but it also had its comedies, as Weber and Fields, true realists, were to prove later. It furnished much of the daily news and so we newspaper men were forced to dabble in its fetid pool, but it had no lure for me, for I saw it too often in the clear light of morning. In the 80's it was again changing; its police and politics were still in Irish hands, but the Jews were converting its saloons into second-hand clothing stores and its brothels into shirtwaist factories. The need of disinfectants, however, was not decreased.

For me true pleasure has always dwelt in the deep woods, and on the open sea, the flashing rivers and the sandy hot beaches, where the nearsighted eye sees into Infinity; I am unhappy among the unending files of brick dwellings and glass-fronted stores. I can never see the crowd for the individual types. In my childhood there was a park with a tall iron fence about it where the Post Office now stands but, strangely, I have no recollection of it. Perhaps trees and greensward were then nothing to a country boy who found plenty to study in the curious characters that frequented Broadway, the busiest street in America. The roadway was almost knee-deep in mud in rainy weather, and the sidewalks swam in tobacco juice. Omnibuses like circus bandwagons, with oil paintings on their sides, were jammed so closely together that one could have walked up town on their tops, and an iron bridge for the benefit of pedestrians crossed Broadway at Fulton street. The moving picture seen from that elevation is permanently imprinted on my retina.

The sidewalk, still of brick in many spots, was packed with pushing humanity and through the struggling hordes wormed hundreds of shouting pedlars. It was unlike the modern crowds, inasmuch as it was exceeding noisy and quite good-natured. A forest of telegraph poles slanting at all angles lined both curbs, and festoons of wires almost dimmed the sky. At sixteen I began to study drawing in August Will's school at 202 Broadway, four flights up, from 9 A. M. until 9 P. M., taking all classes.

Newspaper Row was still unchanged then. About the most pretentious building on it was that of the International Hotel, a wooden structure, seedy and in need of paint, the resort of queer and doubtful characters. A boyhood friend, who afterward became a great Wall street operator, was night clerk of this hostelry in my early newspaper days, and many a night, when I missed the last train to Newark, I slept in one of its faded, time-stained, moldy chambers. The place would have been a gold mine to O. Henry had he arrived before its demolition. Here I formed the acquaintance of such gentlemen as Hungry Joe and Ike Vail, both confidence operators of ability and experience; Sammy Jacobs, the king of the green-goods men, who trimmed Richard Harding Davis on the day of his arrival in New York; Shang Draper and Billy Hope, eminent burglars; and Hen Ives, afterward the Napoleon of Wall Street, who also lived in Newark and often missed the last train.

Mother Mendelbaum, a notorious and picturesque fence living at 79 Clinton street, then a typical slum, obligingly posed for the *World* artist twice and gave me good advice as to the purchase of cer-

tain wares. She was a fascinating and yet repellent old hag, greasy and fat, but with wonderful, mysterious eyes. Seemingly politically powerful, yet constantly worried by the police, she managed for years to avoid the hands of the law and furnished matter for the papers all the time. In her innocent-looking store she once showed me some fine jewelry and in the lot I recognized a watch and chain designed by my brother and made in our shop on Tiffany's order for Eugene Earle of the Earle Hotel family. When I told her to whom it belonged she laughed and handed it to me, telling me to give it to its owner. I also encountered beautiful Kate Leary, a famous criminal with a lurid career, who gave me my first practical understanding of Buddhism, in which she claimed to be an adept and with which she seemed overpoweringly familiar.

III

My appointment as New Jersey representative of the *Daily Graphic* gave me an excuse to frequent its office, which was in the building in which father, perhaps forty years before, had had his studio, and there I formed acquaintances that lasted many years. Among those I met were Charles and Daniel Frohman, who were employed in the circulation department, Jennie June Croly, Jeannette Gilder and C. B. Lewis (M. Quad), whose "Bowser" stories, syndicated by McClure, I illustrated for twenty years, and a tall slim boy named Frederick Dey, who was born on the same day that I was and who was the creator of Nick Carter. Tim Sullivan was one of the paper carriers. Here I also met Frederick Villiers, the great war correspondent, and with him crossed the East River on the ice. We overtook Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Beecher, great friends of our family, and I introduced Villiers to them. Throngs of people were going in both directions. Mrs. Beecher rather sharply reproved the great preacher for unbuttoning his overcoat and a man beside me chuckled, "His mother takes good care of him, don't she?" She overheard his remark and colored like a prize peony.

A most important figure in the New York of that period was Allen Thorndike Rice, editor of the *North American Review*. I learned that he contemplated sending an expedition to Yucatan and Honduras to explore the ruins of Mayan civilization. Stevens had been there not so many years before, and his wonderful pictures I had carefully copied. These, with other samples of my work, I took to Mr. Rice, and suggested that he let me do the picturing for the contemplated expedition. I had never met a man of such charm nor have I since. That it should have been so plainly perceived and so long remembered by one not an over-accurate observer attests his qualities. In his attire, diction, appearance, and manner and even in his office environment he filled my ideal of a perfect man. He simply took my breath. I've never had time during my busy life to be a perfect gentleman, but if ever I make up my mind to try it, I have a model. That he had never seen me before and had no reason for seeing me now seemed to make no difference to this princely being. Used as I was to rough and tumble combats, his treatment of me was so novel that it has left in my heart a hero-worship which no other man has ever aroused in me.

His hobby was canes. I think he had a million of them, of all periods, styles and materials, and I think he showed me every one. All the while he kept up a steady play of questions, nicely disguised as conversation, which tested out my reading and training. Before I left he had assured me that I could go on the expedition. As I swaggered down the street with a glowing grin on my face strangers smiled at me and nodded. That cocky grin stayed by me for many years, and comes back, softened now, as I recall his charming personality.

I have mentioned Sammy Jacobs, the king of the green-goods men, but I did not know him by that proud title until several

years later. His real name was Bechtold, and he was a handsome, amiable, well-dressed and well-read fellow, who worked in the circulation department of the old *Cosmopolitan*, run by a Colonel Echols of Georgia. Sam lived in Jersey City and almost nightly we crossed the ferry together, taking a farewell snifter before parting. Inspector Byrnes sent Detective Adams, the Rogues' Gallery photographer, to me to learn the reason for my seeming intimacy with Sam. I told him that I had never seen the man. Adams retorted by saying that he had twice observed me with him and so had Byrnes. I heatedly told him that both were second-rate detectives and suggested that they might have seen Dick Outcault, the creator of the Yellow Kid, who rather closely resembled me but was a lad of vastly different and perhaps criminal habits. I heard no more about it.

When I read in the papers that Sam had been captured and $90,000 taken from his safe, I was, of course, mildly interested. On my meeting Colonel Echols one day and asking after Bechtold, he inquired whether I knew who Sam was. He then informed me that all these years I had been innocently associated with this figure of romance. One morning I encountered the dapper king and told him of Byrnes' interest in me years before, and I added, "I understand the police got $90,000 of your money."

"Yes, they did, all of that, but I've got $400,000 soaked away where they can't get at it."

As we were crossing the ferry I told him how Echols had revealed his identity.

"I'm sorry about that," he said. "However, I'm going straight now and it doesn't matter. I'm a Wall Street broker now and I've got a swell place on Long Island." During our talk I remarked that although many of my friends, such as George Cary Eggleston, Andrew Wheeler and S. S. McClure, had told me of being often approached by confidence men, I had been coming into town all my life, looking like real money and open-faced innocence, but had not even been nibbled at. He merely laughed.

"How do you account for it?" I demanded.

"Why, they think you are one of the gang!" he answered.

At this time Citizen George Francis Train was largely in the public eye, due to his conspicuous appearance, eccentric manners and thirst for publicity. I early became acquainted with him, but in what manner I have forgotten. He was tall and well built, with a countenance so different from the common herd's as to attract instant attention. He was then, I suppose, well in the fifties. A millionaire and owner of steamships at nineteen, promoter of the underground railroads in London and a master mover in the Credit Mobilier, he dressed negligently, almost shabbily, lived in a cheap hotel, subsisted by turns on peanuts, oatmeal or apples, and spent the daylight hours on a bench in Madison Square, with children and sparrows as his preferred company.

At times Train's talk was wild and disjointed and his fine eyes flashed a weird and feverish light. He would talk with anybody and he was almost always surrounded by an admiring, if at times too familiar, group of workmen, bums and out-of-town visitors, who regarded him as one of the city's sights. He wrote doggerel in alternate lines of red and blue. I still have a "poem" by him, written not long before he died, in terms of friendly but preposterous eulogy. 'Gene Field had this same queer habit of writing in various tints.

But Train was not, as many supposed, a man insane. Perhaps in his early strenuous life too much concentration upon self had developed a mild form of megalomania, but his food fads and health hobbies were not a whit more extreme than those of many a physical science professor of today, and his megalomania never blunted his wit, sarcasm or apperception. I think he stepped aside from the world of action voluntarily and adopted the odd pose of combined clown and seer in re-

sponse to an instinct that the rôle has always been popular with the common people. One of his pet fancies, which he never abandoned, was the notion of a comic Bible; he believed that if I would illustrate it we would make a fortune. I am afraid that I assisted in the delusion, for I frequently suggested whales of sacrilegious pictures, which, if ever published, would have brought down upon us the wrath of all the elect of the earth.

He and Bob Fitzsimmons used to take the same early Sunday morning ferry-boat for Jersey when I lived in Glen Ridge, where Train's daughter resided. Train used to take an inexplicable pleasure in suddenly introducing Bob and myself to the passengers on the boat or train, using extravagantly laudatory language and affording the passengers, many of whom knew him by sight, immense amusement. To poor modest Fitzsimmons and myself, though we were accustomed as professional beauties to the spotlight, it was painfully embarrassing to be held up to public admiration after a long hard night at poker. Train, wiry and ruddy, used to believe that he would live to an extreme old age. He would wear no overcoat or gloves and often bared his chest to the Winter blast at the boat's bow. He was taken off by pneumonia at seventy-seven.

It was always a mystery what he had done with the fortune he had early acquired; indeed, he must later have made considerable money from his lectures, some of which I heard in my teens with immense enjoyment and astonishment. They always filled the theatres. It was about the time when the same class flocked to the absurd performances of "Count" Joannes, who travestied Shakespeare in a screamingly funny manner, although apparently perfectly serious, and was barraged with ancient eggs, vegetables, dead rats and pennies by his audiences. Nothing of that sort ever happened to George Francis Train.

IV

Sam Gompers, then still working at his trade of cigar-maker, used to frequent my office and hold debates there with B. B. Valentine, who wrote the Fitznoodle Papers for *Puck*. Sam was then short, slim and aggressive, and enormously opinionated. He had a vast respect for Pulitzer, and was once almost stricken with palsy upon J. P.'s sudden entrance into the room, but the great editor put him at his ease in a few minutes. Bill Sulzer, a good imitation of the young Henry Clay and already making an impression on Tammany Hall's dictator, used to be about occasionally. D. Frank Dodge, the scenic artist, then recently from California and still unused to stone pavements and regular meals, used to amuse us with his incredible bear and Indian tales. Irving Batcheller, just starting his syndicate and hunting material; Abe Hummel, seeking diversion from an enormously widening law business, and Mickey Finn, a peaked, witty soul in an everthirsting body, and occasionally, Hermann the magician, at whose marvelous performances the beautiful Alice Raymond played the cornet as no one in America had ever played it—these and dozens of others made my office just such a public forum as my father's had been in Newark.

Now for a final word. In my "Memories of a Cartoonist" published in The American Mercury for March last, I made a singular and regrettable slip—one of those mental flops that extreme old age is prone to—in stating that James A. Wales of *Judge* committed suicide. As a matter of fact, he died of natural causes just as he was preparing to go to England to start a new paper. In my desire to do him tribute for his kindnesses to me and to keep his memory green, I all unwittingly dishonored one of the characters which I have always tenderly cherished. I owe much to Wales' helpful influence.

THE LOWER LEARNING

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG

"The ignorance of the so-called educated classes," said Huxley, "is colossal." I have heard the sentence quoted with the insinuation that its corollary should read, "The knowledge of the so-called illiterate classes is stupendous." The wisest of us, in all conscience, dwell in a state of suspensive ignorance, and the zero line does not draw a neat division between the educated above and the ignorant below. The lower learning is found in the high places; the higher learning is found in the humblest walks. The invention of printing has laid a demotic road to the former. Once even kings were compelled to study; now he who motors may read. The lower learning is thus clearly a product of our contemporary illusion of democracy.

As one illusion leads to another, we may trace the origin of the lower learning to the illusion of culture that is conferred upon the populace by widespread instruction in the rudiments of reading. How does it work out? A literate mob must have something to read. Having the external tools of thought, it must get the feel of thinking itself. As soon as the more imperative problems of living have been met in one fashion or another, the next step in the imitation of the class immediately above is the acquisition of an ornamental education. Just what, matters little. It may be a course in the cosmography of Dante, or a history of English literature in ten lectures, or an inspirational address on the social significance of the modern drama (this last, especially, for some reason which I have yet to fathom, is surefire with the ladies); but if it is culture, it is the thing. Far be it from me to make mock of the aspiring, or of those who would guide this eager horde *per aspera ad astra*. Only I have felt a dismal suspicion, of late, that the guides are too often as unreliable as their customers are insincere; that about the whole performance there is an unpleasant glitter of sham and incompetence; that the taint of uplift has invaded the field; that, to use a homely Russian proverb, for the *n*th time democracy—or, to be more precise, arithmocracy—has inevitably spat into its own porridge.

My first serious doubts were aroused when, fresh from college, I sought a position as a high-school teacher in my native city. My adviser, who has since risen to one of the most important positions that can be held in the city's educational life, eyed me with a certain pity, I thought. "We don't want fellows who know anything," he said to me, with a directness that I have always admired. "Do you know whom we want for our high-school teachers? Good mule-drivers! Good mule-drivers!" I quote the man without rancor; he paid me the compliment of telling me the truth. It was too early for me then to realize that a college or a high-school is not primarily an educational institution. I still dwelt in the illusion that the literate was also the literary. I was still, in a word, a victim of the lower learning.

An age that is built upon and around commerce,—that makes of the high-school a municipal training-school for cheap clerical help,—that appraises Time as an element to be outwitted rather than as a dimension to be enjoyed, naturally makes a fetich of speed. So, too, our culture-chaser

wants his learning not only condensed, but quick. No time for frills, for hesitant speculation, for adumbration. Give it to him in neat packages, in laws laid squarely down, in clear-cut outlines. Nor is this enough. He must be flattered in his conceit. What he is getting is the real substance; the rest is highbrow. He receives the essence; the rest is vaporizing, or, less elegantly, bull, banana oil.

I state the case, of course, in crude terms. In its simplest form it represents a newly acquired leisure groping outward for a social grace. What chiefly concerns the type I have in mind is, consciously or unconsciously, the acquisition of a veneer. And though this is not necessarily the type held in mind by the assiduous compilers of the anthologies, outlines, prize books, primers and what not that load our book counters, it most certainly is the type that constitutes the representative purchaser of these short-cuts across the field of learning. Who else reads them? Some reviewers, surely. Some half-competent would-be writers of poetry or short-stories, who haven't the sense to read the masters themselves and let the teachers go hang. A few well-meaning ladies and gentlemen who soon discover the error of their way. The rest is cultural incapacity or insincerity.

We have thus produced a literature that takes its place logically, not with books and magazines of a valid sort, but with spurious medication by pellets and nostrums. We have produced, at last, an education that works while you sleep, with no time lost from your regular occupation.

II

The aim of the anthology and its fellow forms of abbreviated information coincides with the latest fashion in feminine attire: to get as much as possible into as little space. If display upon the library-table is one of the chief purposes in view—and it is interesting to observe how even the intellectual magazines are not above the library-table insinuation in their advertising—the ideal of *multum in parvo* is reversed, and we get as little contents as possible in as imposing an outward appearance as may be. An anthology, to begin with this typical product of our literary age, is from the standpoint of the compiler ideally a personal document, representing an epoch, a style, or a form filtered through the selective mind of a personality. At best, from the standpoint of the reader, it is a means, suggesting paths of exploration and fields of pleasure. What is it in practice? Largely a hit-or-miss compilation, so inclusive as to render itself nugatory, and used by the reader, not as a means, but as an end. There was a time when readers did their own selecting; so doing, they were self-encouraged to exercise choice, to form standards, to know a favorite author from snout to tail, the good, the bad and the indifferent. Today the pressure of living is too great for thoroughness; our lives, like our readings, tend to become anthological, with an outsider exercising the choice. The joys of wading through the bad and the good, as well as the best, are denied us. Yearly we are served the "best" by vicarious process.

How much, indeed, can the annuals devoted to the "best" plays and movies of the year do to cultivate an æsthetic attitude toward the drama and the motion picture? Their chief appeal is to amateur writers of plays and scenarios, as low a class as is possible to discover in the range of the pseudo-creative mentality. Whatever the theory behind their production, which is largely commercial, the result is to confer an illusory value upon material already defiled by the crowd. What, in pure fact, has been the net profit of the famous 47 Workshop, presided over by that excellent and most affable gentleman, Prof. G. P. Baker, whom Harvard recently lost to the greater glory of Yale? Dramatic platitude has stalked abroad with collegiate indorsement; the rest, by exception, is O'Neill.

Our cultural life thus tends to become a life of shreds and patches—of snippets. Of

snippets, literally, are such organs as the *Literary Digest* and *Time* composed. True to the pseudo-cultural complex, it becomes "a sign of distinction" to read the first; and if, in perusing the second, one saves time, it is questionable that one gains anything beside. It is not that these and similar publications foster our national superficiality so much as that they are followers, not leaders, of the public; they are flatterers, not enemies, of the mob. They know that there is safety, if not sense, in numbers.

Reading, which was once a pleasure, has thus become a study. Poems and stories are marked and graded, like themes at school and college. About the whole pleasure of letters, indeed, has been thrown an atmosphere of class-room instruction that makes it disgusting. Naturally, you cannot keep every good story or poem out of an anthology, but you can let a ruck of bad ones in and have them circulate—as many of them do—with the stamp of academic approval. The general effect is to create, not a public for the better things, but a horde of half-baked intellectuals who regularly go through enough tabloid courses to provide gossip for the dinner-table. Born of a speedy age, these things tend to be done in haste and to be repented of not at all.

If you doubt this view, as one advanced by a mere literary and musical gentleman, read between the lines—and not so deeply between—of the advertisements. The advertising department knows what it is spending its money for; it knows to whom it addresses itself, and why. Sometimes these mentors are becomingly modest, for whereas Mr. Brisbane, in his palmy days, used to assure us that the equivalent of a college education might be acquired from about seven minutes reading a day on the the cars, contemporary cultural advisers have raised the figure to fifteen. Our shelves are not measured by the books they contain, but by the number of feet taken up by the books; an age of speed must save not only time but space.

The effects of such varied factors as these may be discovered in the places where they least have a right to be found. I do not refer, in the instances which I shall presently point out, to such minor matters as erroneous dates, grammatical slips, cases of heterophemy familiar to all such as handle the pen or typewriter, and like lapses from external correctness. With every respect for these lesser but none the less desirable excellencies, criticism is surely something more than sublimated proof-reading and lessons read to authors by misplaced schooldames. But one is not unreasonable, upon opening the pages of a widely and superlatively advertised "Outline of Literature," to expect from its editors and contributors at least a dependable guidance. One asks for no unduly excessive æsthetic penetration, or abstruse speculation. Surely, however, there should be an approximation to facts, and no heaping of specialized lack of taste and misinformation upon popular ignorance.

The utterly inexcusable, botched and bungled sections of this "Outline" are those devoted, in the third volume, to modern foreign letters. The crimes are of commission and omission, as well as of proportion. Let proportion pass. Let pass even the fact that not a line was found for the culture of South America, although it has produced one of the greatest of modern Spanish poets and one of the chief prose-writers, as well as a flourishing Portuguese literature in Brazil. Ascribe such an objection to the oxyopic and microscopic delvings of a specialist. But how about the entire absence of old Portugal? Was there not a page in these more than eleven hundred for Camoens, at least, and his "Lusiads,"—for that Camoens over whom many an Englishman, before Sir Richard Burton and after, has labored patiently in an attempt to translate his ringing octaves and his poignant lyrics? Might not the name, if nothing else, of Eça de Queiroz have been mentioned?

But now turn to Italy and to Spain. Worse still, and more of it. If two names stand out in modern Italian fiction as being

of the first historical importance, they are surely those of Alessandro Manzoni and Giovanni Verga. But so far as the reader of the "Outline" is concerned, these men never existed—"I Promessi Sposi," "I Malavoglia" and "Mastro-don Gesualdo" were never written. If one name stands out in Nineteenth Century Italian poetry, it is that of Giacomo Leopardi. Yet Leopardi, too, is among the missing. Imagine an account that limits itself to Carducci, D'Annunzio and Papini, discussing them in two-and-a-half pages and devoting half of this scant allotment to an excerpt from Papini's maudlin book on Christ! The whole section is below even the lax standards of a suburban Sunday supplement.

Companioning this account of modern Italian letters is that of latter-day Spain. Echegaray and Galdós are passed over with mere naming, and then, as the lone representative of Spanish literature today, there is Vicente Blasco Ibáñez! That even this man's best books are left without mention is by this time to be expected, but that half of the precious space should be devoted to an extract from "Blood and Sand" is beyond pardon. Just as Manzoni, Verga and Leopardi escape the chronicler in the Italian section, so here the one glory of modern Spanish letters is overlooked in its entirety. The improvised historian has never heard of the "generation of '98," which opened the windows of the stagnant, classic-ridden cathedral that Spain had become and let the winds of a new Europe blow through the dank aisles and cobwebbed corridors. With the extract from "Blood and Sand" sprawling over the page, there is not a line for Pío Baroja, Benavente, Valle-Inclán, the Machado brothers, the Quintero brothers, Pérez de Ayala—every mother's son of them culturally and intellectually far more important than Blasco.

Here is a work that should, at every point, have been presided over by literary specialists. Consider the position of the aspiring sub-intellectual in quest of guidance, pursuing "culture" on the hot foot. He will not even know that certain central figures have lived and written for him —that their works have long been in English, awaiting that eternal rediscovery which is the only true life of literature. Thus does a "plain story simply told" become an important story patently garbled.

Such historical gaps in the lower learning are paralleled by even more insidious æsthetic lacunæ. Take, for pertinent example, the O. Henry Memorial Award Committee, which yearly prints prize stories chosen by the mysterious Society of Arts and Sciences, which is headed by an associate professor at Hunter College who is also an instructor in story writing at Columbia University. Here, likewise, let us not be too exigent. Forget the implications of the name by which the award goes and the cheap standards that O. Henry's methods have foisted upon American short fiction. Read the first three stories in the volume for 1923, to which were awarded, respectively, $500, $250, and $100. (I did not read further.) The $500 story is sentimental bosh, and would have made an admirable movie for Mary Pickford in the days when she was acting waifs and schoolmarms. The $250 tale is almost as bad; the $100 one is the veriest rubbish. "Those who can, do," said Shaw; "those who can't, teach." Sometimes they anthologize, as well. What right, one is prompted to ask, have our teachers to deplore the low taste of the populace when they themselves are busy conferring upon mediocrity their flourishing imprimatur?

III

In one of the few optimistic moments recorded in "The Drama and The Stage," Ludwig Lewisohn grew enthusiastic over the possibilities of the phonograph record as a spreader of culture and savior of souls. Endorsing that pleasant perversion of one Schubert by another which played under the name "Blossom Time," he wrote: "But suppose 'Blossom Time' achieves the sweeping success which it promises to

achieve, and in cottages and fraternity-houses from coast to coast the pianos and phonographs play the Wiener Walzer! . . . And so at the risk of seeming incorrigibly barbarous we express the final hope that 'Blossom Time' will be followed by a Beethoven operetta called 'Adelaide,' and by one woven of the songs of Robert Schumann. The critics of music may sneer. But if phonograph records of 'Mondnacht' and 'Frühlingsnacht' and 'Der Kranke' and 'Der Wanderer' were played in every Main Street 'home' and every lonely farmhouse, what should we care for the words of critics? Think of the delight that would be spread and the souls that would be saved!"

That "if" reminds one of the epitaph in Masters' "New Spoon River," in which Mr. I. Start, convinced that mankind would be persuaded if a man should rise from the dead, cries forth: "Let me out of here and I will convert the whole world!" Of course he would, if he got out! The gentleman, with Mr. Masters' help, has conveniently assumed, in his epitaph, the very thing that it was needed to prove. So Mr. Lewisohn, in a rare lapse, *ifs* the question. *If* those records were in every home, those homes would not need his cultural direction; they would have shown themselves possessed of an independent taste. Even so, the records of "Blossom Time" have now been selling for three years without affecting in the slightest the popular musical taste. The operetta itself, indeed, was merely a clever concession to the uncultivated public taste. As drama it was ordinary, sentimental; as music it was derogatory of the great name it invoked. Instead of leading people to the music around which its motifs revolved, it took that music and corrupted it into a holiday for waltzers. Beyond doubt, the famous opening subject of Beethoven's Fifth could be jazzed up into a fine central number for Lewisohn's projected "Adelaide," but how anything like soul-saving could come of the business, I can't see. Schubert is not musical comedy; and the public of "Blossom Time" yesterday is the public of a hundred inferior revues today. The way to raise the public taste is to expose it to great art, but not to make a single concession. Any other course lowers art and the public alike. It is one thing—if the soul of the people *must* be saved—to give them a graduated course, beginning with simple melodic structures and progressing toward symphonic intricacy; it is entirely another to lay heavy hands upon a symphony and then serve it up to the public as the genuine work of the composer.

To "Blossom Time," with its insidious corruption, I prefer the frank assault of jazz; first, because it *is* frank and honest in its general insipidity (and more of worthless "classical" stuff has been written than of quickly forgotten jazz); secondly, because it has actually educated the public. Educated, that is, in a physical as well as a musical, sense. It has accustomed the popular ear to rhythmic intricacy, to a certain amount of contrapuntal and polyphonic involution, to shifts of key, even to harmonic modernism. The consecutive fifths against which harmony-books still caution the novice have become so common that even the cheapest revue must have them in its "overture," or start off with whole-toned scales, transitions to unrelated keys and what not. Much of this, of course, is muddled imitation of the good composers, just as Gershwin's Jazz "Rhapsody in Blue" remains undecided whether to adhere to its lowly origin or gaze upward at the modernistic experimenters in Europe. But at least it grows from the earth upward, not from the clouds down. It proceeds, on rare occasions, from bad to better, not, like such performances as "Blossom Time," from better to bad.

The problem, as I see it, is not to cajole the public into accepting something that's "good for" it; not to coat the pills of culture with sugar of flattery, debasement, adulteration. All this—which is the lower learning par excellence—makes, not for true culture (a word which has itself been tainted by the intellectual uplifters and their coteries) but for culture-cults and

similar pestilential excrescences. This is why it irks one to find, in so generally sound an introductory book as Dr. Spaeth's "The Common Sense of Music" a distinct element of the conciliatory. Here is the work of art; what makes it great is a rare soul, not a common one, however many the common traits that genius must share with the least of us. It is for the leaders, not to emphasize the commonness of the genius and drag him down to the crowd-level, but rather to underscore his rarity. Art does not flatter mobs; it creates individuals.

IV

It is in the marshy field of psychoanalysis that we may find the lower learning at its amusing worst. Art may be a function of the genetic impulse, but the man in the street surely responds more readily to the sexual source than to the artistic tributary. It is but mouthing the obvious to say that the immense vogue of books on the subject has no more to do with a public desire for learning than has the popularity of the leg-show. The book and the revue are both aphrodisiacs. So, for that matter, are the poem and the novel and even the symphony, but here the effect is largely unconscious and theoretical, while in the case of the psychoanalytic work the connection is readily demonstrable. There are persons otherwise sane who believe that about every mental ill to which the flesh is heir may be cured by a sexual debauch. I have heard the cure recommended for such diverse ailments as disappointment in politics, inefficiency in studies and nervous pains in the chest. The worst of it is that at the bottom of such phantasies is a glimmer of truth. But the lower learning deals by preference with the phantasies.

Do you, through some mental lapse, happen to mention that you had a dream last night? Before the account of the nocturnal vision has left your lips, your interlocutor, as likely as not, has started to inform you that you are harboring a concealed desire to slay your wife and elope with your mother-in-law. Until the resurrection of the cross-word puzzle, dreams were the favorite enigma of the sub-intelligentsia. Freudian symbology has become a maze of roads, all of which lead to a phallic Rome. Is it any wonder that the market has been flooded with popularizations of a subject which presents many a pitfall even to the skilled physician?

The flimsy, careless, unconscionable writing in most of the psychoanalytical manuals for the many has merely encouraged soft emotions where hard thought was especially needed. And the opuscules on auto-suggestion *à la* Coué have completed the work of deterioration. In them, the lion of science and the lamb of religion lie down together, and the lamb proceeds, unnaturally but surely, to devour the lion.

To extend these merely suggestive annotations to the radio, to the movie and the like would be merely to multiply the numerator and denominator of the fraction by the same number. In all popularization there is an element of loss; to make something understandable to the people is to remove something of what is to be understood. The difference between the lower and the higher learning—which is an intellectual, and not a class, distinction—is the difference between adulteration and purity, between affectation and sincerity, between surface appearance and fundamental solidity. In the one, knowledge is a thing for show; in the other, a pursuit self-contained and self-justified. That the higher learning is itself adulterated by extraneous elements is merely an argument for its own self-cleansing. The initial pull, in all realms where the crowd intrudes, or is led into disporting itself, is a downward one that must be resisted, for the sake of the crowd itself as well as for that of true art and science.

Here, as well as everywhere else in the intellectual and artistic realms, there is but one way to help the crowd: to ignore it, or to antagonize it; never to conciliate mere numbers in the illusion of creating individuals.

CHOCOLATE SPONGE

BY EMILY CLARK

CROSS-LEGGED on the floor of her room, Anne was sewing big crimson hearts on the diminutive black garment which she was to wear to a costume party that night. Her slim fingers moved with a lovely swiftness, while her smooth little face of coffee and cream was motionless in its concentration. The interlude between Anne's departure from her native jungle and her arrival at her present home had been spent in a boarding-house which could be accurately described as rough, and she had been sufficiently enlightened and depraved thereby to make of her a bewildering combination of original innocence and extreme sophistication. On the evening of her arrival in the house where she now lived she looked more gamin than girl, in her shabby, short, slightly disreputable black frock, with a soft hat pulled over one eye. But even then the grace and distinction of her body were evident to a not too casual observer. Her enormous black eyes efficiently took stock of the room while she answered questions, and, according to lamentable latter-day custom, also asked them. Her voice was lusciously, softly ingratiating, and her vocabulary appalling. Naturally, she was irresistible when a breath-taking phrase turned almost to a caress on her lips, and her mode of dress was a daily amazement in its complete *sans gêne*.

Had she arrived fresh from her cabin in one of the Virginia counties she would have had much to learn. Her boarding-house term furnished her with even more to forget. Anne was equally facile at learning and forgetting. Her possibilities were various, for she was as flexible as butter in competent hands. Enticing to everything masculine and charmingly innocent of moral sense, she might have had an early career of joyous abandonment had she not, in her boarding-house entr'acte, fallen in love with the married driver of a fruit-wagon. Her abandonment, in this case, was complete but unsatisfying, for Anne's charms were not intended for the monopoly of one man. She was built, plainly, for the oldest and most reliable of feminine careers. Planned for gayety, gold and dancing, her association with John Henry brought her little but unhappiness. She was obliged, incongruously, to give him money, when nothing could be clearer, in every line of her figure, every inflection of her voice, every glance of her eyes, than that money was made to be given to Anne; a lady of joy, turned temporarily, through the very flexibility which was her chief asset, into a lady of sorrows.

The sorrows with which John Henry made her acquainted were various, and in part more tangible than mere emotional disturbances. His wife, whom he did not dare, or perhaps care, to divorce, had an unpleasant habit of waiting in alleys, and was of the uncomplex temperament which scorns neither hair-pulling nor face-scratching. Anne would never have used these methods except in self-defence. It was rumored through the world of alleys and back-yards that Lucinda had lately mentioned a razor as a possible prop to her domestic security; a weapon which, while serving a monotonous, utilitarian end in masculine hands, is, among females of Lucinda's race, frequently used for social purposes. And here Anne began to break.

She became timid about venturing out in the evenings, a timidity which was encouraged by her employers, who tried to reinforce it with arguments and entreaties in favor of deserting John Henry, who was showing himself a hopeless poltroon. He was a man only in all the more pitiable aspects of his sex; unwilling to relinquish Anne and preserve the sanctity of his home, equally reluctant to force his wife to abandon all talk of razors.

In vain Anne wept and entreated protection from John Henry. Her gift of tears would have been invaluable on the silver sheet. Without the assistance of an onion, or any artificial stimulus, she could produce large, round, crystal tears, resulting in no facial writhings, or reddening of eyes or nose. "I cry so healthy," she sometimes said, and indeed her tears could make of her, while they lasted, a lyric lament. She once informally burst into weeping while serving lunch, because of a necessary rebuke, and rushed from the room explaining that she was not angry, never angry, only "badly hurted." Lunch was quite spoiled for everyone because of the heart-tearing picture she made. But John Henry was æsthetically anæsthetic, save in the matter of such obvious advantages as lovely ankles, a seductive voice and almost unendurably wistful eyes, attractions which inevitably draw even the most uneducated attention. Although he, no doubt, used the orthodox method of drying her tears, he made no attempt to dam their source, nor did he arrive at a decision in either direction. While her employer and guardian urged a safe marriage or an honorable career as the most accomplished of waitresses—she rapidly developed skill in everything she did—at least one member of the household used often to wonder if she were not fitted for a more spectacular future than either of these courses promised.

When Anne brought the breakfast tray in the morning she would drop down on a couch with the slightest encouragement to relate in detail the events of the evening before, including storms of tears, violent emotional excitement, masculine selfishness and denseness, and feminine intrigue and jealousy. Her one listener would ponder what she had heard, and on one occasion asked Anne if, had she encountered John Henry after her graduation from the boarding-house, her surrender would have been so unreserved. As it was, taken by him in her earliest and most plastic state, the contents of her little brain had been churned into a condition both feverish and morbid. While other women in her situation are supposed to know the step of one man, Anne knew the rattle of his wagon and became tense at the sound, which assuredly surpassed anything that her entranced listener had ever heard or experienced.

II

Surely, it was dangerous for such emotional capacity to have no other outlet than one man, with or without the bonds of matrimony. No man would appreciate it, and most of them would take advantage of it. It should be cheerfully distributed among a number of men, for their pleasure, of a genuinely rarefied order, and Anne's profit. Most of the qualifications were there. She received impressions with the complaisance of hot sealing-wax, and stainless as she was of moral prejudice, day by day her manners improved until she was as nearly perfect as a servant could be. She would have been equally proficient in any other rôle to which she set herself. Her cleverness was especially evident in that she elected to remain endearingly African in spite of her undeniable *chic*. She retained the trick of servility, which is at this time, even in the South, only a mask, but a mask which those of Anne's color possessing the highest degree of acumen are careful never to let slip. Her aristocracy was baffling, for it was not of the uncomplicated African species. There was an understanding at times startling; an atavistic grasp of certain matters never discussed in Virginia cabins. Anne had not simply the

unconscious aristocracy of a savage, the utter lack of self-consciousness which is the equivalent of breeding. She possessed, absurdly enough, an air of rawing-rooms, and her little figure, in its black and white, usually drew the half-puzzled gaze of visitors; a scrutiny of which she was completely aware.

"Anne, how did you learn to be such a *lady?*" escaped an observer.

"Because," came the unguarded, quick reply, "my grandfather was Colonel Ashton Wycherley."

"Strange," commented the embarrassed questioner later. "I didn't realize they knew such things. How dreadful! It makes them frightfully uncomfortable to have around. But she shouldn't have mentioned it anyway. It was rather impertinent of her."

But Anne, who knew her place quite well, would not have dreamed of leaving it except to answer a direct question. She was simply, with her unfailing instinct to oblige, solving the enigma of her really exquisite being. Because she absorbed her atmosphere with the unconscious, effortless facility of a sponge she became each day more distinguished in appearance and manner, but her emotions still turned toward her own race for their satisfaction. The situation between her and John Henry increased daily in its intensity, in a tautness felt throughout the house.

Then, on a glittering June morning, Anne did not appear with a breakfast tray to relate the tale of the evening before. Her habitual listener realized that she had slept too long, and imagined that Anne had done likewise. The latter was often half stupefied in the early morning after a night in which every nerve had been tight drawn. A tap at Anne's closed door dropped into a black pool of stillness, and when the knob was turned a flood of gas rushed out into the passage. Anne's little figure, stark and terribly unfamiliar on her narrow bed, had apparently been overcome by the fumes. Only the jerky quivering of her small breasts showed that she was not yet dead. After several hours with a hastily summoned doctor and nurse it became clear that Anne would live, for an incredible vitality had always informed her delicate frame. There followed a hospital experience during which she was disinclined to discuss her heart affairs. It was never clearly known, even to the person of undefined moral views and secret, half-shamed ambitions for Anne, just what had happened on the night that Anne decided it was not worth while to awaken in the morning. This was a matter only for limitless and horrible conjecture.

This much only was certain: the hand-to-hand tilt with death had made her avid of life. It awakened her to her own peculiar talent for a dazzlingly variegated and exciting life. Never again would Anne be possessed by one man. Her night of suffocation left her with a thirst which, it seemed, could not be quenched. Her breakfast-tray confidante knew that she had taken her predestined road; the road that does not turn back. A possible marriage would not stay or bind her. Callers of all ages and stages of desirability pressed upon her. John Henry found her more and more inaccessible, and impossible to surprise alone.

His determination crystallized and his courage soared on an especially fluid Fourth of July morning, when, almost without his own volition, on a burning tide of corn whisky he floated to Anne's kitchen, where she sat, demurely solitary, scouring a sky-blue pan. Seizing her slight shoulders he shouted, "I'se free, Anne, free today!" Anne, with a single motion, kitten-wise, lithely twisted herself clear of him. "So is I, John Henry," she replied, in a voice that was almost a song. And that night she danced through the Fourth of July and into the next morning in a black dress spattered with hearts.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

THE intellectual life in Montgomery, as reported by the eminent *Journal:*

> The meeting of the Pilot Club was held in the Philathea room of the Court Street Methodist Church. . . . A unique feature of the meeting was an oration on Woodrow Wilson by little Vaughn Robison, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Robison. He also gave "The Alabaman's Creed," by Judge Walter B. Jones. Miss Lucy Dowe made an interesting talk on "Coca-Cola." Miss Dowe also donated a case of coca-cola, which was won by Miss Ellen Jackson.

ARIZONA

WHAT happens when the vices of Babylon penetrate to the open spaces, as disclosed by a Winkelman dispatch:

> Over-devotion to the radio is said to have been a contributing cause for the suicide of Russell Baker, who tied a heavy iron bar to his neck and then jumped into a deep pool. He is said to have become a nervous wreck through loss of sleep. At his work he talked incessantly of the radio and apparently forgot his wife and three small children.

ARKANSAS

ANNOUNCEMENT of a favorite physician of Cleveland county, as reported by the *Journal of the American Medical Association:*

> NOTICE
>
> To the Public:
>
> The reason I have hitherto been able to practice medicine so much cheaper than the other doctors did was because I am a widower and have no children to support.
>
> It's now my duty to inform the public that this advantage will shortly be withdrawn. You will therefore do well to send in your choice cases at once for the old rate.
>
> Office at Prof. Tisdale's home, East Fourth street, Rison, Ark.
>
> Fraternally,
> DR. J. L. COOPER

CALIFORNIA

THE awakening of conscience in Los Angeles, as reported by the eminent *Times:*

> "To try in every legitimate way to get back to the homely virtues and ideals of our forefathers," is the announced purpose of the newly organized Loyal Defenders of Pure American Girlhood, articles of incorporation for which were filed yesterday with the Secretary of State at Sacramento. Los Angeles will be the principal place of business of the corporation.

MATURE conclusion of Miss Barbara La Marr, eminent screen star, as set forth in the intellectual *Movie Weekly:*

> I think that Elbert Hubbard is the greatest philosopher that ever lived.

COLORADO

How the lawmakers of this great State are inspired in their deliberations, as set forth in a current press dispatch:

> To strains of music that might have emanated from a midnight cabaret, the members of the lower house of the State Assembly went through their first night session. When the solons entered the chamber an orchestra was grinding out lively tunes. Popular airs continued until adjournment at midnight. The moaning of a saxophone and the singing of several members of a chorus of a musical revue apparently mingled well with the serious business of legislating, the members continuing the introduction of scores of bills without interruption.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

STEALTHY approach of the Pope to the White House, as described by one of the leading Washington dailies:

> A fragment of the bone of the right arm of St. Francis Xavier, known for his miracles in the Far East, will be exhibited tonight at the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Twenty-seventh and Pennsylvania avenue. The Rev. Joseph V. Buckley, pastor of the church, said that each night after the novena the relic will be venerated. "Since we have had the relic in the church," Father Buckley declared today, "we have had a remarkable cure reported. A boy in the parish was suffering with double mastoids and doctors gave up all hope for him. He touched the relic and now the boy is cured. There is no trace of the mastoids."

FLORIDA

How the Fourteenth Amendment is enforced among the Nordic Blond Baptists of rural Florida, as reported by the *Florida*

Sentinel, an eminent Aframerican print of Jacksonville:

WARNING TO NEGRO TOURISTS

Those who have automobiles want to exercise more caution when driving over the State. The small villages and towns are still far from civilized and at every opportunity give their savagery full play. The Negro who drives a Ford gets by no better than one who drives a Lincoln. Every one must pay a toll for driving through these small white settlements. You don't have to speed. If you roll along at the rate of four miles an hour, if you happen to be the least colored it is sufficient reason to hold you up and take from you a batch of your cold cash, and on top of that be rough-necked by a man whose nickel-faced badge is his only protection against the charge of high-way robbery.

If you want to get abused be thoughtless enough to get short of gas near one of these village filling-stations. You are as likely as not to be arrested on a charge of car stealing and be detained in jail without even a chance of getting a hearing within a week.

The little country court is worse than the speed cop, so there you are. The country judge and speed cop must depend on those they victimize for their support. The town itself may not afford enough to keep up a razor-back hog. You can readily see how profitable it is to feed on Negro tourists, who may rest assured that the more respectable they look the more impressive will be the degradation heaped upon them by the cop and the trial court.

Don't take a chance against a backwoods speed-cop and court.

Don't leave your city unless you are certain you have enough gas to carry you to the next city.

Don't stop at the village filling-stations.

Don't buy sodas, cigars or lunches along the path of your trip.

Don't be hard-headed and get the experience of thousands of your fellow autoists who are just as careful to observe the law as you.

GEORGIA

SOUL saving in the capital of the Invisible Empire, as reported by the eminent Atlanta *Journal:*

The Rev. H. L. Stephens, Tabernacle evangelist, and Elmer Slider, superintendent of the Sunday-school, will dance together on the platform at the Tabernacle Sunday afternoon, during the course of the evangelist's sermon on "The Christian and Amusement."

Dr. Stephens and Mr. Slider will first give an exhibition of the old fashioned square dances, and then compare them with the modern dances such as the bunny hug, the French tango, the fox trot, etc. . . . Dr. Stephens . . . will speak on the theatre, the movie, card playing and dancing, and give his opinion of all. He urges that the congregation come attired in asbestos clothing. . . .

SIGN posted on a public road in South Georgia:

noTiS

Trespaser's will be persekuted to the full extent of 2 mongral dogs which ain't never been overly soshibil with strangers and 1 dubble barrel shot gun which ain't loaded with no sofy pillers Dam if I ain't tired of this hel raisin on my proputy.

ILLINOIS

FROM a prayer by the Rev. Frederick Arthur Ewert, State chaplain of the American Legion in Illinois:

And, O Lord, if there be any in this country of ours who do not like it, then, O Lord, we do not want them here, and we pray Thee that Thou in Thy divine way will provide them with the means of getting out of it!

IOWA

MORAL warning to the patrons of a leading hotel of Sioux City:

NOTICE

You are respectfully notified and cautioned that the management is in no manner responsible for the ordering or delivery of any intoxicating beverages to any guest or patron of this hotel.

All red lights lead to fire escapes.

SCIENTIFIC notice in the renowned Odebolt *News:*

Am in a position to treat your pigs for worms, 12c. each. New oil, improved method. Results guaranteed.

G. W. WISEMAN, Odebolt, Ia. Phone 84

THE perils that beset a wandering minnesinger in the Booster Belt, as described by the eminent Des Moines *Register:*

Edgar Lee Masters left Des Moines for La Crosse, Wis., without giving the Des Moines Women's Club an explanation in regard to the statement he made several days ago about the smoke nuisance in Des Moines. Mrs. Eugene Cutler, president of the club, searched the city in vain to locate Mr. Masters and get him to explain the alleged insult.

KANSAS

TRIBUTE to a worthy lady in the *Federation News*, organ of the State Federation of Women's Clubs:

I wish you could see our new State president preside. When a woman has the floor, whether she excels or whether she blunders, Mrs. Miller's face just beams at her. To the timid one her smile is full of earnest, anxious and affectionate encouragement. To the brilliant one it is full of pride and affection.

If one offers a bright thought she seizes it instantly and makes much of it. Never tries to take credit to herself, or plumes herself on anything. Just works and smiles.

KENTUCKY

THE service of God in Owensboro, as reported by the eminent *Messenger:*

"Solomon, a Six Cylinder Sport." Could you handle as many wives and concubines as this "Old Bird"? Rev. B. G. Hodge will preach on this subject Sunday night at Settle Memorial. You are welcome.

DISCOURAGING report for the year 1924 of the Gospel Home Mission Work, Inc., of Louisville:

MEETINGS

Indoor adult attendance	124,255
Street attendance	33,350
Indoor children attendance	1,929
Prison-jail attendance	2,559
Conversions	560

WORK DONE IN MOUNTAINS OF KENTUCKY

Meeting attendance	63,240
Conversions	86

LOUISIANA

How Christianity is being spread among the female students of Tulane University, as revealed by a large and highly decorated poster on the bulletin board of the girls' branch of this great institution of learning:

IS CHRIST CAMPUS COMMANDER AT YOUR SCHOOL?

Would you pray to God for a Football Victory? Right?

Are there any unsaved on your campus? Students? Faculty? Servants?

How many unsaved people in walking distance of your campus?

Do students respect the faculty? Raise hats?

Is there a daily prayer-meeting on your campus? Do you go? Who does? Will you start one? Volunteer!

What per cent of your students read the Bible daily? You?

How many minutes a day do you pray? Ever pray thirty minutes by watch? Honest!

In how many rooms on your campus is there a deck of spot cards? A Bible?

How about smoking, cursing, drinking?

What per cent of your students go to Sunday-school? Preaching? Once a day? Twice? Prayer-meeting at church? Contribute to the church? Belong to the church at school? Study the Sunday-school lesson? . . .

How many fellow students bet on the games? Is this Christian? . . .

How many of your students dance? Is this spiritual?

How many students drink? Gamble? Cheat on exams? Is that theft?

Will a real Christian steal?

How could you be "reckless for Christ"? Ever?

How long since you led a soul to Christ? When try? . . .

What per cent of your students will lead prayer? A jail service; are willing to preach; to be a missionary?

How different would it make your campus to have a full time religious secretary? Isn't it possible? How? . . .

FROM a public bull by the Rev. J. B. Culpepper, an eminent Methodist divine of Haynesville:

Every man ought to marry at the age of 21. I would put 22 as the limit of singleness for a man. At 23 he ought to be fined $100 for being a bachelor. The fine should be raised accordingly every year he remains single. At the age of 30 he ought to be sent to the penitentiary for life for the crime of remaining unmarried.

MASSACHUSETTS

BIOLOGICAL secret of Dr. Coolidge's immortality, revealed by the alert and learned Lowell *Courier-Citizen:*

President Coolidge, according to an interesting genealogical study, . . . is the second President . . . who is a descendant of Deacon Edmund Rice, of England, who settled . . . in this State in 1636. . . . Among the more famous . . . of the Edmund Rice breed may be mentioned . . . Mary Baker Eddy, founder of Christian Science.

EFFECTS of Woman Suffrage in this State, as disclosed by the Lynn *Telegram-News*, a great intellectual and moral organ:

Many of the village belles . . . of Danvers . . . have started wearing dog collars. Dog collars are not only being worn by school girls, but are even worn by teachers. . . . The girls do not always buy their dog collars. That fact was brought to light when many complaints were heard from dog owners to the effect that dogs have mysteriously lost their neck pieces.

MINNESOTA

CURRENT news item under a Minneapolis dateline:

Mrs. Minnie Peterson had obtained a divorce, the case going by default.

"Do you want your maiden name back?" asked Judge Guilford.

Mrs. Peterson hesitated a moment, and replied:

"I'd like it, but I don't think I had better do it. The gas meter is in the name of Peterson and I had better keep it that way."

MISSOURI

FROM the editorial page of the distinguished *Democrat-News*, published at Marshall:

> Some of the most proficient and skilled writers of this period . . . are: Rupert Hughes, Irvin S. Cobb and Harold Bell Wright. With such writers as these, surely the reader, no matter his age nor degree of development, should find the cream of current literature.

NEW JERSEY

ENTRY of Leviticus into the Common Law, as reported from Newark:

> Morris Heyman and his wife, of 82 Schuyler avenue, have filed suit in the Essex County Circuit Court for $50,000 against the Castle Ice Cream Company of Irvington. They charged that the company caused them and their guests at their silver wedding anniversary to sin inadvertently. The complaint stated that Heyman ordered twelve bricks of ices from the company to serve his guests and that instead of ices, ice cream was sent. He said that the mistake was not discovered until all had eaten the ice cream, and that, because they had already eaten meat, thus violated a canon of orthodox Jewish law which prohibits eating meat and milk at the same table. Heyman alleged that his guests became indignant when they learned of the mistake and left hurriedly. He said that his clothing business had depreciated as a result of the incident and that his orthodoxy was under suspicion.

NEW YORK

PROGRESS of liberty in the Republic, as revealed in the illustrious *Herald-Tribune*.

> Mr. Lewis introduced a resolution which was adopted:
>
> *Resolved*, by the National Republican Club, That the penal law of the State of New York be so amended as to make it unlawful for any person within the state of New York, not a citizen of the United States and a resident of this State, to print, publish or advocate orally the abolition or amendment of the Constitution of the United States or of the State of New York, or to denounce or criticize any public officer of the United States or of any State, or to denounce or criticize any law enacted by the Government of the United States or of any State or of any civil division thereof.

DIVERTISSEMENTS of the New York literati, as revealed by a postcard sent through the United States mails:

> THE AUTHORS' LEAGUE FELLOWSHIP
>
> The April Luncheon will be held at The Town Hall Club Rooms, 123 West 43rd, on Friday, 12:30. $1.50. At 1:30 you will be asked Two Questions:
>
> IS PIGS PIGS? by Ellis Parker Butler.
>
> IF THEY IS, HOW COME? by George Creel.
>
> The Answers to be given by You voluntarily from the Floor in Three-minute Unfoldments. EVERYBODY, be *sure* to come!
>
> ARTHUR GUITERMAN, *President*
> MARAVENE THOMPSON, *Secretary*

NORTH CAROLINA

REWARDS of Christian public servants among the Tar Heels, as reported by the eminent Smithfield *Herald:*

> *Editor The Herald:*
>
> Last Sunday as we drove past the filling stations and soft drink stands on our way to church our hearts were filled with gratitude to God for Mr. N. B. Grantham and the grand jury as a whole for their action taken in enforcing the law against Sabbath breaking. We want to thank them every one and pray God's richest blessing upon them.
>
> Our Sunday-school gave a rising vote of thanks to the grand jury.
>
> C. L. BATTEN,
> *Supt. Micro Baptist Sunday-school*

OHIO

BITTER protest from the learned and discriminating editorial writer of the *Lookout Magazine of Christian Education* of Cincinnati:

> Every college in America is teaching heathenism by having in its curriculum Tacitus, Virgil, Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, Æschylus, Plato and Aristotle. The minute you suggest using the writings of Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Paul, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel or any of the rest of this noble group the educational nostrils elevate to the ninetieth degree of altitude. Yet the Christians of America are paying taxes and contributing the money that keep college doors open.

EVENING diversions among the Cleveland Congregationalists, as reported by the eminent *Plain Dealer:*

> "LOVE'S TRIUMPH"
>
> A LECTURE BY DR. H. SAMUEL FRITSCH
>
> How to make love psychologically irresistible. How to overcome adverse conditions and obstacles in love. How to overcome coldness and indifference in the one loved. Consolation for those who have loved and lost. How those who miss love may have all of love's rewards by the practice of sublimation. How love may be unconditionally realized.
>
> This is the final lecture in the course on the Love-Life. Hear it! Souvenir poem.
>
> *At the Hough Avenue Congregational Church*

JOINT resolution introduced in the General Assembly by the Hon. Mr. Schafer, a Christian statesman:

It shall be the duty of the chaplain of the Senate and House of Representatives, at the opening of each day's session, to read without sectarian comment at least ten verses of the Bible. The reading of such verses of the Bible shall precede the prayer service. It shall be the duty of each member and employé of the General Assembly, and of each newspaper correspondent who has been accorded the privileges of the two houses, to commit to memory the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule.

A committee to be composed of three senators, to be appointed by the president of the Senate, and three members of the House, to be appointed by the speaker thereof, shall provide for an examination to be held within ten days after the adoption of this resolution, to determine the qualifications of members, employés and correspondents.

Employés of the General Assembly who fail at such examination to recite correctly the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule shall be dismissed, and newspaper correspondents who fail to pass such test shall be deprived of all floor privileges. Members failing in such test shall be deprived of all voting privileges until such disability is removed by passing a subsequent examination.

OKLAHOMA

UNCOMPROMISING stand of R. A. Rooker, Democratic candidate for reëlection as alderman of Altus, as reported in the respectable *Times-Democrat* of the same city:

I am against Sunday baseball, mixed swimming pools, boys and girls petting parties and late hours auto riding. This may not lend to popularity, but I have not compromised on this question.

OREGON

SCIENTIFIC progress in Portland, as reported in the local papers:

Plays, opera and even circus programs have been broadcast by radio. But the Order of Hoot Owls, conducting regular meetings from station KGW here, claims to be the first lodge in the world to conduct its ritualistic work over the ether waves.

PENNSYLVANIA

THEOLOGICO-JUDICIAL dictum of the Rev. W. E. P. Haas, pastor of Wharton Memorial M. E. Church, Philadelphia:

A piece of ice on the doorstep of a Christian home on Sunday is a disobedience to God.

INTELLECTUAL recreation of a stalwart American of the proud town of Berwick, as reported by the Philadelphia *Record:*

A. B. Lynn, who last year counted more than 200,000 automobiles passing his home, has resumed counting. . . . Wednesday evenings and Sunday afternoons and evenings he devotes to the task. Last year he counted the first 100,000 machines in 251 hours, and the second 100,000 in 215 hours, all on Sunday and Wednesday evenings.

INCAUTIOUS *obiter dictum* of the editor of *Serving and Waiting*, the organ of the Philadelphia School of the Bible, 1721–25 Spring Garden street:

A religion in which all men agree is anything but the Christian religion.

CONTRIBUTION to theological science by a learned reader of the eminent Gettysburg *Times:*

To the Editor of the Times:

Sir: The basis of calculations of the size of Heaven is found in Revelation XXXI, 16: "And he measured the city with the reed, 12,000 furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal."

Twelve thousand furlongs are 7,920,000 feet, or 1,500 miles. The cube of this must be taken in order to obtain the total dimensions of Heaven, which are 469,793,088,000,000,000,000 cubic feet.

With these figures before us, we can figure out just how much room there is in Heaven for each individual soul. A single calculation is given to prove just how easy the process really is. The meeting place of the angels probably is the most spacious and requires at least half the total space. We deduct another fourth for streets and open places, which leaves 124,198,272,000,000,000,000 cubic feet for the actual dwelling place of the angels.

A room twenty feet square contains 8,000 cubic feet. Assuming that the dwellings of Heaven are divided into rooms of twenty feet square, there would be exactly 13,024,534,000,000,000 rooms. The present number of inhabitants of the world is estimated at approximately 1,000,000,000. Assuming for the moment that this number has always existed in the world each day and that there are three generations in a century, the number of inhabitants for each century would be 3,000,000,000.

Assuming also that the world has existed for 1,000 centuries (scientists have not been able to agree as to the age of the earth), then the total number of inhabitants in the world amounts to 3,000,000,000,000.

Many scientists are of the opinion that other worlds besides the earth, especially Mars, are inhabited. Not to leave out of account the possible inhabitants of other worlds, it is estimated that ninety-nine of them could be added, giving a total of one hundred worlds like the earth with 300,000,000,000,000 inhabitants. Dividing the total number of rooms, 13,024,534,000,000,000,000 by 300,000,000,000,000, the total number of inhabitants, there would be nearly five rooms, twenty feet square and with a twenty-foot ceiling, for each angel.

E. L. WEIKERT, JR.

SOUTH DAKOTA

ENFORCING the First Amendment to the Constitution in South Dakota, as described in a dispatch from Sturgis:

> The Board of Education at Faith, S. D., has authority to expel high school students who leave the school while the Bible is being read, Judge James McNenny ruled today in the case of A. Finger *vs.* the School Board. The mandamus proceedings were brought by the plaintiff, who represented Catholics at Faith, to force the School Board to reinstate students who had been dismissed because they refused to remain in the classroom during the Bible reading.

EXTRACT from a bill recently introduced in the State legislature by the Hon. Gladys Pyle:

> HOUSE BILL No. 84
>
> *Section 10023. Allowance by County.*—For the partial support of any woman whose husband is dead . . . or any woman who has been divorced from her husband in this State for a period of one year or more, when such woman is pregnant . . .

TENNESSEE

ECCLESIASTICAL notice appearing on all the lamp-posts and dead walls of Knoxville:

> HAPPY SUNDAY EVENINGS
>
> *At Church Street Methodist Episcopal Church*
>
> Dr. Knickerbocker will preach on
>
> BEES AND BUTTERFLIES,
>
> giving a funeral oration on a dead butterfly.

TEXAS

RESTORATION of Christian harmony in the wilds of Texas, as reported by a United Press dispatch from Fort Worth:

> The Knights of the Ku Klux Klan here have organized an amateur baseball team and the team has been admitted to the Fort Worth Amateur Association. In the same league is a team organized by the Knights of Columbus. The schedule for the season calls for several games between the two teams. The practice field is bounded by a cemetery for Jewish people, and on the other side is a Catholic hospital. The uniforms of the players will bear a flaming cross on a white background, while the letter "K" will adorn the cap.

THE New Jurisprudence where men are all he, as described by the Hon. Ponder S. Carter, LL.B., city attorney of El Paso:

> It took some time for us to find a law under which we could prosecute a man for operating a punch board. We could not use the charge of operating a lottery because the punch board is usually arranged by some other person or company. The charge of gaming could not be used because the operator is not actually placing his ability against that of the player. We found, however, that we could prosecute under a charge of selling lottery tickets because the operator of the punch board technically sells chances or tickets to a lottery arranged by a third person.

RISE of civilized feeling in the Gulf littoral, as revealed by a placard in a dime museum at Galveston:

> DO NOT SPIT ON
> THE BIRDS, MONKEYS
> OR SNAKES!

WASHINGTON

SAD note in the enterprising Yakima *Republic:*

> We are not very enthusiastic about ex-Vice President Tom Marshall's scheme to repeal all the Prohibition laws and substitute the Ten Commandments for them. The Commandments are as good as they ever were, but it is a fact which should not be overlooked that a great many people in Ellensburg, Seattle, Pasco and elsewhere are so ornery that complete enforcement of them seems to be impossible. We don't believe it would help any at all to put them on the statute books.

WEST VIRGINIA

ETHICAL pronouncement of a godly group in the proud town of Huntington:

> The Men's Bible Class of the Central Methodist Episcopal church, South, by a unanimous vote, after a full and fair discussion, do hereby heartily approve the action of the Ministerial Association of this city, condemning dancing as contemplated by the Y. W. C. A., a thing and practice that will reach to the highest pinnacle known to man and pluck the brightest jewels in all the land and drag them down to degradation and shame and finally to a devil's hell. Dancing is in opposition to the church of God.
>
> BOB SHANK, *President*
> J. B. PORTER, *Teacher*

WISCONSIN

THE spread of the cosmopolitan spirit among the schools of the Republic, gathered from the *Racquet*, official organ of the La Crosse Normal School:

> JEFFERSONIAN SOCIETY
>
> Edgar Lee Masters was the subject of the Jeffersonian program. . . . Arthur Herman discussed the life of the writer; a review of "Spoon River Anthology" was given by Joseph Volkoff. Mr. John Boyland showed his skill in swinging clubs. The last number of the program was a parliamentary drill by Mr. Heath.

ANNIVERSARY

BY ELEANOR CLARAGE

He wondered if people always made such a fuss over anniversaries, or if his family—and Edna's—were different. The day had begun, for him, just like any other day. He had awakened with the same patch of sun burning into his eyes, and had rolled over on his side to escape it, just as he had done innumerable mornings in the past. Then Edna had awakened, slowly, luxuriously, yawning with grunts and sighs. He had felt her arms creep slowly about him, and her whisper broke into his reverie:

"Howard! Do you know what today is?"

He lay, snuggling down into the blankets, trying to delay the moment of full awakening as long as possible. He knew he must answer, and answer affectionately. Of course he knew what today was. It was their tenth anniversary. What of it? Everyone had anniversaries, just the same as they had birthdays. But he couldn't tell Edna that. Women had to make so much out of a perfectly commonplace thing.

"I know," he said, slowly, sleepily. 'Ten years ago today we were marching up the aisle."

Edna burrowed against him, kissing his rough cheek. "I'll never forget how frightened you were, Howard! I could see your knees shaking. And do you remember how somebody sneezed, just as Dr. Jenkins said, 'who giveth this woman to be married to this man?' But the *funniest* thing—"

Oh, Lord! She had gone over all this at intervals ever since their wedding day. The incidents had long since lost their significance for him. Things weren't funny, after endless repetitions. He wondered if Edna regarded all this as some kind of a ritual, to be gone through on each succeeding anniversary?

He looked down at the woman who lay at his side, and wondered why people changed so terribly. He thought of the happy days of their engagement—the great hunger he had felt for her—the desire to take huge bites of her tempting flesh. He never could hold her closely enough then. There was always that sense of incompleteness—of a surging need of her—the promise of fulfilment that her soft body gave. The thought of possessing her, some day, made him wild with ecstasy. And yet, there was something beyond just physical love; there was a spiritual longing that she had satisfied, too. When he thought of her, it was like a cool breeze sweeping over fens, cleansing and purifying. She was like a prayer: an embodiment of holy things.

He had never thought of her as beautiful, even through the glamor of his love; but she was sweet, with straight, clean features and clear eyes. Her hair was soft and honey-colored, with little golden lights, like sun on a wheatfield. He looked at her now. The lustre had gone from her hair, and it was faded, ash-blonde. Of course, it looked better when she dressed it to go out, better than the neat, prim braid in which she went to bed.

What had she lost? She looked the same, except for the slight change of figure caused by childbearing. Her features were the same, and yet there was none of that intangible sweetness about her that had made her something sacred at one time.

And her body no longer allured him. She had satisfied him; had borne him a

son; she was admittedly, willingly, his own. He wondered if she had ever wanted any other man. He was sure she had not, for her face still lighted with that quick smile when he came home to her, and her kisses had never become perfunctory. He supposed all women were like that, though. It was their nature. Satisfied, once they had become the property of a man.

II

He slipped her gift beside her plate, so that she found it as she sat down at the breakfast table. It was a platinum wrist-watch, of slender, graceful design, and Edna put it on with squeals of delight. She must run around the table to kiss him, then, and tell him what a darling he was. And Howard tried to reciprocate when he discovered a long box lying beside his chair, containing a woolly golf sweater. He had not needed it, nor did the style of it please him, but he made a show of appreciation which seemed to satisfy Edna.

At any rate, she melted against him, kissing him lovingly and tenderly as they stood at the door saying good-bye. "Old lover," she called him. What a thing to call him! Broken-down Don Juan, why didn't she say? He left her rather brusquely, but she did not appear to notice it.

On his way down town, he was thinking of his honeymoon. Surely there would never be any happiness like that again. Edna had been so sweet; so eager to please him in every way. He had loved her air of helplessness; it had pleased his vanity to take care of her, to protect her from the harsh things of life. And she had clung to him, like a child, worshiping his manhood, his superior judgment.

The realization had come slowly, because he had shut his eyes to the evidence before him; but little by little, in his heart he began to say, "Edna hasn't much brain." He was surprised to think that he had never noticed this dearth of intellect before they were married; but as he looked back, he realized that all through their courtship he had talked and Edna had listened. And this state of affairs was getting tiresome. He wanted Edna to be the one to talk for a change; but Edna never had anything to say, except for brief remarks about the people they knew, or petty little domestic questions that had to be settled.

And why had he not noticed before that Edna listened with her mouth open when she was most interested? It gave her a stupid look that infuriated him. He wanted to mock her at times; to scream at her, "Oh, for God's sake, close your mouth!" but he never did. He wondered if other people noticed it, too—if they guessed the depths of her stupidity.

And her giggle. She didn't laugh in a straightforward, sincere way, but raised her voice in a hysterical rush of giggles, gasping between giggles, with long drawn out breaths. It made him nervous to hear her, so that he hated to tell a joke in her presence. Not that Edna always laughed at his jokes. Sometimes Howard had to explain the point; and if there was anything the least risqué about it, Edna would lower her eyes and murmur "Ohhh!", managing to cast a gloom on the whole party.

He had never noticed the way she sang around the house before they were married, but now she seemed to be singing constantly, with that tremulous, off-pitch voice. It drove him frantic, so that he longed to scream and tear his hair when she began it. She would sing in an undertone at the bridge table, too; so that he would be forced to say, patiently, "Edna—*please*—we're playing bridge, you know"; whereupon she would giggle, and stop, only to start all over again the moment the hand was played.

Hell! he was being morbid. Probably every married couple had points of contention; some of them a great deal more serious than these. Perhaps there were little things he did that annoyed Edna. It was foolish of him to allow himself to become so furious over her lack of brains, her giggle and her desire to raise her voice in song at inopportune moments. There

vould have been something wrong with ny woman he might have chosen.

At noon she telephoned him. She wanted im to try to come home a little earlier han usual, to help with the table, and all hat. The family would come at six, and here was so much to be done. He promised o leave his office as early as possible and ung up the receiver to hear Edna's last vords echoing through his brain. "Good-ye, sweetheart." How silly, to be calling im "sweetheart" after ten years! He was ery little like the sweetheart of ten years go.

III

Ie had a caller that afternoon; one of his lients and an old friend, whose late hus-and had made Howard executor of his state. Leila Sherburne entered his office vith her slow, graceful walk and sat down pposite him, making a little feminine wish as she did so; exquisite in her per-ctly appointed mourning things.

Howard leaned back in his chair, his ands clasped behind his head, entirely re-axed and content. It was the effect Leila ad upon him. Her voice was quiet and ow-pitched, so that you had to listen in-ently to catch her words; and when she aughed, it was with an infectious little oing sound, like a pigeon, that made you vant to seize her pretty white throat, bend back, and kiss her little sensuous mouth.

She drew a black moire case from her ag and snapped it open, drawing out a igarette which she tapped upon its edge. Ioward leaned over to light a match for er. Unlike most women, she did not ask is permission, or act conscious of her ges-ure. She smoked like a man, deeply, grace-ully, and with an air of infinite satisfac-ion. Edna, he recalled, could not rouse erself from the notion that nice women id not smoke save in their boudoirs, be-ind locked doors.

"Well," Leila murmured, provocatively, ending a banner of smoke across the desk.

"This is my anniversary, Leila," How-rd told her.

She nodded. "Yes, I remembered. Shall I congratulate you?"

"Why not?" he returned, with a short laugh. "I believe it's customary."

Leila smoked reflectively for a moment.

"The proper thing is to wish you countless repetitions of today, isn't it?" she asked.

He looked up, an enigmatic expression on his face. There was a slight pause, during which they surveyed each other silently, and then the man burst forth, impulsively:

"Oh, God, Leila!"

"Don't give way to it," she returned, quickly, half mocking, half serious. "You've let yourself in for it, my boy, and cussing relieves you only momentarily."

Their eyes challenged each other. There had never been anything between these two, save futile protests against life, which usually ended in laughter that was a mixture of irony and amusement. They had drifted together naturally in their mutual need for companionship; Howard because Edna could not satisfy him mentally; Leila because she had become nothing more or less than a nurse to her elderly, invalid husband. Howard had been Asa Sherburn's attorney for several years, and at first their meetings had been on a purely business basis. Then Howard had gone at night, sometimes, to sit for an hour or two in her solemn old paneled drawing-room with Leila, satisfying the mental need that had been starved for so long.

Of course it was foolish of him to think her appeal purely mental. How could any man survey those pert ankles, those slender feet, always immaculately shod, that full bosom, disclosing a wisp of dainty lace or silk, those rounded arms, without thinking of unholy things? His hand had touched hers and pressed it, once. "Don't," she had said, frowning.

"Don't." She had said it again when he had attempted to kiss her one evening as they sat before the log fire together in the silence of her drawing-room. And to his "Why not?" she had replied, "Because it's too heavenly."

She had never flirted with him. "I've always been on the verge of falling in love with you, Howard," she had told him on another firelit evening, "but I don't propose to let myself go beyond that point." Then she had laughed and said something ridiculously funny; something entirely inapropos and wholly charming. Something that had made him laugh. And when a man laughed, he was off his guard.

That was Leila's trick. She was so terribly sensible; so like a man in her dealings with men. She was all woman, and yet she was not woman at all, when you wanted her. That was what made you want her.

Howard's retrospective mood endured throughout Leila's visit. At length she rose to leave him. "You're boring me today," she remarked, drawing on her black kid gloves. "Your anniversary is ruining you."

He walked to the door with her, and rested his hand upon hers for an instant as she reached for the glass knob of the door.

"For God's sake, Leila," he burst out, "don't I mean *anything* to you, any more?" She drew away her hand, and her eyes smiled. "Yes, you do," she answered, slowly. "Is it damnable of me to let you?" and was gone.

He stood motionless, staring at the blank door. What was it about her that he wanted so terribly? Her body? It was beautiful under the soft, black crêpe—but mightn't it grow less beautiful to him, as had Edna's? Or was it true that it was Leila's mind that drew him to her? Leila was so unromantic—so delightfully unromantic.

He caught himself wondering, with a grim smile, whether she was given to singing aloud, in a rasping, quavery voice.

IV

The glory of the day for Edna still persisted when Howard arrived home at five. She wore a plain little dinner gown of brown satin, made without any particular style, over which she had slipped a kitchen apron; and the new watch was ticking on her wrist. She held Howard closely, for a moment, kissing him rapturously. Then she remembered that she was above all else a housekeeper and dashed back to the kitchen to help the maid. And young Bobby must be dressed to greet the family. He could stay up until eight-thirty tonight. Edna flew nervously about in a delirium of preparation, dispatching Howard on one errand after another in feverish haste until he caught some of her hysteria.

The family descended upon them at six-thirty, quite according to schedule. It was characteristic of the family that its members could be depended upon to be punctual. It was their very dependability that made Howard squirm. None of them had ever been touched by scandal; they were the solid, upright citizens of a more solid and upright community; lesser angels, wearing their splendor smugly.

They came in boisterously, flinging embraces and felicitations about. One would think they were celebrating a football victory. Howard wondered, fantastically, if they were going to lift him to their shoulders and ride him through the streets, shouting. They made him feel rather idiotic, gushing what they thought were pretty speeches, with their silly, superficial air of gaiety. Lumbering elephants trying to walk daintily over a slippery surface.

But Edna was pleased. It seemed as if Howard and young Bobby were the only ones who were not properly impressed with the occasion. Edna accepted their congratulations with a modest lowering of her eyes and nervous giggles. Their gifts she hugged to her breast, bestowing moist, excited kisses on them all. She looked as if her gratitude were going to take the form of tears; and then she led them all into the living-room, chattering frantically, leaving them in Howard's care when she rushed into the kitchen to work the magical and finishing touches. And Howard, usually his best when presiding over a meet-

g, was ill at ease before these simple, pectant ones. They sat around, waiting r dinner to be announced, in a calm, acid way that made him say to himself, We are celebrating the virtue of the merican home."

Uncle Bert hitched up the knees of his ousers and sat down heavily upon a agile-looking chair, his feet wide apart, t stomach extended, looking like a gro- sque Japanese idol. He cleared his throat udly.

"Well," he announced, with an air of ock importance, "we have come to- ther on this mournful occasion—"

General laughter at this. "Oh, Bert, en't you terrible!" "Well, I notice that ou and Mabel have passed your nine- enth anniversary safely!" "Yes, you lead terrible life, you do!"

"It reminds me," Uncle Bert continued, andly, "of the story about the fellow ho said he wouldn't take a million dol- rs for his wife—but he wouldn't give vo cents for her, either!"

"Bert, you're *awful!*" "Mabel, haven't ou trained him any better than that?" My goodness, I never saw a happier ouple than Edna and Howard!" "You en don't mean it, when you talk like iat—"

Howard's sister Margaret offered the xt conversational tidbit: "Well, for my rt, I can truly congratulate Howard. I ink Edna has made him a wonderful ife."

Howard groaned inwardly. Just because ey were invited there to celebrate the iotic day, did they think they were bliged to discuss it to the exclusion of erything else, throughout the evening? e glanced gratefully at Edna when her shed face appeared in the doorway, and e announced, breathlessly, "Dinner is rved, people!"

At the dinner table, after the little left- er mounds of ice cream were melting in e sherbet glasses, and cigar ashes lay on the dainty lace doilies underneath, ey grew sentimental. Edna went over the wedding again, amid shouts of laughter and added reminiscences from the others, and there was polite laughter from the women, with vigorous back-slapping by the men.

"Married ten years," Uncle Bert boomed forth, succinctly, "and still living to- gether!"

There was a round of laughter at this priceless sally, and Edna leaned forward to make what she considered a clever bit of repartee, giggling delightedly. Howard thought of Leila Sherburne, dining alone in her gloomy walnut dining-room, dressed in soft, clinging black. He wondered how Leila and Asa Sherburne had celebrated their anniversaries. He couldn't imagine Leila being sentimental; not even over him, Howard. There was something so divinely sensible about her; an elemental honesty.

He came out of his reverie to hear his son's name mentioned. It was his sister Margaret who had spoken: "—and the great happiness is when the children come." All eyes were turned on Bobby, who wriggled resentfully under their sur- veillance. That sent Howard off on an- other train of thought. Bobby had not come until the fourth year of their mar- riage, and Edna had been quite maudlin in her joy at discovering that she was to have a child. During the long wait, she had been irritable and unreasonable, but Howard had been patient with her, as his mother and sister had cautioned him, "A woman isn't herself at a time like this." It seemed to him that Edna had become more slow- witted during her pregnancy, had said less of interest and had asked more stupid ques- tions than usual. But he could never re- proach himself for the way he had treated her. He had been the soul of consider- ation.

A long, hard confinement, and then Edna, smiling weakly up at him from her hospital bed. He had felt a rush of pity for the wan little woman that was probably akin to love. After all, she was his wife, and she had gone through her ordeal smil- ing, because she loved him.

Then the poisoning had set in. The doctor, saying with grave face, "I don't believe we can save her." She had called wildly for Howard, and he had gone in to her, kneeling beside the bed.

She managed to take his hands in her hot, shaking fingers. "Howard darling—" There was something she wanted to tell him, but it was hard for her to make the effort. She tried again. "Howard—I know what they say. And if I'm going to die—"

He shut his eyes, surprised at the pain he felt. "You're not, you're not," he assured her, breathlessly.

"But if I do—" Her voice sounded far away. "I wanted you to know—how happy I have been with you—how I have loved you, always—"

He found himself weeping, horribly, grotesquely. He didn't want her to die—this woman who had lived with him for four years! He couldn't think of going on alone without her. After all, she was his, and he belonged to her.

"My dearest, my dearest," he sobbed, kissing her frail hands, "You're not going to die! I won't let you!"

And in the morning, the doctor had come to him, his face shining with relief. Edna would live. Howard had felt no particular emotion, although he could see that the doctor expected a scene.

The doctor was patting him on the back. "It's all right, my boy. Go ahead and cry, if you want to. It will do you good."

So Howard obligingly broke into tears, wondering why he was crying. There was nothing to cry about. Everything was starting in where it had left off. Edna was still his devoted wife. He was still a respectable married man.

V

They were leaving the table, now, with a strident scraping of chair legs against the bare floor. Howard found himself drifting with the rest toward the living-room, with Edna following close beside him.

Edna's younger sister, Mildred, who had come with the young man she was to marry in the Fall, came timidly over to Howard.

"Do you know," she began, smiling sweetly at him, "one reason I want to get married is on account of you?"

"On account of me?" he asked, blankly. Good God—why should he inspire thoughts of marriage in anyone's head?

"Yes. You and Edna have set such a good example. I only hope that George and I can be as happy as you two are."

Edna stepped close to her husband and slipped her arm through his. "It's wonderful, to think how happy we have been," she breathed, looking at him with adoring eyes.

Howard felt as if he were suffocating; as if he were a murderer on trial for his life. Everyone in the room was looking at him. He knew that he was expected to say something touching. They had set the stage for him, had given him his cue and he must play his part. He glanced down at Edna. She was staring up at him, her mouth hanging open, love shining from her eyes.

He braced himself for the ordeal. He felt that it was his moment; that he could set the tenor of all future family gatherings in one terse, devastating speech. He closed his eyes on a delicious vision of an heroic Howard saying calmly, "Let's put an end to all this domestic hypocrisy. I am sick to death of your conglomerate virtues, your smug air of respectability. Edna bores me beyond words. If I had my way, I'd be with Leila Sherburne at this moment." He sighed, and relinquished the dream and the woman who would have none of him. They were still waiting for his speech, and he spoke, damning himself with a smile. "Yes—we're more in love with each other than the day we were married." He bent over to kiss his wife, and a soft murmur of approval ran through the room.

POLITICS IN THE REVOLUTION

BY CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD

"Behold, I trace the footsteps of Destiny," boasts the historian. A super-Sherlock Holmes, he claims to unravel the mysteries of human events by discovering causes through a study of their effects. Holmes is a fiction; possibly the historian is too. The footsteps of Destiny, indeed, are more indistinct than those measured by Holmes; and whence they came, whither they go, and who made them are questions much more puzzling than any the great detective ever answered.

But modesty is not an attribute of historians. Given the most attenuated of clues, they will expound for you the concatenation of forces which predestined the event, blithely brushing aside the stubborn fact of their own ignorance of its meaning. Take, for example, the mystery of the American Revolution. Has any generation of historians ever doubted that the revolt of the colonies was scientifically explained by them? George Bancroft prided himself on having hitched it to the God-given impulse towards democracy. The next generation of scholars—whom John Fiske may represent, despite his limitations—found their satisfaction in teaching that Anglo-Saxon institutions were predestined by nature to move in a plotable curve toward liberty. The university professors who wrote the volumes of A. B. Hart's "American Nation" were not less sure of their ground; their knowledge of the eternal verities enabled them to mete out praise and blame as the Godhead is expected to do on the Judgment Day. Now we have the present generation, pragmatic skeptics, trying to reinterpret this great phenomenon by applying to it a mixture of economic determinism and inexpert psychoanalysis. They too are crying out: "Behold, thus Fate has moved!"

When indicted for their failure to reach finality, historians plead that each generation must rewrite its own history. But if that is true, why do they always assure us that their dull volumes contain the ultimate truth? The fact is that in historical problems, such as that of the Revolution, where party politics constitutes a decisive element, definitive answers will probably never be found. Why certain twists and turns in public opinion became decisive instead of others equally potent, is not revealed to mere man. Being an humble historian myself, I am by education a philosophical determinist with my faith sadly shaken by the cataclysm of the Great War; still, in a changing world I cling to this dogma: what occurs *must* occur, for otherwise something else would occur. Satisfying and illuminating as this article of faith is, it somehow does not get very far with the why of the occurrence. Science, unfortunately, cannot trace the interaction of unknown and unknowable impulses and inhibitions in the souls of men; it cannot unlock the secret chambers of the germplasm nor follow the unfolding of character and the evolution of prejudices in diverse environments during the formative years of one individual or of thousands,—leaders or followers, whatever they may be. Undoubtedly psychology will, in future years, offer much assistance to the understanding of man, but students of the past will ever find their sources of information too meagre to make much use of it. We

cannot put George Washington on the rack of the mental tests!

My personal wish would be to employ the methods of psychoanalysis to the character of George III; but it is impossible for lack of intimate materials. There is not enough, indeed, to make even an analytical study of him like the one Lytton Strachey made of his estimable grand-daughter, who apparently inherited his mental equipment with his virtues and vices. American historians, however, have never been embarrassed by this lack of facts. They think they know all about him when they have created a mythical personage out of Victorian Toryism and Seventeenth Century Stuartism. A writer of political propaganda, Thomas Jefferson, started the myth; his Declaration of Independence drew in broad outline the caricature that has persisted with little alteration till this day, an excellent example of the inertia of the historian's mind. Let Trevelyan speak for the crowd of them:

> The strong will, the imperious character, and the patient unresting industry of the King, working through subservient ministers upon a corrupt Parliament, had made him master of the state as effectively and far more securely than if his authority had rested on the support of an army of mercenaries.

II

Strange is the working of the historian's logic! He practices legerdemain and calls it reasoning. He may read with some distrust an editorial in the New York *Tribune* on La Follette, but he will accept a speech or pamphlet by Edmund Burke, a henchman of the Old Whig faction—similar to the Republican Old Guard—with the emotional faith of a Rotarian reading the platitudinous mouthings of the "strong silent man of the White House." Outside of partisan sources there is nothing that supports the view of George III as a man of capacity, as being an exception in the long line of Hanoverian stupidities who have occupied the throne of England. Yet historians have chosen to follow Jefferson rather than make any effort to understand the King. In fact, their researches seem to have been directed by no higher aim than that of justifying Jefferson. To that end they have ascribed all the disagreeable happenings of George's reign to him, and all those acts pleasing in the sight of the colonies to the opposition. They have been lawyers—or, perhaps better, politicians—and in the court of public opinion they have won their case. The orthodox George III is a brilliant tyrant.

Beside depicting his tyranny and political ability, the traditional interpretation of the Revolution affirms that he called the Tories, long out of office, to assist him in overthrowing English liberties at home and overseas, and that, using these as tools, he proceeded to introduce arbitrarily a system of centralized colonial administration and taxation devised by himself and his minions. Some such idea of his purposes and acts is held by practically all Englishmen and Americans. But they are harboring what is at least seventy-five percent delusion—a delusion started by contemporary political propaganda, and perpetuated by historical chauvinism.

Starting with that delusion, much scholarly acumen has been wasted in the attempt to fasten on some one of the ministers of George the responsibility for the conception of the new colonial policy. Naturally the introducer of it, George Grenville, has been the favorite goat; but few real searchers after truth have been willing to make him the only one; and several other names have, therefore, been proposed. That of Charles Townshend, a perplexing personality, has been a favorite with those who follow the lead of Bancroft. But no one scholar's guess has found general acceptance. The reason therefor is not difficult to discover. George III and his ministers were not responsible at all. Every phase of the new colonial policy had been conceived and worked out by the ministers of the second George and had been found acceptable by practically all the politicians at Westminster, before George III became King. More than that, some of the principal phases of the new policy had actually

been put into operation. In 1755 a commander-in-chief for all the American forces was appointed. Here was an imperial official exercising authority throughout all the colonies without responsibility to the local legislatures. The imperialization of the colonial administration had thus made a significant beginning. A second step toward the same end was taken when two superintendents of Indian affairs were appointed to manage all relations with the Indians—treaties, fur-trade, and, most important of all, land sales. By ministerial order two of the most vital businesses of America were removed from the control of the colonies and placed in the hands of officials receiving their orders from the government at Westminster. It was William Pitt himself who issued the instructions to stop smuggling in the West Indies and to enforce the Sugar Act of 1733. Before Canada was conquered British politicians held the opinion that a military force must be left in America, and that the colonies should pay a just and reasonable part of the increased imperial expense. So unanimous was the belief in the need of continuing and developing the colonial policy thus outlined that no cabinet could have been formed after the close of the war in 1763 with hardihood and far-sighted intelligence sufficient to refuse to round out the new policy along the lines that were adopted by Grenville.

Turning now to the question of Tory ministers, we find ourselves confronted by one of the most deep-seated and tenacious traditions in historical literature, so far almost unshaken, even in the minds of well-informed English and American students. Under George III, we are told, Whigs and Tories struggled for the ascendancy and with the King's aid the latter were successful and the colonies were lost. That is not too crude a statement of the view expounded in practically every historical work, whether text-book or scholarly monograph. Probably there is more truth in it than in the popular notion of to-day that the Nonpartisan League of North Dakota was financially supported by Lenin and Trotsky, but both statements trace their origin to the same source, political propaganda.

When the Whigs came into power in 1714 with the first Hanoverian George, they started a campaign to kill the Tory party. At that time the term of opprobium was Jacobite just as it is Bolshevist to-day; and the Whigs sought to make the names Tory and Jacobite synonymous. So successful were they that the Tories ceased to function as a party. Their young men with political ambitions, such as Henry Fox and Lord North, joined themselves to some Whig faction and won their political spurs as good Whigs. There was no true Tory party in England thereafter until the outbreak of the French Revolution created new issues of vital significance. During the early reign of George III, therefore, everyone appealed to the traditions of the Glorious Revolution of 1688 with the same religious fervor. George himself, being of low mental voltage, never changed his terminology, and in his old age, years after the American Revolution, was still calling himself a Whig.

Political conditions in England from 1760 to 1783 may be compared to those of the Era of Good Feeling in American history; there was one party, the Whigs, split up into many antagonistic factions. Ministries were formed by combinations of these. Some traditional Tories were employed in 1757 by William Pitt in administrative offices, and they were more conspicuous in the time of George III, but they remained, as a party, negligible. No Tory who had not been rebaptised a Whig held high office. What offended the sensibilities of the Old Whigs, one of the half-dozen Whig factions, and caused them to turn the vials of their wrath upon the King was his refusal to employ them, not his employment of a few Tories in minor offices. They considered themselves as the true heirs of the small oligarchy of great nobles who had for almost half a century ruled the empire for their own selfish ends. George tried to

break that oligarchy by detaching the politicians from their factional affiliations. The Old Whigs, realizing that the term Jacobite was worn out, tried to win elections by stigmatizing as Tories all those who took office. This propaganda has become authentic history, the delusion being assisted no doubt by the development of a true Tory party before the end of the century.

When George Grenville, a true Whig if there ever was one, introduced his colonial bills, including the Stamp Tax, into Parliament, he met with no opposition of moment, for the bills were in accord with everyone's expectations; they would be called in modern parlance "agreed legislation." They became an issue in politics only when news of the tumultuous reception of them by the colonies reached England. Grenville was then no longer minister, for the faction of the Old Whigs had made a temporary coalition with the King's faction and now filled the offices. They were in doubt what to do. William Pitt, who was leader of one of the various factions not in office, did not hesitate. He possessed two attributes in common with the late Theodore Roosevelt: an instinct that recognized a popular issue and a boldness in promulgating it. Here was an issue fitting his genius, and he seized the leadership in the attack upon the Grenville measures. The ministerials followed, hoping to secure the coöperation of the popular orator. The Stamp Act was repealed.

By its repeal the question of relations with the colonies became for the first time in two generations a vital issue, over which Westminsterians wrangled. Therein lies the importance of the controversy as far as the mother country is concerned. Although local English issues continued to be paramount, a real alignment of politicians over questions touching the colonies took place; and no debate on American bills could, after 1766, be held without encountering prejudice and acrimony. Two parties were formed, each cutting across the factions; only one faction, that of William Pitt, was united on the future of America.

III

Among the men ruling the British Empire there are at all times some to whom the prestige of the mother country is all important; their first, their only thought is the maintenance of her dignity. They are fully persuaded that the coercion of their dependents is the only means of promoting imperial unity, and on the slightest appearance of opposition from overseas they demand the use of force; the past treatment of Ireland and the contemporary treatment of India are typical. Before the American Revolution political exigencies forced all those who had been responsible for the Stamp Tax into a party of coercion. Their policy had been repudiated, and they interpreted every subsequent colonial difficulty as proof of the mistake that had been made. They developed a line of argument to support their contention that the colonies should have been compelled to pay, and they rounded out their future policy in accord with their predilections. They found many followers in other factions, even among those who had voted for the repeal of the Stamp Act—for instance, Charles Townshend.

Against such die-hards always stand other English politicians who have no faith in coercion and seek to secure the continuance of the Empire by the binding power of commercial advantages touched with the emotions of friendship and blood relations. William Pitt and his able lieutenant, Lord Shelburne, were the principal protagonists of this view in the later Eighteenth Century. They had caught a partial vision of the future Empire and were eager to hasten its development. They found adherents in other factions, and even the King became one of their converts. He had been working since 1763 to get Pitt as Prime Minister. His wish was granted in 1766, but it was not the Pitt of former days, for he now entered the House of Lords as the Earl of Chatham. A cleverly turned phrase by Edmund Burke has blinded historians to the true character of the new

ministry; the impotence which later became its chief mark is traced on many a page of history to its "mosaic" structure. But its composition did not differ in this respect from that of other ministries of the century. In fact, it was much more unified than most of them, for Chatham was a real head. Its policy was idealistic; its intention was to remodel the empire, and the young Secretary of State for the Southern Department, Lord Shelburne, went far in developing a colonial policy which would have opened new fields for colonial ambition and thereby unloosed new forces of imperial strength.

Unfortunately, the illness of Lord Chatham, whose assertive personality was needed to unite the ministry, made it impossible to carry out the platform; and the Chatham cabinet is known in American history principally for the imbecilic Townshend taxes, the result of a clash between Lord Shelburne and the erratic Chancellor of the Exchequer, supported by the opposition, the quondam proponents of the Stamp Tax. The usual interpretation, that Townshend had expectations of being Prime Minister and was favored by the King, is sheer rubbish. The King distrusted him and desired his removal from office. The tax bill which was to renew the uproar in the colonies is an example of the spirit of political compromise so highly approved and ever praised by the champions of all things Anglo-Saxon.

Gradually the Chatham government was metamorphosed into the notorious Lord North ministry by the elimination of its original members—Chatham and Shelburne went out in 1768—and the introduction of the followers of the Duke of Bedford and those of George Grenville, both responsible for the ill-fated Stamp Act. From now on the ministry was divided; one group, led by the good-natured North, was the inheritor of the Chatham policy; the other was hoping to oust North and eagerly waiting an opportunity to vent its spleen on the colonies. The opportunity came when the East India Company was permitted, in order to escape bankruptcy, to dispose of its surplus tea in America. Apparently there was no intention of tricking the colonies, but the hostile reception of the tea ships created a political issue.

Those whose memory reaches back to the time when the *Maine* was blown up in Havana harbor and can vividly recall the wave of resentment that swept over Americans, will readily understand the passion of members of Parliament when, in January, 1774, a ship brought back news of the Boston Tea Party. A great nation had been affronted by one of her colonies. Parliament was thrown into hysteria instead of into thought. Those members of the ministry who were anti-colonial in their sentiments seized the opportunity for which they had been waiting since 1766; they were crafty enough politicians to make full use of the pathological condition of the imperial legislature. Under the cloak of patriotism they unloosed all their pent up ill-will; and they led the ministry and Parliament into passing the various coercive measures which made the revolt of the colonies possible, even inevitable. The causes of the American Revolution, so far as the British side is concerned, may thus be found in politics—pure, unadulterated, muddling politics.

Excuses may be made for the mess American historians have made of interpreting the situation. They were ably misled into delusion by their brothers of England. By the time history became a serious study in America, the Whig tradition had become well established; and, since its terminology fitted the contemporary usage of the terms Whigs and Tories in the colonies, the misinterpretation with all its implications was readily accepted. The English were also repsonsible for the pseudo-scientific delineation of the character of the King; and, since the royal tyranny furnished a needed external force to drive the colonies into union, there seemed to be no call for further research into a subject so complicated and difficult. Having a ready-made solution, why bother?

IV

We may thus pardon the Americans for their ignorance in matters British, but what power can grant them absolution for the sin of obscuring the course of events in America? Will Clio excuse her devotees for tuning their harps to the vibrations of popular opinion, for thumbing their wires to accompany a song of chauvinism?

From the day the contest opened between the mother country and the colonies down to the present time the partisan propaganda of the latter has been called history. The controversial writings of the Fathers have been glorified by tradition, sanctified by patriotism. They contain the law and the prophets; in them alone lies truth, for do they not reveal a united people fighting under the flag of liberty, gloriously shedding their blood to make true an abstraction? Historians have sung in unison their praise of the revolutionary pamphlets and newspaper articles, but their voices have been discordant in the interpretation of them: the justification of Divine Providence, the apotheosis of Anglo-Saxonism, the culmination of cosmic evolution have all been found. Some students have argued that the revolt was forced by tyranny; and others, but only a few, have discovered in it an impetus to self-determination; but all have sought in the contemporary propaganda the explanation of the movement we call the American Revolution. The process employed reminds me of the physician of by-gone days who chased, with his ointments and flannels, the pains of rheumatism from hand to shoulder, and then via the sciatic nerve to the knee and foot. Into his mind there never entered the idea of seeking for the source of the trouble in the tonsils or teeth!

During my long searches for the causes of the Revolution, the thought has sometimes appeared to me plausible that all the heated and partisan discussion of the time had better be ignored. They represent the aches and pains of rheumatism, and from them the seat of infection cannot be discovered. The real infected tonsil of the colonies was the rising consciousness of American nationality, a powerful force even then. The new nationality was composed of many peoples: English, Scots, Welsh, Scotch-Irish, Irish, Dutch, German, Swiss, French, who were all dwelling in a primitive environment where Old World traditions and class stratification had been easily shaken off. The older historians, with their attention fixed on the trade rivalries of the coast towns—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston—were led to waste pages in describing the particularism of the colonies, thus missing the existence in the back country, from Maine to Georgia, of a robust Americanism. There had not been developed an imperial mindedness like that which today holds the dominions to the mother country; nor had British ministers made any effort to develop it. Instead, they had permitted the gulf of misunderstanding between the English and the American people to grow wider and wider until separation at some time seemed inevitable.

Resentment and fear are the two emotions which express themselves most frequently and most forcibly in political action. It was the former which drove the British Parliament to pass the coercive acts. The American people were to be powerfully moved by both emotions in the years preceding the Revolution; but it was resentment that first set public opinion in motion. The interference in local affairs by the central government was fiercely resented by certain classes in all the colonies. In Virginia the assertion of imperial control over the fur-trade and the sale of Indian lands was only accepted after a long and fierce struggle, and even then the fence along the mountains which the empire attempted to erect was again and again broken down; in fact, it was prostrate before the battle of Lexington was fought. The prominent men of Virginia were interested in both Indian trade and western lands, and their participation in the con-

test with the mother country to maintain colonial rights was a powerful stimulus to patriotism among them.

In Massachusetts the effort to put an end to smuggling aroused the feeling of resentment. The prosperity of the New England seaports depended on the trade in molasses with the West Indies. The molasses was distilled into rum, which was then employed in the Newfoundland, African, and Indian trades. William Pitt's instructions to enforce the Sugar Act made acute the financial distress that had begun with the conquest of Canada, and Boston traders prayed to God and began their preparations to thwart the measure. In his old age John Adams wrote: "I know not why we should blush to confess that molasses was an essential ingredient in American independence." It certainly was a far more essential ingredient than abstract ideas of liberty.

Would the consciousness of Americanism have slumbered for years, perhaps generations, had not successive British ministries thrust an issue in imperial administration and legislation into the arena of politics in every American colony? Would the world of to-day be in a healthier condition had the colonies never revolted? No one can answer either question, and no one can interpret the causes of the American Revolution without satisfactory answers. Yet every historian of the event, including the writer of these words, has assumed the air of the omniscient Almighty, or at least the impudence of His stenographer, when the possibility of another course of events than the actual one arose in his mind.

One thing we do know: an imperial issue became the plaything of party politics both at Westminster and in the colonies; and the game of politics was understood as well and played as cleverly by the colonists as it is to-day by their descendants. America has perhaps never produced craftier politicians than Thomas Jefferson and Samuel Adams. Never in the world's history has there been collected in a restricted area such political wisdom and such knowledge of popular psychology as was possessed by the group of Virginians who were responsible for the Revolution and carried it through to a successful conclusion. A recent American historian has tried to prove that Samuel Adams' activities were inspired by an inferiority complex. Were the Virginians driven by a superiority complex?

The imperial issue, raised by the Stamp Tax and later by the Townshend taxes, became hopelessly entangled with the acrimonious political fight being waged between local factions in the various colonies. The radicals, or "outs," finding their strength increased by an issue of national potency, just as State and city parties to-day draw their sustenance from nationalism, gradually took a more advanced stand on questions touching the relations of the colonies to the Empire. The successive fights with the mother country grew ever more intense; the declarations of the radicals became ever bolder; and the extreme left of the patriotic party drew nearer to leadership.

V

At the time of the passage of the Stamp Act, there were very few Americans who gave serious thought to independence, and these few did not regard the question of immediate practical importance. The uproar over the Stamp Act was an ordinary political manœuvre to make the views of the colonies known and to exert influence through the British merchants upon Parliament. But propaganda is a dangerous fire to play with, for it can never be foreseen where it will spread or what it will consume. In this case it lighted the explosive of American nationality. Here is a delightful contemporary newspaper account of what happened:

> But presently the British (no, the American) Spirit of Liberty was aroused, it catched from Breast to Breast, it run, it flew thru' all the colonies, like a stream of light from Heaven, surprisingly uniting them in a most determined Opposition to the Stamp Act and that wretched State of Vassalage to which it was designed to reduce us.

The American people were provincial in their outlook, even parochial; they were without experience in world or even imperial affairs and were, therefore, easily frightened. It was a simple operation for the radicals to imprint on the minds of the colonists a grotesque picture of the British administration. Instead of calling the imperial ministers contemptibly stupid, which they unquestionably were, the political partisans described them as tyrannical, purposing to reduce Americans to slavery; the slavery idea was emphasized more and more with the passing of the years. The slogan, "No taxation without representation," was cleverly devised to emphasize colonial rights and to exaggerate British tyranny. It was the first of a long series of historic vote-catching shibboleths, and like its successors, it whipped the crowd into a frenzy.

To promote their purposes the radicals misinterpreted every act and stressed every mistake of British officials, whether in Westminster or in the colonies. Good examples are the famous Boston Massacre, the atrocities of Lexington, and the supposed plan to appoint a bishop for America. The last was efficient propaganda, for the vast majority of Americans were nonconformists. After the passage of the Quebec Act, a landmark in the history of religious toleration, Bostonians were solemnly told that the British government was planning to make all Bostonians into Papists. These are samples of the methods used to incite fear in the breasts of the simple-minded. The colonial leaders were quite as clever in creating the emotion of fear as the modern Republicans; British tyranny was as effective a bugaboo as Russian Bolshevism. How hypersensitive the crowd had become to propaganda against the British government is revealed in the campaign of 1773 to prevent the landing of the East India Company's tea. The merchants, perceiving the danger in the threatened competition, joined the radicals and inaugurated a noisy agitation to enrage the people over an offer of cheap tea. They succeeded at the expense of the consumers. When Parliament passed the coercive acts to punish Massachusetts, the colonies, North and South, rushed to the assistance of their suffering sister. The extremists carried their tactics to the First Continental Congress, where they were opposed by a strong party of moderates. By the use of rumors and rumors of rumors, the latter were defeated by a bare majority; and radical measures were passed with a cleverly feigned unanimity that deceived and satisfied the multitude.

By this time American nationalism was saturated with the fear complex and the news of the Battle of Lexington, with its extravagant charges of British atrocities, upset the equilibrium. Little opposition was offered in any community to the usurpation of authority by the radicals, for a wavering majority had been convinced that their liberty was in danger and that there was no alternative to fighting. When his brilliant papers expounding the democratic theory and the uselessness of monarchy were published by Tom Paine, the masses read them avidly, thus putting their minds in the proper mood to accept the final act of independence.

Politicians are opportunists and easily adjust their tactics to the changing seasons. By a process of evolution, unperceived by the people, the political propaganda of the Stamp Act period had been metamorphosed into an act of rebellion, and the earlier and sincere protests of allegiance to the King had been lost in the accusation of his tyranny.

THE ART OF BUMMING A MEAL

BY HENRI TASCHERAUD

For the first time, I was thoroughly on the bum. That is to say, I was traveling nowhere in particular, without a penny in my pocket, and without the means (barring work) of getting one. At that period I was nineteen; at that moment I was forty-eight hours hungry.

In Ogden, Utah, I nearly missed the manifest freight for Laramie, Wyoming, because the yeasty-sweet smell from a bake-shop kept me fascinated for several minutes on my way to the yards. In the box-car, during the night, the odor of wheat that lingered in the wood tantalized me and made me sleepless. At Laramie I was already faint when a railway bull forced me, with a dozen other tramps who had arrived by the same train, into an empty for Cheyenne.

This was in the small dark hours, and at Cheyenne a cool, fresh morning greeted me with the keen scent of sage-brush. I was weak from hunger in an air that gives a man an appetite ten minutes after breakfast. I knew not even the rudiments of the art I must practice before I won my breakfast. None of the other tramps in the car had any money. None, moreover, seemed to mind. In particular, the one who sat beside me seemed free from every care. He had amused us on the way with a performance which I later practiced for months, with indifferent success. He was a man of thirty, with a touch of gray in his hair. His natural expression was one of mildly shrewd indolence. He would be looking at you, and suddenly his eyes would widen slightly, his lips fall loose—and he had become an innocent youth of twenty, with the bewildered look of a healthy young half-wit. Another swift movement: his brow wrinkled, his eyes contracted, his mouth drooped at the corners, his shoulders wilted—and he was a broken-down man of fifty.

The gang dispersed in the yards. As I walked toward the town my performing neighbor fell into step with me.

"Let's go feed our faces," he said.

"You got money?" I asked.

He looked at me with a pitying smile.

"No, but I damn soon will," he answered. "Come on, I'll show you how."

We passed several bakeries, and I was sorely tempted to go in and beg a loaf of bread. I had heard of such things being done. But my companion was evidently above anything so crude. When we reached the main street, we stopped on the corner. We surveyed the row of citizens standing along the curb. There were possibly ten men. From my leaning-post by a cigar store I picked out what seemed to me the likeliest face. It had good-humored blue eyes and red cheeks, and belonged to a broad, genial Irishman with clothes baggy and a trifle too big for a good business man. The others seemed hopeless. From a beanery two doors down issued rich, good smells.

My companion stepped up to make his touch. If I had been picking the tightest, sourest subject of the lot, it would have been the one he chose to address. He was a small, lean man, thin-nosed and thin-lipped, with nervous black eyes under blond eyebrows. His nostrils had a cabbage-leaf flare. His clothes fitted him, and had been pressed within the week. I suspected him of being a dyspeptic, and of sucking peppermints.

Before this unpromising runt stood my friend. He appeared to be demanding, with dignity, politely but vigorously. The little man looked up with annoyance. He scowled. He was still scowling when I saw him reach into his pocket. When his hand touched the confidently ready hand of my friend, I heard the clink of *more than one* coin!

My friend waved condescendingly and turned to join me. His face was bright with a malicious grin. In his hand were two silver dollars.

We passed by the beanery that five minutes before had seemed a sort of heaven, and entered a rather pretentious restaurant.

"Ham and scramble four and rush the jamocha! Bring some ketchup and the pepper sauce!" barked my friend. Then I asked, "How in hell did you do it?"

"I just walked up," he replied, "and told him I could see he wasn't the kind of a guy who was careless with coin, but I told him I needed four bits to get a meal. How about it? First I thought he'd turn me down cold. Must have got his goat, I guess. Anyway, I figured bums wouldn't hit him up much because of his mug, see? And the old bat shined a couple of cart wheels!"

"I had the big Irishman figured for the best bet," I ventured.

"Yeh," drawled my mentor. "Lots of guys would. You'd have got two bits out of him, maybe. Old pickle-face was a long shot, but I knew if he came across it would be something like."

We got up from the table and were approaching the cashier's desk.

"Listen," he said. "If I'd hit up big Irish, you know what I'd have done? Look!"

Before the eyes of the cashier he gave the amazing performance of the box-car. He seemed to shrink, and suddenly he was a bleary-eyed old man. The cashier stared, rooted to his stool. He didn't realize until we were out and up the street that we had not paid the check.

"Where you going, kid?" asked my friend.

I told him I was bound for Chicago.

"Well, I got a date in Denver tomorrow," he said. "There's a way-freight going out in a couple of hours. Guess I'll mosey down to the yards. You take the fruit special 'round seven, if you can make her. If you don't catch her, there's a manifest out of here about midnight. You better take this couple of bucks. So long, kid."

And he disappeared around the corner.

II

That was my first lesson in the art of bumming a meal. The page was taken from an advanced course, but I was lucky to realize so early that there was an advanced course. I have since learned a great deal more. I don't see why any smart fellow need ever work unless he likes it. The elaborate confidence games for big stakes that I have seen bright men and women pull sound like work to me. I prefer getting ready for my meals no earlier than meal-time. In the art of bumming a meal, ease and simplicity are the cardinal virtues.

At the very start I want to blow up the widespread notion that the American farmer is a generous and hospitable fellow. So far as my experience goes, if there is a stingier person than the American farmer, it is only his wife. I have bummed in every State in the Union, and my pleasant recollections of farmers are scarcely worth mentioning. Canada and the north-western States, like Minnesota and the Dakotas, are perhaps not quite so bad as the rest of the country. But by now I make it a point to stick to the towns, if only because farms are so far apart that if you're turned down in the first you have a long walk for the problematical chance of success in the next. If you have to go to a farmer, pick a Negro or a foreigner. And among foreigners, leave out the Chinamen and Japs at once. In town or country, the Oriental is a hopeless proposition—unless he runs a gambling house, and there are few enough of those. The European settler and the Negro are sporting chances. It flatters them to have

an American ask for food. But they are just as likely to grin their satisfaction and shoo you away hungry. There are no hearty pioneers left in this broad land. Southern country hospitality to tramps consists chiefly in sending out a reception committee of hounds trained for the purpose. The tramp's only redress is to raid the farmer's cornfield or vegetable garden, or to get up early enough to milk one of his cows.

Panhandling on the street of a city or town is the lowest form of the game, the easiest and the most tedious. Any tramp who can't bum a meal on the street deserves to work or starve. A few general rules will suffice. Never approach a Chinaman, Jap, Greek, Armenian or Jew. It's useless. It is wise also never to speak to a woman on the street, unless you look absolutely helpless. Polite words sound like insults, and straight talking is common assault at least. Leave prosperous-looking men alone unless you are very sure of yourself. Pick a laborer or a shabby-looking man, preferably young. Look for the man who is likely to be not too sure of his own security. I know a young fellow who gave a panhandler his last dime on a cold night in Chicago, thereby bracing his fast-waning belief that he belonged to the proud class that gives, and not to the class that receives. In this instance the panhandler was distinctly the benefactor.

Never whine or beg. The trick is to let your prospect feel that you belong to his class—that he might be embarrassed just as you are some day. The opening, as a salesman would say, is half the battle. Get a man's interest by asking him the way to a street. He'll stop without suspicion; you've got his ear, and when you make your request he'll come through more than half the time. Two, or at the most three touches are all a really competent bum needs on his way to the restaurant.

The man who engages in elaborate and protracted forms of beggary is no tramp, but as insane a professional as any merchant or banker. The sums to be made by sitting still with a cup and a handful of pencils or shoelaces in any large city, particularly if one can simulate some physical defect, are fabulous. But what a job!

Back-door bumming is about on a level with panhandling, with the added disadvantage that it often brings no more than cold potatoes. If women are to be shunned on the street, they are to be sought at the back door. Pick a house with a well-kept back-yard. If the housewife gives you anything at such a house, it is likely to be good, since a woman who is careful of her flowers is likely to be a good cook as well. The houses near the railway yards and those in the outlying districts are generally the ones least frequented by other tramps. The lower middle-class is generally the best. The poor will frequently not dare refuse, to save their faces; but their fare is generally of a low order. My average is about one meal for ten back door calls—a pretty low average, but a method not to be despised in emergencies.

Here again it is the smile that wins. Don't bother to tell a long story unless the housewife shows she needs one in payment for her kindness. The bare cheerful assertion that you are hungry and don't start work until tomorrow morning is usually all that is required. I myself rather like a chance to tell a whopping story, seeing how well I can please my hostess and how far I can stretch my imagination. It is astonishing what a good-hearted woman will believe. Fat ones often like a chance to weep.

III

The restaurant racket is a good one to master. A little experience will enable you to spot the proprietor who will let you have a meal for nothing or on your promise of future payment—which comes to the same thing—if you declare yourself broke when you come in. The smaller the establishment, generally, the better your chances—provided you avoid the nationalities enumerated above. The trouble with small places is that the food is generally poor.

One can always call at the back door of a restaurant and offer to wash dishes in exchange for a meal. The chef will frequently lay out the meal for the asking. If he is stingy enough to point to the dish pile later on, you can always walk out.

The best form of the restaurant game, however, is to walk in like a bona-fide customer, order well, and then discover you have lost your pocket-book. Offer the cashier your hat, or your coat, but get as close to the door as possible first. Pick a crowded street, and a relatively expensive place. Two can work this trick better than one. It is wise to order liberally, with a cigar on the side. The manager is usually a poor psychologist, and he is more than likely to take the size of your order for evidence of good intentions. I cannot stress too much, however, the importance of a crowded street, and of getting close to the door. I wear a broken ear that will never match its mate for having neglected these simple precautions.

Few tramps in seaports realize the possibilities of beach-combing. There is scarcely a sea-cook afloat who will not feed a stranger for the asking. That is probably because he is asked so seldom. If the cook won't, ask the second cook. If he won't, ask the messboy. But don't go on board until the ship's meal is over—that is, at eight, one, and six. Ship's fare in port is usually excellent.

Prostitutes, as a class, are the most generous folk in the land, excepting, perhaps, actresses, who are, however, not so easy to find. In the case of the prostitutes, I suspect two reasons: they have not much sense of moral superiority—feeling superior, in fact, only to moral men and married women—and, being sentimental and superstitious, they like to atone for their sins by generosity so long as it does not interfere with business. Be that as it may, I have never been refused money, whiskey, or food by a prostitute who was not busy when I called. I once made the round of the cribs in a small Montana town, at a time when business was particularly bad, and came away with eighteen dollars, much whiskey, and one meal—having room for no more than that. In dealing with a prostitute be straight-forward and good-humored, unless you have a tale of great misfortune to tell. Then be as melancholy as you please: they like to sympathize.

At the opposite pole in the matter of charity are Protestant clergymen. From the bum's point of view they are even worse than Chinamen and farmers, for they won't refuse help. Oh, no! They gravely waste your time and raise your hopes, and then firmly demand either security or labor—and if you are ready to offer either, why bother with a preacher? Catholic priests, on the other hand, are much more generous, particularly if you make them think you are a Catholic. The Salvation Army in large towns is a very efficient bureau of charity—keep away from it! In the small towns, however, it is simple-minded and generous, and gives what it has—poor fare, indeed.

A nunnery, or Catholic hospital, or any institution managed by sisters, is a promising field. The sisters in the kitchen may be shy, but all you need do is ask for the Mother Superior. I don't know why, but a request to see this personage seems binding upon all her charges, and all Mother Superiors I have dealt with have been good-hearted, if gloomy, women. Incidentally, the man who, being refused by a sister, calls for the Mother Superior practically cinches the job for the man who comes after him; and that is a suitable, and tramp-like thing to do.

I have never been refused a meal in the kitchen of an old men's home, and have never been given one in the kitchen of an orphanage. I have been fed by conductors and brakemen of freight-trains I rode. I have even eaten with the mayor of a small town in Colorado—but that was sheer bravado inspired by bad hootch: I walked into his office, sat on his desk, and told him he had a hell of a town, where an honest man couldn't get a job. He took

me out to lunch; but I wouldn't try that one again. I have eaten with sheep-herders in Montana, with cowboys in Wyoming, and with hill-billies in Kentucky. The food was generally rotten, and I was always glad to get back to the towns. But in all my travels I have never met so sure a source of food as tramps.

IV

Any tramp who has anything will split it with any other tramp. If you don't know how to find a tramp, just walk the streets or hang around the railway yards. If you look like a tramp, you'll soon be accosted by another with the salutation, "Where you from, and where you going?" That, or a similar greeting, is the universal password. Make your needs known, and he'll give you what he can. If he has nothing, ask him the way to the jungle.

The jungle is an area on the outskirts of every town, near the railway lines, which the tramp has marked out for his own. It is his base of supply, his hotel, and, above all, his chamber of commerce. The jungle may be the far end of a graveyard, or an abandoned factory or yard. If there is no roof in it, it is likely to be treed. It always has running water, for the real tramp shaves frequently and washes his clothes oftener than most laborers. He also carefully washes the tin cans which are the cooking utensils of the jungle before and after use. It is only the hobo, who is a laborer out of a job, who goes about unshaven, and leaves dirty cans behind him. You will generally find a few tramps camping in the jungle, and you will very frequently find non-perishable food cached away for the use of any brother who comes along. The police raided a deserted barn on the outskirts of Stockton, California, two years ago, and found in it enough canned goods, cured meats, and other food-stuff, all carefully wrapped up, to feed fifty men for a Winter. And of the thirty-odd tramps who were camped there at the time, not more than a dozen had been there a week. All were transients.

If the jungle is close to the tracks, it usually has also a good coal pile and plenty of fire-wood. Many is the succulent meal I have cooked in a jungle, having arrived with empty hands and pockets. And there is no restaurant fare to equal a good meal cooked in the open in good weather.

In the jungle, too, you'll learn all the news a tramp needs to know. You will hear what parts of the country have been favored with prosperity, what railway divisions have friendly trainmen, what towns, and what houses in these towns, in all parts of the land, harbor kind souls who like to do good to wandering men. Here you will learn the local freight, express, and passenger time-tables, and here you will meet the passenger-stiff, that lonely, misanthropic maniac tramp product of the Twentieth Century who rides only the mail trains, and who, if he takes a fancy to you, will route you across the continent by a faster route than any agent could offer a passenger. If you are hungry in Butte, Montana, you'll learn in the jungle how to eat in Seattle next morning.

Many people believe that a man can't starve in an American community. They are wrong. Men have died of hunger within sight, almost, of food. I have seen men so close to starvation that they no longer had the energy to look for food. But they were men who had missed their calling. They should have got themselves jobs, or done something and got into jail.

The true tramp believes in himself as surely as a preacher believes in his hell and heaven, and a go-getter salesman in his goods. As you stand before your prospect, you say to him in effect: "I am; therefore I deserve to remain." If you don't believe that, neither will anybody else believe it. The man who doesn't must either work or starve.

THE MODERN MÆCENAS

BY SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

Some gifts that have lately been made to public institutions by very wealthy men have strengthened a suspicion which I have had for some time, that the public-spirited millionaire is usually much better qualified to absorb the earnings of other people than he is to spend them for the public good. The first process postulates a fortunate accident of birth, good luck or shrewdness in business. The second postulates intelligence; and it is a notable fact that wealth and intelligence are seldom to be found in the same person. To be sure, it happens now and then that they are; and when it does, the combination is such a happy one that it might go far to reconcile the most rabid son of discontent to the unfairness with which material well-being is distributed in this world. But in general, the rich man is unimaginative in conditioning his largesse to the public. Since the economic system gives so large a surplus into his absolute control, one would suppose that he might at least use it to give himself the kind of good time that is open to the person whose wealth makes easily available to him the inexhaustible pleasures that the arts afford. But even in this respect his success, judged by standards purely objective and æsthetic, is not obvious. His pleasures, and those of his family, may be real, but they are, objectively and æsthetically speaking, rather superficial and vulgar. They are largely equivalent, on a grand scale, to the pleasures of the average man, who gets his fun out of the movies, the baseball game, the prize fight, and breaking the Prohibition law. In other words, they are pretty exclusively mechanical.

However, it is not with the quality of his pleasures that I have to deal. They are none of my affair. What concerns me here is not how he uses his money for his own good, but how he uses it for the good of other people. It is only when he embarks upon enterprises of education and the uplift, indeed, that his spending may legitimately concern anyone beside himself. It is not really essential that ninety-eight per cent of the population in this or any other country should scrape along on one-tenth of what it produces and hand over the remaining nine-tenths to the control of two per cent. When a people is content to behave so foolishly, it should not cavil at the way in which its wealth is disposed of—not, that is, while the beneficiaries are content to confine their outlay of money to their own personal benefit or pleasure.

But rich men have a way of being altruistic. Perhaps they feel misgivings about the disproportion between their holdings and those of the ninety-eight per cent; perhaps advancing age and a general slowing-down of their faculties remind them, like Colonel Sterrett's grandfather, that it is time for them to begin a-layin' up a treasure above; or perhaps they feel the promptings common to us all, to contribute something to the enhancement of the collective life. In any case they are continually endowing libraries and colleges, creating foundations for the promotion of causes or of learning, supporting musical organizations and museums of art, or financing institutes of this or of that. They are zealous in works for the public good; and as a member of the public one may be justified in examining and criticizing the

nature of the works. If one were living in a hall bedroom and did not know where one's next meal was to come from, one would feel justified in protesting if one's rich friends insisted upon giving one a Rolls-Royce. Something of this sort the country's rich men are doing. American culture is in need of sustenance and they are feeding it machinery. For the activities that I have mentioned are purely mechanical. They follow the formula which has been established for education in this country, the formula of the teaching-machine into whose capacious maw the youth of the land is crammed pell-mell, to be spewed forth again all neatly and uniformly molded to pattern. The formula finds its justification in the common misconception of democracy as being a matter of universal suffrage and a universal knowledge of the three R's. It entirely overlooks the sole legitimate purpose of education, which is the cultivation and development of the peculiar capacities of each individual; and it is terribly effective in producing a general vulgar and unintelligent literacy, just as Renan predicted it would be.

This mechanized patronage of the arts and sciences has certain advantages from the standpoint of the patron; but it is a question whether it is as economical or effective as a somewhat different method might be. The matter is of tremendous importance to the budding culture of this country; for where wealth is monopolized and concentrated as it is here, cultural development must needs depend very largely upon the patronage of the wealthy. Consider for a moment what would be the effect upon the cultural life of New York City if its wealthy men should suddenly withdraw their institutional subsidies. It would be felt most immediately in music: the Metropolitan Opera Company would cease to exist; there would be no orchestra of consequence outside the theatres and motion-picture houses. In short, the musical diet of the town would be reduced to the performance of individual artists or small ensemble organizations, best exemplified at present by Mr. Barrère's Little Symphony, and the great masters of music would be known only in their lighter moments; to their monumental works New York would be a stranger. As for the great art-museum, it would be forced to curtail its activities sharply, if not to close its doors.

II

From this rapid and incomplete survey it may readily be seen—if a fact so obvious needs demonstration—how greatly our cultural life depends on the good will of wealthy and generous patrons. It is possible, of course, that if the Metropolitan Opera Company should cease to exist, it would be replaced by an institution in which operas would be considered more important than stars, ensemble more important than individual glory, and the tastes of music-lovers more important than those of box-holders. It is also possible that the present orchestras would be replaced by others whose directors would be more interested in music than in sensationalism. I fail to see, however, how the existing institutions could be replaced without the help of the millionaires who now more or less mismanage them, unless it should be by municipally controlled bodies; and to supplant the dilettante by the politician would be a doubtful expedient from the standpoint of art.

No; we might dispense with our men of wealth, most of them, and do little harm to our civilization, but we could not dispense with their money. This is why one is bound to wish that they might show a little more imagination when they undertake to use it for the benefit of the public. I have spoken of the Metropolitan Opera Company and our large orchestras. Perhaps the greatest weakness of these institutions is that they are not entirely philanthropic. They depend upon their box-office receipts to defray a large share of their expenses, and upon wealthy guarantors for that part which the receipts do not cover. If the deficit be too large, the guarantors—

especially if they have, as is usually the case, little real knowledge or love or music—are likely to become restive under their burden; therefore the performers must be chosen and the programmes must be made with one eye on the music and the other on the box-office.

None the less, these institutions do a great deal of good, although with intelligent management they might easily do very much more. I dwell upon them not only because they exhibit the weakness of which I have spoken, but also and more especially because out of this weakness grows another which seems to me the cardinal weakness of institutions in general, namely: a perfectly ruthless attitude towards the individual. It is characteristic of institutions, and especially of institutions whose primary concern is financial profit, that the individual who is unfortunate enough to get caught into their machinery has importance only as a part of that machinery, and not at all for what he may be in himself. This arises out of a mistaken tendency to regard the machine as more important than the individual; a tendency which could not possibly exist if those who are responsible for our institutions were wise enough to perceive that an institution can never be any better than the individuals who compose it; and that the best institution, therefore, is naturally that one which offers the greatest possibility of individual development.

It is just here that my quarrel lies with the large-scale promoters of the public welfare. The salvation of humanity never yet lay in the hands of any institution, not even in the hands of the Church. It is, and has always been, the individual who has cleared the path of human progress. I remember a story of Lincoln Steffens about how he was walking down Fifth avenue with the Devil one day, when they saw a man across the street reach up and catch a little bit of truth.

"Did you see that?" asked Steffens.

"Yes," said the Devil, lighting a cigarette.

"Well," said Steffens, "what are you going to do about it?"

"It doesn't worry me," said the Devil. "I shall tempt him to organize it."

There is profound wisdom in that little story. Think of the Carnegie libraries and peace foundations, and the Rockefeller and Sage foundations, and all their kindred organizations; and then consider in the light of their achievement how much actual civilization in this country is likely to be advanced by Mr. Duke's gift of forty million dollars to a Methodist college, or by Mr. Eastman's gift of fifteen million to four institutions!

I do not mean to intimate that it will not be advanced at all. No doubt the Carnegie libraries have done some good in hit-or-miss fashion, even though they have not succeeded in competing with newsstand wares of small cultural value and large circulation. The achievement of other uplifting institutions is more doubtful, perhaps. It must certainly be admitted that such organizations as the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research are doing a useful work toward the eradication of disease and the alleviation of human suffering. What these institutions set out to do, they do well; they set out, however, not to improve life but to promote living. This is of course laudable, but does it not carry the implication that at least as much effort and imagination should be expended upon improving the quality of the life that is to be promoted? Who would not willingly endure a few more aches and pains, and even the loss of a few years from his span of life, for the privilege of living in an age of high spiritual vitality and activity, such as the Italian Renaissance or the Periclean age of Greece? And no syndicate of Pasteurs and Curies, no casual distribution of reading matter, nor yet any forty-million-dollar subsidies of fresh-water colleges, will ever of themselves produce an age like the Renaissance or the Periclean epoch. The degree of a people's culture depends not on the amount and distribution of its knowledge, not

upon the instruments by which it promotes physical health, but upon the quality and depth of its spiritual life. It is in quality and depth of spiritual life that this country is most conspicuously poor; here, then, would be an eligible point of attack for our spiritual uplifters.

Now, it is just these two things, quality and depth of spiritual life, that institutions are, from their very nature, least able to furnish. For these things largely depend for their existence upon the generation and development of ideas: and an institution can not generate and develop ideas; it can only disseminate them. The work of generation and development must necessarily be that of profound and original individual intelligence. The institution can, and sometimes does, contribute to this work by providing the individual with opportunity to carry it on under the most favorable conditions; but it is hard to see wherein the effect, in such cases, is more satisfactory than it would have been if the individual had been subsidized directly.

III

I can think of a good many excellent reasons why the man of wealth should endow individuals. I can think of only three reasons of any kind why he should endow institutions: first, because to set up an institution and fill it with placeholders requires a much feebler exercise of intelligence than to recognize ability in individuals; second, because the endowment of institutions seems to promise the nearest thing one can get to a posthumous control of one's money; third, because organization, as I have already intimated, has become the regular and accepted thing, requiring no inventive genius or originality to follow out. What is apparently overlooked by all organizers and mechanicians, from the industrialist to the sponsor for educational institutions of highly doubtful value, is the well-known fact that machine-production entails a loss in quality in compensation for an increase in mass or quantity. This applies to the machine whose cogs are human beings with exactly the same force as to that whose cogs are of steel.

The reason is in the machine itself; it persistently gets between the individual and his best work. If some enterprising millionaire were to create an organization in which every placeholder was required to be a genius, the result would be the same; for the very necessity of working as part of an organization would hamper every one of them and lessen the distinction of his performance. Organization entails rules, observances and institutional habits of a progressive and deleterious formalism. The adjustment of the human parts of the machine entails friction and waste motion; each placeholder is impelled to perform his function with one eye on his work and the other on his relation to the organization. There is no need to particularize further; for it is a matter of open and notorious knowledge that organization puts a heavy discount on individuality—a fact which explains why most placeholders are ciphers. It is evident that the demands of organization are directly opposed to those of civilization; for whereas organization demands the suppression of individuality, civilization is best promoted by its free development.

Like many other simple and obvious truths, however, this one is quite generally passed by unnoticed. There is nothing complex or esoteric about the fact that an institution can never rise in quality above the quality of the individuals who compose it; that it can never rise as high, indeed, because of the debilitating effect of organization upon the individual worker. Yet the contemplation of institutions affects people with what one might perhaps call a peculiar variant of philosophical realism; it makes people attribute to them an exaggerated and preposterous virtue, much beyond the collective virtue of Tom, Dick and Harry who make them up. And, conversely, his connection with a respected institution often casts over plain Tom,

Dick or Harry a glamor of importance and authority that is far from being warranted by his capacities as an individual. Thus, while the institution hampers his ability, if he has any, it may increase his prestige.

The most common example of this strange phenomenon may be seen in the utterly mythopœic tendency to regard Presidents, judges and Cabinet officers as holy oracles the minute they take the oath of office, because, forsooth, they are spokesmen for an institution which is commonly held in superstitious reverence in spite of its flagrant and scandalous mismanagement of public affairs. There is a general and wholly illogical tendency to regard great institutions, from Columbia University down to the United States Senate, from the Supreme Court up to Henry Ford's factory, as somewhat more than human; whereas they are in fact, and by their very nature must be, much less.

I have by no means exhausted the case against institutions. I have not, for example, called attention to their tendency to petrify into obstructions to the very causes they are founded to promote, a tendency which is, for example, highly conspicuous in the case of art academies. Yet we have them with us; we are patient addicts of the institutional cult; and therefore we may as well take what comfort we can out of the fact that with all their elaborate ineffectiveness and waste motion, they are not an unmixed evil. For one thing, they provide places for a great many people whose capacities do not fit them for other than institutional work, and who might otherwise have a hard time to find a living in a world where the competition for jobs is uncomfortably keen. Let us, therefore, accept our foundations and institutes, such as they are, and get as much out of them as we can. But at the same time it may perhaps be in order to suggest to the would-be patron of our struggling culture that he keep an eye out for the able individual with whose ability his money may more effectively coöperate for the advancement of civilization.

IV

To contribute thus to the quality of life rather than to its means, would be no small service. Since apprenticeship has been institutionalized and taken over by the colleges, the original purpose of these institutions has been obscured by their preoccupation with fitting young people for the various trades and professions. The result has been a specialization in merely instrumental knowledge at the expense of the cultivation of the humanities. The schools have been so busy teaching young people how to use their working hours that they have lost sight of their need to know how to spend their leisure. Yet surely the primary purpose of all institutions of the higher learning, as of all other organizations which pretend to a cultural purpose, should be to promote a life that is humane and amiable. A people schooled to regard a humane life as the highest object of human endeavor would not fall into the error, so common in this country and age, of confounding the means of existence with the end, which is enjoyment; nor would it make the mistake of expecting deep or lasting enjoyment from passively exposing itself to more or less trivial and mechanical entertainment. For it would possess the secret of a joy which springs from deeper wells than these, the joy which comes, and can come only, from the harmonious development of the mental, spiritual, and physical faculties of the individual.

To such a people, music, poetry, all the enormous wealth that the world's great minds have contributed to the enrichment of the human spirit, would not appear to be something to be tolerantly endured as the plaything of a few eccentric people, nor yet something to be applied in thin veneer, for social purposes, over a foundation of shoddy materialism. It would assume its rightful place as the priceless possession of each human being, his spirit's daily food, whereby he should grow in wisdom and in strength. Out of the spirit-

ual vitality which such a people would gain from this daily communion with the arts, it would enrich them sevenfold; for when man lives in intimate contact with what is beautiful and ennobling, what he creates will have nobility and beauty. "If one could imagine," says Élie Faure, "an epoch, a country where every man should be an artist, one would obtain the most faithful image of what a civilization could and should be." Here, in a word, is a definition of the humane life, a life in which the individual shall attain to the highest possible development of those spiritual powers which are latent within us all, and shall contribute their fruits to the increase of human wisdom and human joy.

It is toward this great end that every artist, whether he know it or not, is working; and the more profound and original his work is, the more likely it is that he will have to carry it forward in the teeth of opposition by the institutions. Cézanne was execrated by the academy, yet he gave modern painting its direction. To come back to our own country and generation, Theodore Dreiser has had more influence upon the development of American literature than all the learned professors who opposed him. Patrons of the arts in former times seem to have been aware that the free operation of the individual spirit is essential to the promotion of a real culture. Mæcenas patronized letters not for the glory of the poet but for the glory of Rome. His first thought was of the state; but he founded no free-for-all academies or dreary institutes. He subsidized individual poets, and the quality of the result gained him the distinction of being regarded as the greatest patron of all time. But then, Mæcenas was himself a poet.

To return once more to our own age and generation, Mr. Duke has lately put forty million dollars into the control of a mediocre college, and the result is likely to be forty million dollars' worth of mediocrity. With the same amount of money he could have subsidized every gifted composer, writer, painter and sculptor in the United States for a year or two, and had a considerable surplus left. But the latter course would have required imagination, discernment and courage—courage because in the first place the free operation of the human spirit is a terrifying thing to timid souls; and because in the second place there would undoubtedly be a percentage of loss in such endowment of individuals, although I believe it would be infinitesimal in comparison with the waste involved in promoting culture by organization.

A great many people may think all this is moonshine. "Subsidize an artist and he will desert his work and spend his hours in roaring iniquity." The answer is that no real artist will; but what if he did? Let him. My calculation has it that one loafing artist contributes as least as much to the advancement of civilization as ten industrious filing-clerks in an institute to promote, let us say, political education. Certainly the purpose of subsidizing individuals would be defeated if they were subsidized only on condition that they turn out their work by metre. Art will be no man's servant; nor will it be any man's debtor. The man who subsidizes an artist does that artist no service; he simply cooperates with him in the production of something that may be of service to humanity—for all art serves humanity by the simple fact of its existence. Rich men have done this sort of thing, although not always as disinterestedly as one could wish; rich men are doing it today, but not in impressive numbers. As a method of letting the left hand know what the right hand doeth, it has its disadvantages; it lacks the publicity-value of great endowments. But I think its comparative lack of favor is due rather to the fact that it presupposes considerable culture in the patron; and the standard of culture among American millionaires is not notably high. They do the best they can, no doubt; and perhaps one should not look their Trojan horses too closely in the mouth.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Architecture

THE INTERIOR OF THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

By Elbert Peets

The sun of a Washington morning is behind me as I walk toward a great rank of marble columns glowing like sunlit snow. In front, above the last flight of steps, three intercolumnar spaces are dark —the entrance-openings in the cella wall of the Lincoln Memorial. Back of the middle opening floats a gray, mottled, ghost-like form. As I come nearer the ghost becomes a huge seated figure, the statue of Lincoln. It has no pedestal—that is, below the horizon line of the topmost step of the approach. This horizon rises as I walk forward, and Lincoln sinks behind it to the knees, to the chest. Finally, at the bottom of the first of the two long flights of steps near the building, he disappears entirely. I feel a chill of horror, for it is a tragedy, this grotesque first sight into the heart of a really noble temple.

The interior of the Lincoln Memorial is an oblong hall divided into three parts by two transverse colonnades. The middle hall is a little larger than the others. At its west wall is the statue of Lincoln; at its east side are the three great openings forming the only entrance to the Memorial. The interior walls and the transverse colonnades are of gray stone. The floor is of neutral pink marble, the ceiling of bronze beams and translucent marble slabs. The statue's broad pedestal of gray-pink marble stands about twice a man's height. The seated figure, in white or grayish marble, rises another fifteen feet or more.

The central room might be called the statue hall, and the flanking rooms the inscription halls, for the walls opposite the transverse colonnades, the north and south walls of the Memorial, carry long inscriptions. One is the Second Inaugural, in three great panels; the other is the Gettysburg Address, in a single panel. Above each of the speeches is a subdued and broadly composed mural painting.

This all sounds very reasonable—a statue to give you the man, the speeches to give you his work, each separately enshrined. It is a studied, symbolic scheme. But the Memorial, one supposes, was built for people to visit and enjoy visiting, and so that symbolic scheme was intended to unfold itself movingly to every visitor. For myself, I feel that these intentions have not been realized, that the interior of the Memorial is neither a fine creation of form nor a clearly expressive vehicle for the memorial symbolism that is the fundamental purpose of the building.

It was only after coming into the statue hall that I felt the great size of the room and of the Lincoln. But still I could not easily read the statue or feel the disposition of masses and the relative position of planes and projections, the things that are the materials of sculptural design. The principal source of light was back of me. I thus lost all but the fringes of shadow, and I lost also the concentration of light which you get when you have a tangential view of an illuminated surface.

The remedy plainly was to find a sidewise view of the statue. The two flanking halls seem intended expressly to create viewpoints from which the statue can be seen at an angle, framed by the columns of the interior colonnades. If I had been alone in the building I should have gone into one room and then the other, trying out views of the Lincoln at various angles

and distances. But I was not alone, for a sightseeing bus-load of people had come in.

They looked at Lincoln when they entered the hall, but he did not hold them long. In that unfavorable light the statue could not compete with the attraction of the dark rooms behind the colonnades. Before they had been in the hall twenty seconds most of the crowd had turned and discovered one of the inscriptions. And the moment they saw it they moved toward the columns, and took their stance where they could see the first panel. I could sense the relief with which they turned away from the statue, not very expressive at best and quite meaningless to them, and began to read the familiar words of the inscriptions. Few of them walked out into the inscription halls. The lettering runs so high on the wall that it cannot be read comfortably from nearer than the colonnades. Many people read it from well out in the central hall. The result is that half a minute after a group of people enter the Memorial, they are all standing with their backs or shoulders toward Lincoln—which is as if at the king's coronation everyone ran to the windows to watch the fire engines go by.

So I waited until the crowd reading the Gettysburg speech had thinned out before I ventured into the southern inscription hall in search of better views of the statue. One or two bold spirits followed. I felt that if there were a seat along the base of the wall, or even a few wooden curia-chairs scattered through the inscription halls and faced toward the Lincoln, the stiff ritual of the speech-reading could have been broken up.

A more radical remedy would be to remove the long inscriptions. There is no good reason for mixing up architecture with literature. The Gettysburg speech is beautifully phrased, but that does not make it architecture. People read it and get their heads all muddled up with recollections of school readers and Decoration Day blaze-of-glorys. The realities of architecture and sculpture mean nothing to senses floating away on the dear, familiar clouds of sentimental memory.

But the inscriptions are not the fundamental difficulty. It is plain that the interior plan was controlled by the most important function of the building, its place at the west end of the Mall. That function required that the broad side of the building face toward the Washington Monument, that the approach and entrance be from that side, and that the statue be on the axis of the Mall. The unclassical side entrance killed the interior, because you can't get a true impression of an oblong space if you have to turn one way and then the other to see it. As an attempt to dodge this difficulty, a hall of longitudinal proportion for the statue was created by the device of the transverse colonnades. Result: the statue stands in a hall fifty by eighty instead of in one eighty by a hundred and fifty. And people still look to right and left rather than at the statue. The interior of the Memorial, all three rooms together, has almost exactly the dimensions of the interior of the new Bowery Bank in New York. For effective spaciousness there is no comparison between them.

These faults in the placing and lighting of the statue are intensified by the choice of the material from which it is carved. It is obviously the kernel of the Memorial, the generating idea that built the vast temple. It cannot function simply through our intellectual perception that it is a likeness of Lincoln. Its form and material must give it the power to speak, though we furnish words. Materials vary in the strength of their emotional spark. I think of this sometimes as a difference of internal tension. The heart of a design must be the place of greatest tension, the fullest of life. When we open a casket of brass, we do not expect to find objects of brass, but gold and precious stones.

The statue of Athene in the Parthenon was of gold and ivory. Why not make the statue of Lincoln of pure, solid gold? That would be a jewel precious enough to justify

that magnificent casket—and it would give the pastoral pilgrim a real emotion, a thing he needs much more than he needs a demonstration of æsthetic chastity. Whether the statue were a work of art or not, it would be sensuously lovely, for gold is a gorgeously beautiful material. Of course, it couldn't be done, because in our corrupt symbolism gold means filthy lucre. We are so afraid of idols that we dare not make anything beautiful enough to worship. And to soothe our consciences we call gold barbaric.

A gold statue would be clearly distinguished in color and feeling from the stone around it. To some extent the same thing could be done by covering with gold-leaf the panel back of the statue. Indeed, there is something to be said for covering most of the interior of the building with dark gold. Gold-leaf does not excite our cupidity as does solid gold. Beside being in welcome contrast with the statue, the gold would more strongly distinguish the interior of the building from the exterior. And the right feeling, on entering a temple, is that one is entering a sacred treasury. When one thinks of the interior of St. Mark's at Venice one rebels against the deadly poverty to which our asceticism compels us.

We Americans are very loath to answer the sensory appeal of architecture. We will say of a building that it is honest, homelike, or convenient, that it expresses its use or construction, that it is a pure example of that charming Colonial style, or that it's the highest building west of New York. We do not say that its façade is like a dance of fairies or gnomes, that it lifts us flying into the air, or that it seems a sacrilege to let any but beautiful and beautifully clothed men and women enter it. We dislike the sort of feeling these attempts at statement suggest. Ideas are so much safer than feelings, and more convenient to talk and print. Print and pictures have hurt architecture by giving us too great wealth and weight of precedent, but even more by facilitating the substitution of the mental attitude for specific sensory responses. The tactile and equilibratory sensations, so fundamental to the perception of architecture, do not respond to pictures. The superficies of a style can be photographed, but plastic arrangements of solids and space cannot be represented to our feelings any more than a picture will serve a frightened child in place of its mother's arms. One of the little tragedies of our civilization is the hundreds of architects who live between their files and their draughting boards and find it no conscious loss that they have never in their own bodies felt the coherence of a column, the tension of an arch or the squadron-sweep of a chateau and formal garden.

The interior of the Lincoln Memorial is like a play written by a preacher. It was shaped by ideas, but its essential dramatic symbolism has not been fused with its architectural form. It is a series of speeches, not a beautiful dance that can draw crowds of men into its overpowering rhythm.

Pathology

NEW FACTS ABOUT CANCER

By Waro Nakahara

Pathologists are frequently confronted with the question: What do you know about cancer? It must be confessed that only a little is known, but at least *something* is known, and every now and then new knowledge is being added. The road of cancer research has not proved to be a blind alley, and the fact that it has not is due mainly to animal experimentation.

Hanau first reported that a rat tumor could be transplanted into other rats, but it remained for Jensen to carry out an accurate and exhaustive study of the transplantation. At about the same time Leo Loeb also published a report describing his successful transplantation of a tumor. These events, taking place about 1902,

may be said to have inaugurated experimental studies of the cancer problem. Before that time experimental study had been practically out of the question because of the impossibility of experimenting with human cancers and the difficulty of obtaining a sufficiently large number of animal tumors for the purpose. Following the discovery of Jensen and Loeb a large number of transplantable tumors have been established and propagated, thus rendering the cancer problem amenable to experimental investigation.

A transplanted tumor develops out of tumor cells which are implanted in a normal animal from some animal in which they originated. For this reason it is not exactly the same as a tumor which arises spontaneously, but in spite of that fact studies carried out with transplanted cancers have been productive of several important leads.

Jensen noted that mice implanted unsuccessfully with a tumor were usually resistant to subsequent implantations. It was later observed by Gaylord, among others, that animals in which a transplanted tumor underwent spontaneous absorption were highly non-receptive to reimplantation. Bashford then showed that a similar state of resistance could be induced in more susceptible animals by injections of living cells from other individuals of the same species. Unfortunately, this phenomenon of induced immunity to transplanted cancer was not found in cases of spontaneous cancer, but other studies arising from it established the possibility of artificially increasing the resistance to spontaneous cancer. I may be permitted here to refer to my own experiments, the results of which are published in the *Journal of Experimental Medicine*. The facts discovered are that the judicious use of certain fatty acids induces in animals a high degree of resistance, not only against transplanted cancers, but also against spontaneous cancers as well. For example, the resistance of mice to the spontaneous kind may be so increased that the recurrence of the disease, which ordinarily often follows an apparently complete surgical removal of the tumors, can be very largely prevented by injections of oleic acid. Moreover, mice treated with oleic acid, live much longer than untreated ones.

These results show that a general change can be artificially produced in animals which will enable them to suppress, to some extent at any rate, the growth of tumors. This study has opened a new field of therapeutic investigation. The medical profession has long hoped and endeavored to discover some drug or serum which would cure cancer, but this has not been found. Since cancer is an overgrowth of the body cells and consequently has the same biological make-up as the latter, how can its cells be destroyed without at the same time endangering the health of the patient? This difficulty can only be overcome by attacking the cancer indirectly through the agency of the animal's resistance, and a reasonable starting point for research along that line has now been established.

In the field of radiotherapy X-rays and radium have been used with fairly satisfactory results for the treatment of superficial cancers. By an ingenious scheme, originally devised by Duane, it is now possible to take up emanation from radium in fine glass capillaries and insert a number of these needles in and about the cancer, thus bringing the action of the emanation to more nearly its full play. There is not the slightest doubt that this method is proving of great value in the treatment of a certain class of cancers.

Recent studies, especially by Maud Slye, on spontaneous mouse tumors have established beyond dispute that the tendency to produce cancer is hereditary. Miss Slye first established strains of mice in which among many hundreds of individuals and through more than twenty-five generations, not a single cancer appeared. At the same time, by means of close inbreeding, she developed other strains in which cancer occurred in one hundred per cent of all

females. She then proceeded to test the mode of inheritance of the tendency to produce cancer by crossing these definitely cancerous and non-cancerous strains. The result was that F_1, or hybrids of the first filial generation, never showed cancer, it being apparently recessive according to the Mendelian Law. But when these F_1 individuals were bred together their offspring developed cancer in proportions corresponding quite closely to the Mendelian expectation. Furthermore, Miss Slye was able to extract from the hybrid cross not only a strain of mice which were entirely non-cancerous, but also two other strains: the cancer strain with one hundred per cent cancer incidence, and the so-called heterozygous or hybrid strain, producing both cancerous and non-cancerous mice. A non-cancer strain never showed cancer unless cancer had been bred in from a cancer line, while the cancer line maintained a one hundred per cent cancer rate throughout a great many generations. In the hybrid line the occurrence of cancer was held off so long as selective breeding with non-cancerous males was continued.

The cause of cancer has given rise to many more or less baseless hypotheses. Certain climatic conditions, faulty feeding and chronic constipation are examples of things upon which the blame has been laid. Varieties of microörganisms have been found associated with cancer, and these were once held up as the causative agents, without, however, any experimental evidence. The theory of Cohnheim, who asserted that cancer arose from cells which properly belonged to one part of an embryo but had lost their way and become lodged in another part, is looked upon with favor by pathologists in so far as the type of tumors called teratoma is concerned, but the application of the theory to cancer in general is not so widely supported. Even in relation to the cause of teratoma it is still lacking in experimental evidence. More fortunate in its foundation is Virchow's theory that most cancers, if not all, are caused by the action on tissues of long continued irritation, and one of the most important accomplishments in modern cancer research has been the experimental verification of this theory.

A large number of attempts were made to artificially produce cancer under fixed experimental conditions, but none met with success until the work of Fibiger in 1913. This savant demonstrated experimentally for the first time that irritation often did induce a cancerous change in normal tissue. The source of irritation used was a minute parasitic thread worm, called *Spiroptera neoplastica*. This worm, when fed to a mouse, lodges in the stomach and there sets up sufficient irritation to produce a new growth. The malignant nature of such a growth has been fully demonstrated by its power to disseminate itself to other parts of the body, producing secondary growths, or metastases, and finally causing the death of the animal. Moreover, some of the growths thus produced were transplantable. Yamagiwa and Ichikawa followed this epoch-making discovery by showing that irritation of the skin by the repeated application of coal tar also brought about a cancerous transformation. Bullock and Curtis later produced certain internal tumors by means of the irritation due to a tape-worm, *Taenia crassicollis*.

Now that it has been experimentally demonstrated on the one hand that heredity determines the incidence of cancer, and on the other hand that irritation is an external agent capable of inducing the cancerous transformation of tissues, it can be said that the cause of cancer lies in the reciprocal action of these two factors. That is, while the action of irritation, if violent enough, may overwhelm the hereditary predisposition to cancer, causing all the individuals exposed to such an action to become cancerous, under a more normal condition of living heredity will play the deciding rôle.

It has long been held that the cause of cancer is entirely unknown. This concep-

tion is erroneous, for the results of recent experimental studies have shed a not inconsiderable light on the problem. We now know that animals of a given hereditary constitution develop cancer spontaneously. We also know that sufficient local tissue irritation will induce cancer in animals which are naturally non-cancerous. On the basis of these facts are we not justified in stating that these experimental results have raised our knowledge on the cause of cancer to a level nearly equal to that of our knowledge of other diseases, the causes of which are said to be known? We are, of course, entirely ignorant of the exact biochemical mechanisms whereby cancerous growth is initiated and maintained. This remains a problem for future investigation, and in proportion to the difficulty involved its attraction grows for men of science.

To sum up, scientists have so far uncovered two causes of cancer—heredity and irritation. No absolute cure for all types of cancer is known, but in the increase of resistance to cancer there lies a most important lead. While we have, as yet, not succeeded in wholly ameliorating the sufferings of humanity from this dreadful disease, it can be stated with assurance that future experimentations will disclose all its secrets. By means of rigid experimental work we are discovering new facts from time to time. This process, if kept up for a long enough period, cannot help uncovering all.

Law

THE BUSINESS-GETTER

By Beverly Waugh Smith

It is unethical for a lawyer to advertise. The prohibition is well known to the legal profession, and is ancient. It was probably embodied in the Ethical Canons of the Roman Bar Association in the time of the Caesars. But even then, like all other prohibitions, it had bred its speakeasies. When Cicero declaimed in the Senate against Catiline, the agitator of the day, he knew he was adding some very fat bankers and tax-gatherers to his cliéntèle. And when a Roman jurisconsult invited an influential slave-holder to drop in for a bit of that smoky-tasting stuff from the province of Britain, or raised a hurrah by starting a Kindness to Hungry Animals Week (with the slogan, "More and Fatter Gladiators"), or led a Ku Klux movement against Christians, Nordics and other dirty foreigners, or publicly deplored the alarming decay of the vestal Virgins—he knew what he was doing. He was getting business. But advertising? God forbid!

These primitive fellows were amateurs. Business-getting was then in its infancy—a mere side-line of the law. In modern New York the business-getter has waxed and swelled, until his work constitutes a profession in itself, and he bestrides the legal world like a colossus. And why shouldn't he? The aggregate lêgal fees paid yearly in New York run into the hundreds of millions. Ninety per cent of the actual legal work can be done by any competent lawyer. Suppose a business man wants to incorporate or reorganize his business, or is in an income tax or patent snarl, or has important contracts pending, or is going into partnership. He wants a good lawyer. How shall he find one? There are no flashing electric signboards to guide him, no prospectuses, no side-show barkers, no sandwich-men, no confidential guides, no radio exhortations. All he knows is that 10,000 lawyers are hidden away somewhere in the bowels of the skyscrapers.

Enter here the business-getter. Ostensibly, he is a lawyer himself. Technically, he is a member of the bar. Actually, he is a peripatetic electric signboard, a prospectus that walks like a man, a barker with a modulated voice, a glorified sandwich-man, a solicitor in more senses than one, broadcasting the virtues of his law

firm in waves more subtle than those of Marconi.

Consider the situation from the point of view of this law firm. Here are five or six partners, a dozen bright young men just out of law-school, a tax expert, a patent expert, two or three "library men," fifteen stenographers—and an overhead of $80,000 a year. The partners are quiet, capable fellows who know their profession and stay home nights. But there are not enough clients to keep the office going.

In Stamboul, where advertising is unknown, the merchants of the bazaar solve a similar problem by employing runners who buttonhole pedestrians and artfully extol the virtues of their employers' shops. On the East Side of New York, where advertising is forbidden by economy, the gents' clothing merchants hire pullers-in who drag in passers-by bodily from the street. In the law, where advertising is forbidden by the Canons of Ethics, wise men take on business-getters.

How does one become such a business-getter? This is not easy to answer, for the craft is still an esoteric one, and there are no text-books on the subject. However, certain rules emerge clearly. The good ones start young. As an undergraduate at Yale, Princeton, or some other correct college, the embryonic business-getter belongs to the clubs reserved for the few, but extends a cordial hand to the many. He is active in student publications, fraternities, class-offices, team managerships, boards, committees, cheer-leading, and the Old Spirit—in other words, he is active in activities. And he knows everybody. Then to the Harvard Law School. Here he learns just enough law to fool fifteen professors and more than enough legal phraseology to fool all the business men in Christendom. Here also he is active in activities, and knows everybody.

Coming to New York, he enters a law office, but his chief activity is still in—activities: movements, drives, campaigns, causes, charities, organizations, alumni associations, the national fraternity, political clubs. Every day a lunch, a dinner, a meeting, a rally, a smoker. Always present, conscientious, enthusiastic, he becomes secretary of this and that, sits on committees, makes speeches, meets everybody and forgets nobody. If he is not socially sound, he has the makings and rolls his own logs. He goes where the grapes grow.

He plays an excellent game of golf. But it's a poor banker that doesn't have him two down at the eighteenth tee. His bridge game is so good that he can play with three rich realtors and come out just two hundred points behind on the evening. He can carry his liquor, or refuse it with an ill-concealed shudder, according to the company. His opinions on every subject are characterized by a conservative chameleonism—on every subject, that is, except one: the complete preëminence of the law firm with which he is at the moment connected.

Fifteen or twenty years, day and night, of that sort of thing: such is the training of the really first-rate business-getter. The regimen is severe. Only the stout-hearted and thick-skinned can survive. The weak man falls by the wayside. He admits he voted against Coolidge; or says he doesn't believe the Germans have enough concealed artillery to equip an army of five million men; or tells the president of the Blank Trust Company: "Yes, I've heard that story twice a week since 1913"; or doubles a millionaire's no-trump bid and sends him down nine hundred; or, interviewed by reporters, refuses to denounce, view with alarm, advocate warmly, or speak with a twinkle in his eye; or he refuses to sit on a committee; or tells an Anti-Saloon League philanthropist that Prohibition is a farce; or says, "Well, our law office is about like the rest." Some, escaping all these pit-falls, go to pieces utterly (I am told) and, foaming at the mouth, run amuck through the streets, scantily clad, waving a red flag and striking savagely at passers-by with an empty whiskey bottle. But such delinquents are

beneath consideration. They have sinned against the ideal of business-getting, of service. Let them return to obscurity, poverty, and the practice of the law.

Meanwhile, the true business-getter struggles on, catches on, hangs on, climbs on and eventually sits securely on. Naturally endowed with an infinite capacity for, or immunity to, boredom, concealing Spartan-like the fox of heresy beneath his hard-shell shirt, eternally active in activities—he knows them all—he has arrived. He has attained that essential quality of an advertising medium—a large circulation. He is a monster of political, social, and fraternal activity. His club bills total $15,000 a year. He has not eaten lunch or dinner alone for six years. He has been toastmaster at more banquets than one can, or wants to, remember. His name has not missed mention in the papers a single day since March, 1917.

So far, so good. He knows all the right and great people, and they know him. But his central problem remains: to get them into his office. He has the circulation, but he must also have the appeal, the pulling power. This power is exerted as follows: at the moment in any conversation when the law is mentioned, the manner of the business-getter, usually so suave and genial, changes. He becomes a high priest—mysterious, low-voiced and devout.

"We have a man in our office," he whispers, "who is, in that phase of the law, a genius. I use the word advisedly."

He then goes on, still in the same manner, to give a description of the genius which would make the modest fellow blush to his B.V.D.'s and demand a 1000% raise.

This is the Selling Talk of the business-getter. It is couched always in the language of his victim. He handles the jargon of business, of politics, of Wall Street, and of the ballroom without accent. Knowing the modern craze for science, he interlards his speech with phrases such as corporate anatomy, financial structure, legal diagnosis, psychology of the panel, factor of safety, the curve of judicial opinion. He knows the stock complaints of business men against lawyers: slow, fussy, red tape, hidebound, hocus-pocus, impractical—and reverently clears his partners' names of all of them.

A minor problem of the business-getter is how to conceal his ignorance of the law. He does it by throwing up a dense smoke screen of legal phraseology. If the screen is pierced by a point-blank question, he says, "I have my opinion on that, but before giving it I should like to get the reaction of my partner, Blank, who is, in that phase of the law, a genius. I use the word advisedly." Later, when Blank gives his opinion, the business-getter concurs sagely. The coincidence of his opinion with that of Blank is invariable, and beautiful to see.

THE CZECH LANGUAGE IN AMERICA

BY J. B. DUDEK

According to statistics, nearly a million Czechoslovaks are sojourning within our borders. They are scattered throughout practically all the States of the Union, Illinois and Pennsylvania leading with about 65,000 apiece; Ohio, New York, Wisconsin, New Jersey, Nebraska, Texas, Minnesota, Michigan and Iowa following with large numbers, decreasing in order. Chicago alone boasts a Czechoslovak population of more than 50,000; New York City takes second prize with little better than half that. Since census-gatherers never get hold of everybody, it is safe to assume that the official figures should be considerably increased.

The term Czechoslovak, in census reports and elsewhere, includes all persons born in the country that is known, but only since 1918, as Czechoslovakia. It is often misleading. In Illinois, for example, fully nine-tenths of the so-called Czechoslovaks are Czechs, while in Pennsylvania nine-tenths are Slovaks. It may be stated emphatically, to begin with, that while the ugly hyphenation Czecho-Slovakia might, with some logic, be the official designation of a state created by a political merger of Čechy (or Bohemia, as we used to call it) and Slovakia, Czechoslovak is no more applicable to a Bohemian or to a Slovak alone than Americo-Mexican would be to a Californian or a New Yorker should this country, by design or chance, possess itself of its sister republic to the south. The Bohemians and the Slovaks are separate peoples. Of the Slavic languages, the Slovak is nearest related to Czech, but it is as distinct from it as Russian or Bulgarian. Of Czech and Slovak, the former is spoken by three times as many people as the latter; thus, upon analyzing the already meaningless compound adjective, Czechoslovakian, an additional stupidity is discovered: the more important is assigned the rôle of modifier. It is not impossible that, in the course of time, a Czechoslovakian language may develop, but there is none now. *Ceteris paribus*, it is more probable that if the Ku Kluxers in Czechoslovakia succeed in making all its inhabitants speak one tongue it will be Czech; or, if the majority condescends to tolerate the hyphen, the minority will speak Slovako-Czeskian. Without going into these possibilities, the present essay concerns itself with the language of the Czechs in America, to the total exclusion of Slovaks, Czecho— or otherwise.

Taking into account that the Czech population here is relatively small and considerably scattered, it is not surprising that its vulgate, within the past few decades, should have performed some wonderful feats of evolution. They amount, indeed, to a veritable metamorphosis. The Bohemian immigrant learns the American language—sometimes so well that he is not distinguishable from the pure Americano,—and at the same time keeps up his Czech, takes pains that his children learn it, and resents, on occasion, palpable attempts to corrupt it; but he actually uses, though perhaps unconsciously, still another language, whose material is taken from the one and fashioned according to the genius of the other. So far has this third language progressed that he has only to take up any one of fifty Bohemian publications appearing regularly in America—

seven of them daily—to discover that almost any paragraph could be rendered fairly intelligible to an American by transliterating a little here and there and lopping typical Czech particles from every other word!

The printed page, at that, tells only the beginning of a long and sad tale. The Bohemian-American journalist is professedly a Czech purist; but if he did not actually begin the work of corrupting the language, he is accessory to the unholy business, and the tears he sheds over "the decay of our mother tongue in America" show every evidence of being produced by an onion. It would be unfair to reproach him alone for the fact that his beloved Čeština (as the language is known) has become a lady of easy virtue second only to Yiddish; yet it is none the less true that he, together with the nondescript lecturer, pedagogue and lodge organizer, brought to this country and popularized a written Bohemian that had already lost its virginity. The seduction of Čeština was not due to any innate weakness or wickedness, since she is strong, chaste—almost prudish—as well as beautiful; nor yet to pressure of poverty, since the native vocabulary is unusually rich and expressive of the most delicate shades. As far back as the Fourteenth Century Czech writers handled philosophical and theological abstractions without resorting to Greek and Latin terms that writers of other nationalities were obliged to employ. But the maid was ravished in 1620, at the downfall of Czech independence, and, until she was rescued by the World War, Woodrow Wilson, Professor Masaryk and company, she remained in the power of the ravisher. To be less melodramatic about it, the Austrian government did, for nearly three centuries, do its best to exterminate Bohemian from the offices and schools of Bohemia, and, for policy's sake at least, all but the most nationalistic Czechs nodded linguistically, if they did not bow, to the powers that were. Hundreds of native words were replaced by foreign terms, popularly dubbed Germanisms, but ultimately Latin or Greek: *právník*, lawyer, for instance, by *advokát; vzdělání*, erudition, by *erudice; zeměpis*, geography, by *geografie; různorodnost*, heterogeneity, by *heterogenita; vystěhovalec*, emigrant, by *emigrant; napodobitel*, imitator, by *imitátor; směs*, chaos, by *chaos; podnebí*, climate, by *klima; většina*, majority, by *majorita; vychovatel*, pedagogue, by *pedagog*. The new nouns were pronounced in the Czech manner, sounding every letter; accented always on the first syllable, and inflected according to Bohemian grammatical rules, as all other loan nouns are. Verbs like *absolvovati*, to absolve (not sacramentally, but "to complete"); *abstrahovati*, to abstract (in the psychological sense); *evokovati*, to evoke (spirits!); *eliminovati*, to eliminate (in algebra); *generalisovati*, to generalize (in philosophy); *suspendovati*, to suspend (action only), and *proskribovati*, to proscribe (legally), ousted perfectly good Bohemian verbs, but were conjugated in approved Czech fashion. The borrowed nouns and verbs gave birth to numerous adjectives: *evokační*, *geografický*, *heterogenní*, *imitativní*, *chaotický*, *pedagogický*, etc., inflected to agree in gender, number and case with the thing modified.

II

These innovations were not, of course, all introduced at one fell swoop. The first user, in each instance, probably intended no more than to employ a word in some technical sense for which he did not know, or purposely ignored, the native expression; but, with a certain amount of deliberate, concerted action, an impetus was given a movement that eventually brought several thousand native words to perdition. The Bohemian journalists and lecturers, embarking for America, brought with them quite a dictionary of these neo-Bohemianisms. These gentlemen, as a rule, had, or soon acquired, a book knowledge of English, and began assiduously using, instead of real Czech words, the imported ones—not only in the technical senses they had

abroad, but in other meanings of the corresponding English words. *Akceptovati*, first used solely in connection with drafts, now meant to accept a gift, bribe, or anything else; *idiot*, which had in Europe more of its original Greek meaning, came to signify five different kinds of idiots, each represented in Czech by a single, more precise, native noun. *Eminentní*, simply because eminent can be used in more than one sense, threw out four native adjectives, no two of them synonymous; five were discarded for *enormní*, enormous; three for *melancholický*, melancholy; five for *praktický*, practical, and goodness knows how many for *konstituční*, constitutional, and *radikální*, radical.

It was only natural that the element of artificiality in these pedantic loan words should appeal to a certain pretentious class. The average Bohemian immigrant aspired to sophistication; his educational medium was the newspaper, ever an object of veneration to the Bohemian-American. He may scoff at the Bible, but he accepts as gospel everything he sees in his prints. Duly impressed with the editors' show of intellectual profundity, which often ill-concealed downright ignorance of the native vocabulary, he aped the manner of his supposed betters. Indigenous expressions gradually became obsolete, and today are practically unknown except to the philological enquirer and to the compilers of dictionaries of "foreign words in the Czech language," of which several have been published, ostensibly to aid the newspaper reader, but in reality to supply the scribes and lecturers with grandiloquent phrases.

As the immigrant's knowledge of printed English increased, he could not help observing the intimate connection existing between *adaptace*—adaptation, *adopce*—adoption, *representace*—representation, *sensace*—sensation, *subskribovati*—subscribe, or *spekulovati* and speculate. He began giving typical American interpretations to some of them: *sensace* and *representace* might, to the pedagogue, still signify psychological phenomena, but the laic, noting that American papers referred to a divorce scandal as a sensation, followed suit with *sensace;* he concluded that *representace* might as well mean what the people get in Congress as "the act by which the mind forms an image or concept of an object." *Subskribovati* might mean, primarily, to sign on the dotted line, but Americans subscribed for newspapers, and he ceased to associate the loan verb with any other idea. He speculated, not only regarding theories, but in oil stocks as well. The journalists took the cue, and today nearly all the classical importations, as they may be called, occur in print, as well as in speech, in every possible meaning conveyed by their English counterparts. Some Old World meanings have become extinct in the New: *konvikt*, for instance, as the house of a religious community. Here, it means only a convict in the penitentiary, and no newspaper would dare use it in the European sense. *Detailní* there was synonymous with retail; here nobody would understand by it anything but detailed.

The Bohemian-American layman, however, went further. His native words are written phonetically; the importations, with exceptions immaterial here, also. But, as he became familiar with the vagaries of English orthography, he began associating *subskribovati*, for instance, with the verb he heard from his American neighbors, and came to the not unreasonable conclusion that it ought to be pronounced *sabskrajbovati*—our "subscribe" plus the Czech infinitive termination *ovati*. *Spekulovati*, by a similar process, became *spekjulejtovati* in common parlance. At this point the editors and other purists were alarmed, wept and besought. Why, this was degeneracy! sacrilege! But the plebeian, undeceived by their hypocrisy, went unfeelingly on. He began boldly to adopt more directly the simpler verbs he heard every day; and, to cut short the story, every verb current in American speech today has, at least in emergency, been converted into an American-Bohemian verb by tacking this infini-

ive ending to the English word as pro-nounced. The majority of them may be egarded as permanent.

Nearly all are of the same—the sixth—Czech conjugation. Exceptional ones, of other conjugations,—*e. g.*, *američtiti* and *merikánštiti*, to talk American, *farmeřiti* or *armařiti*, to engage in farming, which are of the fourth,—bear indications of peda-gogical supervision and are numerically nsignificant. Even these have what are echnically known as the aspects—*ameri-anisovati*, to Americanize, *farmovati*, to arm,—of the sixth. The colloquial *béko-vati*, to be backing, and its perfective spects, *vybékovati*, to back out of, *zabéko-vati*, to back up, exist also as *beknouti* and *békati* (each with similar native prefixes), which are respectively second and fifth conjugation, but such instances are rare. Incredible as it may seem, the primary accent has been retained on the first syl-lable, which is a fixed rule in Czech, no matter how long a word may be. But as a modern—certainly revolutionary—devel-opment, the accent is becoming wobbly, inclining toward the syllable stressed in English, not only in the longer verbs, *e. g.*, *dybejtovati*, to debate, but even in a few nouns: *dybejt*, a debate. This, however, has not made much headway; they are as often accented on the first syllable, and the concurrent classical loan words, if pro-nounced as printed (*debatovati; debat* or *de-bata* in the instances cited), are not affected.

III

It is very probable that hundreds of loan nouns modelled on traditional lines were first used in America. These are interesting chiefly because of their similarity to printed English equivalents: *aféra*, affair; *elokuce*, elocution; *chromo*, chromolithograph; *kopie*, copy; *garantie*, guaranty; *garda*, guard; *fa-sáda*, façade. Many rather modern ones follow the pedagogical traditions both as to spelling and pronunciation: *telefon, tele-graf, stenografie, automobil, motor, aeroplán;* but for most of these there is in the vulgate an alternative pronounciation closer ap-proaching ours: *telefoun, otomobíl, moutr, érplejn*. They are always fully inflected. Czech has seven cases for each number, so, with only the nominative singular given here, only a faint idea can be given of what the words look or sound like in practice. An interesting feature is the num-ber of derived nouns often constructed from one stem: *diskonto*, discount, *diskontovář* or *diskontovatel*, a discounter; *bank*, bank, *bankér*, *bankář* and *bankovník*, a banker, *bankerka*, a female banker, *bankovnictví*, the banking business; *praktika*, practice, *prak-tičkář*, a practitioner, *praktik*, a practical man, *praktickost*, practicalness; *fysika*, phys-ics, *fysik*, a physicist (colloquially also, a purgative); *elektrika* (colloquially also *ele-trika*), electricity, *elektrárna*, electric light plant, power house, *elektřina* (popularly also *eletrickost*), electricalness; *expres*, ex-press (also express package), *expresák*, an express-man (drayman); *drog*, drug, *drogist*, *drogník* or *drogista*, a druggist, *drogárna*, a drugstore, *drognictví*, the drug business.

In the vulgate alone, so far, practically all masculine and neuter nouns current in common American speech have been Bo-hemianized by simply inflecting them ac-cording to the declension, determined by the terminal letter or syllable, into which they would fall if written phonetically with Czech characters: *ajskrim*, ice-cream; *bejsból*, baseball; *džáb*, job; *taunšip*, town-ship; *munšajn*, moonshine; *starč*, starch; *trejd*, trade; *trolí*, trolley. The animate or inanimate nature of the object, as well as its gender, plays a part in deciding which of a dozen principal paradigms is to be followed for the inflection of the substan-tive: *bučerák*, of one masculine declension, means a butcher; of another, a butcher-knife. The gender of the native noun de-noting the same object sometimes influ-ences the declension of the loan noun; hence, a barn, for which the Czech word is feminine, is not *bárn*, but *barna;* corn, for the same reason, is *korna;* street-car, *stritkára;* pants, *pence* (pl.), and whisky, *viska*. *Džurí* is declined after a neuter for-

mula, but there being two native words translatable by jury, one masculine, the other feminine, the borrowed word takes modifiers of either gender.

Metodyst, *atlet*, *publicist*, and the like exist also as feminine nouns—*metodysta*, *atleta*, *publicista*—but both forms are masculine in meaning and take masculine modifiers. A female Methodist, athlete, etc., is *metodystka*, *atletka*. *Amerikán*, *štorák*, storekeeper, *týčr*, teacher, *pričr*, preacher, similarly represents males only; the female of the species is *Amerikánka*, *štoračka*, *tyčrka*. *Vejtreska*, waitress (a waiter being *vejtr*), illustrates a curious redundancy. There are other feminine forms of certain personal masculines: *prohibičník*, a prohibitionist, *prohibičnice*, the female ditto; *kongresník*, congressman, *kongresnice*, a congress-woman; *nygr*, nigger, *nygrovka*, negress. Simple nouns like cow, boy, glue, which end in un-Bohemian sounds, are generally avoided, but there is a verb *glůovati*. *Melas*, molasses, *šuky* or *šůze* (pl. only), a pair of shoes; *sodovka*, soda-water; *kornkabka*, a cob-pipe; *indyánče*, an Indian child, papoose; *nygrlatě*, a pickaninny; *bínze*, a bean, *bejkbínze* (pl.), baked beans; *můlák*, mule; *pičes*, peach; *medes*, tomato; *kal*, a gallon jar; *hempsenvič*, ham sandwich; *eprikoc*, apricot; *makinchprc*, mocking-bird; *recna*, rat, and *hefr* (masculine!), heifer, are only a few out of many curiosities for whose appreciation a detailed explanation of Czech phonetics, orthography and grammar, impossible to include here, is necessary.

Nouns are often made up from adjectives: *fajnový*, fine, *fajnovost*, fastidiousness; *vice versa*, most concrete nouns have adjective forms: *mólt*, malt, *móltový*, made of or with malt; *džůs*, juice, *džusnatý*, juicy. Comparatively few adjectives have been borrowed as such: *braunový*, brown, *pinkový*, pink, *bekvudzový*, backwoods. The American slang "allrightsky," much as appearances favor the supposition, is not of Czech paternity. Imitating the custom of his adopted country, the Bohemian has taken to making verbs out of other parts of speech; hence, *otomobílovati*, to automobile; *džojrajtovati*, to joy-ride; *daunovati*, to down; *braunovat* to brown; *butlegařiti*, to bootlegger (t bootleg is *butlegovati*); *bojkotovati*, to boy cott; *klerkovati*, to clerk; *houmstedovati*, t homestead; *brglařiti*, to burglar (*brglova* = to burgle); *čamovati*, to chum; and t compounding object and verb, as in *hau kípovati*, to house-keep; *storkípovati*, to store keep; *kornhaskovati*, to husk corn; not t mention *horiapovati*, to hurry up; *houldapo vati*, to hold up; *kuklaksovati*, to Ku Klux *blekbólovati*, to black-ball; *vybólovati*, t bawl out; *gademovati*, to God-damn, an *sanamabičovati*, to son-of-a-bitch! When i is considered that most nouns are respon sible for at least one adjective, all verbs fo a verbal noun and at least two adjectives and that many adjectives are convertibl into adverbs, it will be evident that only a hint has here been given of the monu mental dictionary that might be compile of the American-Bohemian vulgate.

IV

The latest acquisitions have obtained rec ognition in print as yet only to a very limited extent, and are then usually bun gled in the attempt to spell them partly with characters having English values, bu the following random excerpts from recen Bohemian-American newspapers will illus trate the encroachments that the languag of the mob is making upon a journalisti Bohemian already heavily laden:

Guvernér nebude činiti žádných překážek kla nům. Ani mayor ani šerif prý nepokusí se zasta viti parádu. . . . Nepotřebujeme klany ani pro tiklany ale potřebujeme gentlemany (The gov ernor will offer no resistance to the Klans men. Neither the mayor nor the sheriff, i is said, will attempt to stop the parade . . . We need neither Klans nor anti-Klans but we need gentlemen).

Rekonstrukční liga konala konvenci, na níž přijata platforma . . . (The reconstruction league held a convention, at which th platform adopted . . .).

Byl zasažen zbloudilou kulkou při boji pro hibičních agentů s bootleggery . . . musili lékař

oraněného operovati (He was struck by a tray bullet during a battle of Prohibition gents with bootleggers . . . the doctors ad to operate the wounded man).

Řádění moronů . . . Dívka zavlečena do neznámého flatu . . . šest podezřelých individuí v noci policie . . . děvče sedukováno v icecream-parloru (Taking in tow of morons . . . Girl lured to unfamiliar flat . . . six suspicious individuals in the power of the police . . . maid seduced in an ice-cream parlor).

Fordův presidentský boom jest jako fordka: ta je vždycky v cestě velikých mašin. . . . Ford by byl logickým presidentským kandidátem takzv "Middle of the Road Party." (Ford's presidential boom is like a Ford: it is always in the way of the big machines. . . . Ford would be the logical presidential candidate of the so-called "Middle," etc.).

Who but a Bohemian-American, thoroughly versed in all three languages—American, Bohemian, and American-Bohemian,—could penetrate the mysteries of *petrolejnický skandál*, petroleum scandal, *petrolejnický výslech*, petroleum enquiry, *progresivní republikán*, progressive republican, *konstituční demokrát*, a constitutional democrat, *konservační politika*, conservative politics, *instruovaná delegace*, an instructed delegation, *kampánní komise*, campaign committee, *bolševický bunč*, a Bolshevistic bunch, *politický fence*, political fences, *strýc Sam*, Uncle Sam, *běžeti pro ofis*, to run for office; *solon* for senator; *filmová hvězda*, a film star, *filmování novely*, the filming of a novel; *trafiční kop*, traffic cop; *plumbařský kontraktor*, a plumber-contractor; *narodil se někde ve srubu*, he was born somewhere in the "shrub" (*i. e.*, "sticks"), or *podle nejpraktičtějších systémů prominentních businessmanů*, according to the most practical systems of prominent business men? Or, for that matter, of *ohnivá voda*, fire water, *bílý mezek*, white-mule, *velký klacek*, big stick, *bledá tvář*, a pale-face, and *bílý otrokář*, a white-slaver, in which the words are real Bohemian, but would certainly convey no intelligible notion to an old-country Czech.

GLIMPSES OF A GOLDEN AGE

BY JOHN ALLEN KROUT

From the day in 1642 that William Bradford confided to his journal his astonishment at the growth of drunkenness among the Puritans, efforts to put down drinking by law have been unceasing in America. John Winthrop tried to persuade himself by means of a faultless syllogism that statutes against the vice were workable and wholesome, but his fellow Puritans, even in that pious day, were not ready to abandon it. Rather, they seemed bent on indulging themselves freely, and thereby they achieved for themselves a whispered reputation for ardent and even excessive devotion to the bowl. That habit has been ascribed by their descendants to various circumstances: to the hereditary influence of a hard-drinking Anglo-Saxon ancestry, to the hardship and exposure of frontier life, to the universal contemporary belief in the medicinal properties of alcohol, and, finally, to the cruelly ascetic character of Puritanism, which forced the individual to seek relief from his religious exercises in the joys of the cup. Each explanation affords an opportunity for interesting speculation; all are significant because they rest alike upon the hypothesis that heavy drinking was the rule rather than the exception among the Puritans.

Whether the hypothesis be true or not, the Fathers seem to have convicted their own generation. By their writings their fellows stand indicted. Intemperance, resulting from the flagrant abuse of "nature's gift," conflicted with the Calvinistic idea that alcohol was given to man for the benefit of the community and not for the voluptuous gratification of individual appetites. Therefore, by moral precept and statutory provision, the ban was placed upon drunkenness. He who stepped over the shadowy line of moderation was an outcast. His pathway was in side streets and back alleys; summary punishment was his lot if he dared to parade his joy on the main highways. Even the way of the merely prospective transgressor was hard. If he repaired to the public-house for his liquor he was watched carefully. Unless his previous conduct had been good, he might learn to his sorrow that his name was on the list of those denied the right to purchase any liquor at all. If he got intoxicants and drank unwisely, he was likely to fall into the clutches of the constables. His first offense brought a fine, usually five shillings, or, in default of payment, a sojourn of from one to six hours in the stocks. In case his tippling became habitual, he could be whipped or forced to wear some mark of his shame. At the discretion of the magistrates his kind were frequently put to work on the fortifications, or assigned to some other task that would save money for the town.

In the Middle Atlantic and Southern colonies the law-makers frowned almost as fiercely upon intemperance as did those of New England. That it might be less difficult for the justices to detect offenders, Maryland in 1639 defined drunkenness as "drinking with excess to the notable perturbation of any organ of sense or motion." From everyone discovered in such a state the Lord Proprietor was to receive a fine of five shillings. If the guilty party chanced to be a servant, corporal punishment or confinement in the stocks for twenty-four

hours was the penalty. The experience of a few years demonstrated that servants were not the only incorrigibles, and in 1658 the suffrage was taken from all free-holders who were convicted for the third time. None of the neighboring colonies was quite so severe in the penalties inflicted, but all provided a fine or the stocks for first offenders, and hard labor or whippings for recidivists.

It is doubtful whether such laws were as strictly enforced in the plantation provinces as among the Puritans. In the social intercourse of the South there was not that compelling concern about the conduct of the other fellow that so generally permeated New England thought and action. The authorities were apt to be lenient. Moreover, had they been ever so vigilant, they could not have matched the efficiency with which their colleagues of New England detected offenders. Take North Carolina as an example. According to the law of that colony, a person could be convicted of drunkenness only if seen in his cups by a justice of the peace, or on the oath of one or more eye-witnesses, and the information was worthless unless presented within ten days of the offense. In view of the sparsely settled character of the colony and the difficulties of communication, it is probable that many escaped even the most conscientious servants of the law. In the more populous colony of Virginia conditions seem to have been different. Proof that serious efforts to suppress drunkenness there were made during the Seventeenth Century has been exhumed by P. A. Bruce, the most distinguished student of the early social life of the colony. His numerous citations from the records of the county courts closely resemble the entries in the early records of the Massachusetts General Court, when almost every session witnessed several presentments for intemperance. Although these entries do not reveal an ideal state of enforcement, they are sufficient to indicate that the law against drunkenness was certainly not a dead letter.

II

In the aggregate these prosecutions seem to cast a considerable doubt upon the sobriety of the American colonist. There are witnesses, however, to answer the accusation. Governor Berkeley did not hesitate to inform the Commissioners for Foreign Plantations that he considered the Virginia planters generally more temperate than English gentlemen. John Winthrop recorded with evident satisfaction that at a great training at Boston in 1641, when 1200 men drilled for two days, not one case of drunkenness was observed, although the supply of wine, small beer and other liquors was abundant. An observer of Massachusetts life during the middle years of the same century found little evidence of intemperance, even in the busier towns of the seaboard. And as late as 1686 Judge Samuel Sewall, who was extremely sensitive to every public disturbance, could write of a few townsmen who had become boisterous over their drinks, that such high-handed wickedness had hardly been heard of before in Boston. Doubtless there were similar parties of which the worthy judge was not cognizant, but they were not numerous enough to make Boston a disorderly town. Indeed, against the dark background of England at the opening of the Eighteenth Century, town life in America stood out as a model of orderliness and sobriety. It was the time when the residents of London feared to venture abroad after dark unless protected by armed retainers. Gangs of drunken ruffians roamed the dark streets at night, setting upon all they met, not even excepting the officers of the watch. Young men of the nobility, as well as servants and apprentices, committed wanton outrages upon sober citizens with entire impunity. Drunkenness was rampant in its most disgusting forms. The colonies were sober and decorous by comparison. No bands of the vicious made the streets of Charleston or Williamsburg or New Haven terrors for the late straggler. The immediate descendants of

Judge Sewall would have been as surprised as he at any unseemly disturbance in Boston.

But the Eighteenth Century was not many years old when a change came over the scene. It was caused largely by the increasing popularity of distilled spirits in general, and rum in particular. The earliest settlers had brought to the New World a decided preference for wines and malt liquors, a preference which they sought to gratify by domestic production of their favorite drinks, thus supplementing the importations from Europe. Skill was required in the making of palatable ale or beer, and good brewers and maltsters were greatly in demand in all the settlements. Malt houses were early established in New England, but in spite of the fact that the towns encouraged them, successful maltsters were rare. The consequent scarcity of high quality malt was a constant handicap to the brewing industry. Virginia, Maryland and New England supplemented the domestic production by importations of barley and beer from the Dutch settlements on the Hudson and the Delaware, but the supply of malt liquors was not adequate to meet the ever-growing demand.

Many of the colonists were confident that in time the New World would surpass the Old in the production of wines. French vine-growers were sent to Virginia in 1621 by the London Company to instruct the people in the cultivation of grapes, but their efforts seem to have been futile, for forty years later Thomas Woodward, surveyor of Albemarle county in Carolina, estimated that if the Virginians had been able to produce their own wines they would have possessed a greater per capita wealth than that of the most opulent country in Europe. Woodward, accordingly, encouraged the Carolina proprietors in their purpose to make the colony a wine-producing country. Wild grapes grew in such abundance in Georgia that the trustees endeavored to establish viticulture. Cuttings of malmsey from Madeira and tubs of vines from Burgundy were sent to ambitious landholders in the colony. A though a few succeeded in cultivating th vines and making a sweet wine, mos found the experiment unprofitable. Bu faith in the ultimate success of such pro ects persisted, for in 1700 the Earl of Bellc mont assured the Lords of Trade that i was possible to produce enough wine i the continental colonies to supply all th dominions of the Crown. He cited as evi dence the wild grapes which grew in grea profusion along the Hudson River and wer palatable in spite of their wildness. Th successful French vineyards in the neigh borhood of Montreal convinced him tha New York was not too far north. Besides he had tasted wine produced in the Nar ragansett country in Rhode Island, where the climate was not unlike that of the upper Hudson valley. But Bellomont's en thusiasm was not borne out by any actua results. Although groups of Palatine refu gees, expert vine-dressers, were settled in Virginia, the Carolinas and along the Hudson during the Eighteenth Century the natural handicaps of climate and soi were too much for their skill, and native wines seldom replaced the imported on the colonial gentleman's table.

One drink of domestic production that achieved a well-merited popularity was apple-cider. Foreign travelers found that it ranked with the best drinks to which they were accustomed. Wherever they journeyed, from Boston to Savannah, it was served by the individual host and at the public inns. In 1663 Josselyn enjoyed it spiced and sweetened, at the tap-houses in Boston. Hugh Jones declared that the Virginia cider was not much inferior to that of Herefordshire, if kept until the proper age, but no one seemed able to keep it The Labadist missionaries, Dankaerts and Sluyter, considered the New York cider the best they had encountered during their travels in 1679 and 1680. During the Seventeenth Century the New England colonies produced great quantities of the beverage Henry Wolcott, of Windsor, Connecticut had an extensive orchard from which he

got annually nearly five hundred hogsheads. In 1648, when he began to sell, the price was 2s. 8d. a gallon, but thirty years later production had so increased that he was forced to sell at 10s. a barrel. The constant addition of new orchards sent the price down still further, until in 1700 anything above 6s was a fair return.

Although the use of hard cider thus became universal, imported wines were much in demand among those who could afford them. Madeira was the favorite, while next in popular esteem came claret, port, canary, and burgundy. Brandy, malaga and sherry also enjoyed a limited vogue. In fact, almost every wine of merit was to be found on the tables of the wealthier classes and in the bars of the more pretentious taverns. Though individual tastes differed, people of fortune in New England were generally partial to canary in preference to the harsher madeira, which was the favorite in the Middle Atlantic and Southern colonies. It was canary upon which Judge Sewall relied to win the favor of his lady love, and he was pleased when it was served at the weddings he attended. But Josiah Quincy, when he visited Virginia and the Carolinas in 1773, found the richest wines he had ever tasted down there, and thought them better than the varieties commonly served in Massachusetts. Peter Kalm, the Swedish naturalist, and Adam Gordon, the Scotch peer, were equally generous in their praise of the vintages drunk by the merchants and planters south of the Hudson. Kalm was particularly interested in the native wines, which were still in the experimental stage. In Pennsylvania and Maryland he drank excellent beverages made from blackberries, cherries and wild grapes, but he considered peach brandy, used extensively in all the colonies, "not good for people who have a more refined taste, but only for the common kind of people, such as workmen and the like." Burnaby thought that the imitation burgundy of Maryland, which he drank at the table of Governor Hamilton of Pennsylvania, was not bad "for the first trial."

III

In 1759 Israel Acrelius, provost of the Swedish churches in America, made a survey of the congregations under his control, and had an excellent opportunity to observe the everyday habits of the communities he visited. In his record more than thirty drinks, all well known at the time, are listed and described. Beside the wines already noticed, various mixed drinks are mentioned: punch, flip, sling, mead and sillibub. The latter, made by adding milk and sugar to wine, was long a favorite as a cooling beverage in the Summer. Punch usually consisted of lemon or lime juice and Jamaica spirits, diluted with sweetened water. It was the popular drink for all social gatherings at which the thirst of a large number had to be satisfied. Flip and sling were variations of a single ingredient, Jamaica or New England rum. The former, containing small beer, rum and brown sugar, was served after a hot poker had been thrust in it to give it a bitter flavor, while the latter was a simple concoction, half rum and half water, sweetened to the taste. Mead, of ancient fame in England, was prepared by allowing honey and water to ferment. The colonists also had a strong beer of American brew, porter and bottled beer from England, and a fermentation of honey and yeast, known as metheglin.

More significant than any enumeration of drinks is the revelation, contained in Acrelius' list, that rum had become the chief stimulant of the Americans by 1759. When the New England trade with Barbados commenced, shortly after 1650, the product of the colonists' small stills was supplanted by a more satisfying distillation from the West Indies. Molasses, brought by adventurous traders from England's island possessions to the merchants of Connecticut and Massachusetts, later supplied the ingredient necessary for a large-scale domestic production of rum. Although the New England liquor never equalled that of the West Indies, it was produced more cheaply and soon became popular in

all the colonies. Men engaged in the hard labor of forest and field, and fisher-folk, constantly following the sea, demanded a strong stimulant to lighten the burden of their toil. As the demand for rum increased, more merchants ventured to risk their surplus in the business of distilling, until almost every town possessed a still-house of its own. Some manufactured solely for local consumption, but larger establishments were not lacking in the important trade centers of Rhode Island, Connecticut and Massachusetts. Newport, during the Eighteenth Century, grew rich from its distilleries, and the product of the Medford firms was far-famed. While the industry was largely concentrated in the New England colonies, New York, Pennsylvania and the Carolinas also boasted establishments. Philadelphia rum was pronounced as good as that of New England, and commanded an equal price in the market. New York City combined distillation with sugar refining. Indeed, the multiplication of distilleries was chiefly responsible for the change which came over colonial industry during the first half of the Eighteenth Century, a change marked by notable social and economic consequences.

Whether the liquor then drunk was of domestic or foreign origin, it penetrated deeply into the social life of the Americans. Rum seemed to be ubiquitous. It was found in the finest tavern and the vilest pot-house. The traveler seldom journeyed far enough to escape it, even in the mountains of the frontier. People of fortune kept a stock of good quality in their homes, while the servant and common laborer regarded it as indispensable. Parents gave it to their children for many of the minor ills of childhood, and it was regarded as a useful medicine for almost all diseases. Nothing else was capable of satisfying so many human needs. It contributed to the success of any festive occasion and inspirited those in sorrow and distress. It gave courage to the soldier, endurance to the traveler, foresight to the statesman, and inspiration to the preacher. It sustained the sailor and the plowman, the trader and the trapper. By it were lighted the fires of revelry and devotion. Few doubted that it was a great boon to mankind.

Church, as well as home festivities, were made the merrier by liberal potations of the "good creature." The building of a new edifice, the installation of new pews, and especially the ordination of a new minister were occasions when slight restriction was placed upon the appetite. In Boston John Vyall was requested to keep a house near the Second Church, that thirsty sinners, going to hear John Mayo or Increase Mather preach, might be satisfied. The ordination ceremony for the Rev. Phineas Stevens at Contocook, New Hampshire, October 29, 1740, required nineteen gallons of rum, but only six drinking glasses. The vestries of certain Episcopal churches met at the tavern, where the chief business transacted was the consumption of good rum at the expense of the congregation. To the tavern also resorted the town selectmen and the county justices, that the business of government might have the benefit of the clarifying influence of ardent spirits. There, over a bowl of toddy or a mug of flip, matters of concern were decided, and civil and criminal cases were heard.

IV

The tavern, of course, was the most important factor in the colonial liquor traffic. Though there was a vast difference in architectural form between the stately King's Arms in Boston and the rude wooden shack which served as a public-house in the back country of North Carolina, both were symbols of an influence widely felt in Eighteenth Century America. They represented not only the performance of a public service for private profit, but also the strengthening of bonds of unity within and between communities. As centrally located as either the town hall or the meeting house, the tavern in New England

served as a sort of community center, housing in cases of emergency the worshipping congregation or the voters assembled for town meeting. To it came the traveler from distant parts, bringing his welcome news of unusual occurrences and interesting experiences of the journey, and receiving in return an account of local happenings with which to regale his audience at the next stop. Town idlers loved to gather on Saturday afternoons in the great room near the bar and listen to the discussions of politics, religion and current events. Often the conversation was of more than passing interest, for politicians used these informal gatherings to discuss issues and select candidates. Such was the nature of the meetings at the Raleigh in Williamsburg, which have forever associated that tavern with the cause of American independence.

Training days, county court sessions, town meetings and convocations were seasons of extraordinary business and profit for the owner of the public-house. Those who attended a muster, with appetites whetted by the liquor doled out at the officers' expense, were generous in their patronage at the bar after the day's drilling was finished. Officers and men mingled in good comradeship, and toasts were drunk to everyone in authority from the governor to the company captain. Newly appointed officers were expected to wet their commissions by liberal purchases of liquor for the men. Boisterousness, rowdyism and rough and tumble fighting were characteristic of the sessions of the county court, and occasionally the temptation of the tavern's good cheer was too much for even the presiding justices. The colonist journeyed to the county seat on such occasions with no idea of devoting his time entirely to matters of law and business. Usually he had traveled a considerable distance over roads that made the trip anything but pleasant, and he was bent upon making merry for several days as compensation for the hardships of the journey. In the South horse-racing, cock-fighting, and wrestling matches, mingled with much gambling and hard drinking, were favorite diversions after the demands of justice had been satisfied.

It was from the tavern, as a rule, that the colonial householder got his supply of liquor. A few fortunate individuals, such as Colonel William Byrd, of Virginia, could indulge their love of conspicuous consumption by importing the best wines and brandies directly from Europe, but for the majority this was an impossibility. Often traders, calling themselves wholesalers, purchased hogsheads of rum and spirits from the merchant-importers in the larger towns and traveled up and down the countryside, selling their stock in five and ten gallon lots. Such a dealer was Joshua Hempstead during the first quarter of the Eighteenth Century. He has left in his diary a detailed statement of the manner in which he supplied his Connecticut neighbors with their year's supply of rum. Most families, however, influenced either by loyalty to the local taverner or by the necessity of buying in small quantities, made their purchases at the public-house.

John Dunton tells us that jovial George Monck made the Blue Anchor at Boston a delight to the most fastidious. His place was famed far and wide for the beauty of its special rooms and the excellence of its fare. Alexander Hamilton, the Maryland physician, closely observing manners and customs as he visited the northern colonies in 1744, found much to praise in the New York taverns, though the people frequenting them were extremely annoying. More often, however, the record left by the critical traveler is a severe denunciation of both taverns and tavern-keepers. Birket considered the New England houses either "very indifferent" or "intolerably dirty," and his experiences with the proprietors caused him to seek refuge in a private home wherever possible. His unfavorable opinion is paralleled by that of William Logan in regard to the region south of Pennsylvania. Called to South Carolina by business, Logan rode down the coast from New Jersey to Charleston, noting in his journal

as he progressed the sort of entertainment he encountered from day to day. With the exception of a few good houses in Virginia, the farther south he journeyed the worse he fared. "Poor liquor," "dirty food," and "nasty rooms" are frequent entries in his account of the trip.

Although the accommodations were thus often unsatisfactory, the number of taverns everywhere was large. A group of Moravian brethren, making their way through the back country from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, to Wachovia, North Carolina, experienced little difficulty, in 1753, in finding an inn of some sort during the course of every day's journey. In the sparsely settled sections, to be sure, these inns were usually nothing more than licensed private houses. One petitioner in Western Virginia urged his case on the ground that he was "very much infested with travelers" and needed a license to save himself from their impositions. Establishments of such a character seldom pretended to satisfy the needs of the guest in a professional fashion. He simply shared what the family ordinarily enjoyed in the way of food and lodging. His host probably provided cider, if he was ambitious enough to cultivate an orchard, and a cheap grade of rum.

In the eastern communities, particularly in New England, the host of the public-house enjoyed considerable prestige. The towns from the beginning presented men of good reputation to be licensed by the justices, and the tradition continued well into the Eighteenth Century. Cambridge was long served by the most prominent deacon in the church, and upon his retirement his son succeeded him. The tendency to license the same person year after year vested the calling with dignity. The high esteem in which it was held is evident from the pages of the early Harvard records, on which the names of students were listed not alphabetically, but according to the relative social position of their families. In the class of 1653 Joshua Long, son of an English inn-keeper, precedes Samuel Whiting, whose father was a clergyman. John Harriman, son of a prominent taverner at New Haven, led the son of the Rev. Peter Hobart on the roster of the class of 1667. It was not unusual, indeed, for the town clerk, the deputy to the General Court or the justice of the peace in Massachusetts to round off a public career by getting a license to run a public-house.

But during the Eighteenth Century the ancient craft lost caste rapidly. Sons of tavern-keepers failed to retain their high rank on the college rolls at Harvard. The courts began to award licenses with a greater liberality, which meant a rapid decline in the type of men licensed. Many widows were granted permission to keep public-houses, that they might not become dependent upon the community. In some localities persons of influence obtained licenses and then employed agents to conduct the business, that they might escape responsibility for any scandal connected with it. This practice became common in the middle and southern colonies, where the aristocratic host, considerate of his good name, was replaced by a horde of unscrupulous keepers of rude huts. No reproach, however, attached to the proprietor of a reputable house. At the close of the Revolution a considerable number of officers sought to recoup their fortunes, financially and politically, by entering a business that was profitable and kept them constantly before the public. In the closing decade of the century an English visitor was impressed by the number of lawyers, ex-judges and former members of the legislature who kept taverns in New York State. His observations convinced him that the lawyer and the taverner had found the open sesame to riches and honor in the newer communities of the country. Nevertheless, neither the reflected glory of a military reputation, nor the prestige of a judicial career could restore the occupation to its former high place. Gradually it went down hill. By the opening of the Nineteenth Century the old-time tavern had already become the saloon.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN AND H. L. MENCKEN

Definition.—Prohibition is legislative birth control applied to rabbits.

The War of Peace.—The late war was fought to make the world safe for democracy. The ensuing peace has been fought to make democracy unsafe for Russia and Germany.

Sex.—In the midst of all the somewhat obstreperous discussion as to whether it is the man or the woman who is the aggressor in matters of sex, it seems to me to be the most reasonable assumption, based upon a studious and careful investigation of the statistics, that the thing is less a tug-of-war than a tandem. There is no victor; there is no vanquished. The keystone bears engraved upon it the motto, "*Ab hoc et ab hâc.*" As well speak of the aggressor in a piano duet.

Learned Men.—What is most noticeable about the principal academic critics in practice in the Republic is their immense ignorance. They are all in the intellectual stage of schoolmarms who believe that it is a sign of learning to quote Emerson. What they know is simply what is taught to sophomores, with a few additions from the editorial page of the New York *Times*. All the rest of the well-nigh boundless field of human knowledge is closed to them; they profess to regard it as muddy, and prefer not to soil their shoes. In other words, they disdain the very sort of knowledge that made the greatness of such various men as Virchow and Huxley, Bismarck and Spenser, Darwin and Lister. They respect Dr. Beers, of Yale, but have never heard of Ivan Petrovich Pavloff. One of these learned men lately achieved the sublime impossibility of writing a whole book upon English style without once mentioning Huxley. It was as if he had described the Civil War and left out Grant.

The Meek.—From "The Right Place," by the estimable C. E. Montague, I cull the following: "No one," said Fox, "could really be in love with Mrs. Siddons. Her scale, the huge structure of her genius, precluded any tender approach. In the court of love, as humanity knows it, her head would be sticking out through the roof. You might as well cherish a passion for Ursa Major or for the East India Company." Nicely put, we have here once again the sound platitude that men can't love women who are their superiors, or even their equals, in fame, in talent or in intelligence. Men love only their inferiors. If dogs could write fugues, men would promptly transfer their present affection for them to rats.

Art.—That art is an escape from reality is a contention full of holes. Art is often an escape from fancy and an induction *into* reality. A hundred examples are ready to hand. The drama of Ibsen, Strindberg, Hauptmann and Shaw, the engravings of Hogarth, the novels of Fielding, Zola and Huysmans, the sculpture of Rodin, the paintings of a score of artists from Pollajuolo to Cézanne, the music of Richard Strauss—through art such as this we escape from our dreams into the world of actuality.

Veritas.—I believe unreservedly only in what may be demonstrated scientifically.

All the rest is pure speculation, and, only too often, pure bosh. It may, at times, be beautiful, but it is never important. That Shakespeare was a great poet is not a fact; it is only an opinion. It may be abandoned during the next century, as the doctrine that the Bible was written by God has been abandoned since 1850. But the fact that the blood circulates in the arteries and veins will never be abandoned. It is true now, and it will be true forever.

L'Enfant Prodigue.—It is no longer the habit of our Presidents to kiss babies. Babies, they have learned, sometimes tell.

The Pursuit of Truth.—The pursuit of truth consists simply in running away from a swiftly pursuing pack of lies, with the latter gaining ground constantly.

No. 3,716 G.—A woman's most violent affection and passion are reserved for the first available man who crosses her path after she has lost the man she truly loves.

The New Philology.—We recently offered the word *bootician* to take the place of *bootlegger*, as *mortician* has taken the place of *undertaker* and *realtor* the place of *real estate agent*. We now offer, as a word to designate the hypocritical Prohibition politician, the term *bootliquor*.

Honor in America.—Some time ago I enjoyed the distinguished honor of entertaining an American university professor in my house. The fellow had a resilient gullet, and in the course of the evening we got down a quart of Scotch. Made expansive by the liquor, he told me this story:

A short while before, at his university, one of the professors gave a booze party for a group of colleagues, including the president of the institution. It was warm weather, and they sat on the veranda, guzzling moonshine and ginger-ale. There was so much chatter that they didn't hear a student coming up the path. Suddenly he was on them, and they almost fainted. . . .

At this point I asked why they should have been alarmed.

"Well," said my visitor, "suppose the student had turned out to be a Methodist? He would have blabbed, and then our host would have lost his chair. The president would have been forced to cashier him."

"But the president," I argued, "was a guest in the man's house. How could he have dismissed him?"

"What else would there have been for him to do?" asked the professor.

"Resign at once," I replied. "Wasn't he under the obligations of a guest? Wasn't he *particeps criminis?* How could he separate himself from his host? How could he sit as judge upon his host, even if only formally?"

But the professor couldn't see the point. I began to fear that he was in his cups, but it soon appeared that he was quite clear. We argued for half an hour: he was still unable to see the point. The duty of the president to enforce an unwilling and dishonest obedience to an absurd law—this duty, it seemed, was superior to his duty as a guest, *i.e.*, it was superior to his obligation as a man of honor. We passed on to another point.

"What of the student?" I asked. "I take it that he turned out to be a gentleman. Suppose he had been a Methodist? Suppose he had blabbed? What would the other boys have done to him?"

The professor stared at me blankly.

"Nothing," he said at length. "After all, we *were* boozing."

This professor, I should add, was a man of old American stock—in fact, a fellow very proud of his colonial ancestry. When he got back to his university he joined in signing a public statement that Prohibition was a great success there.

How, indeed, can honor survive in a moral Republic? . . . I proceed to another case. One day last Summer, during the Republican National Convention at Cleveland, I met an eminent American publicist in a hotel lobby there. He told me at once that he was suffering from a dreadful belly-

ache. I had a jug in my room, but my own hotel was far away, so I suggested that help might be got from a journalist on the premises. We went to his room, and I introduced the publicist. The journalist promptly got out a bottle and gave him a policeman's drink. The publicist recovered in three minutes. . . . When he got home, he joined, like the professor, in signing a public statement praising Prohibition.

I give it up.

American Journalism.—The cornerstone of successful American daily journalism is scandal. The moment politicians stop stealing the public's money, women begin to obey the seventh commandment, and men go back to using their fists instead of revolvers, that moment will nine-tenths of our newspapers slide down the chute to the poor-house.

The American Snobocracy, Series II.—I nominate as this month's humorous successor to the Monday Opera Club, "Ye Colonial Countrie Club," of Greenwich, Conn., and, without waiting to hear the result of the vote, hasten to bestow upon the winner the *grand prix* of one dozen Reading, Pa., pretzels. I quote from the prospectus:

> The descendants of the Colonial families of America intend to have a beautiful country home of their own. There they will congregate annually, young and old, to meet their own kind, kith and kin. They will have at their command . . . a splendid string of horses to roam through the kind of woods their forefathers knew so well. One man writes, "Your plan of a Country Club seems to me to be the only constructive, live-wire plan as yet put forward to accomplish the end which I believe with you to be vitally important to our national welfare." The names of the Founders of this organization will never die. A little group of practical idealists, in the determined and courageous spirit of their ancestors who crossed the uncharted sea in tiny storm-tossed barks to found a new nation in an unknown wilderness, a little group as far-seeing as the fittest of those who survived, will form the financial foundation upon which the great structure will be reared. They will forego personal profit in view of the object to be gained; they will be satisfied with making friends, with enjoying life more fully in the consciousness of work well done, and with serving in the joy of splendid accomplishment.

Homo Sap.—The man of honor tells the truth to men and lies to women. The man of dishonor tells the truth to women and lies to men.

The Infidel.—Very few genuinely religious persons, I believe, ever get rid of the feeling that disbelief is not only an error, but also a crime. It runs, indeed, with faith, and is an integral part of it. In the whole history of Christianity there is no record of an ecclesiastical organization that was tolerant, save under compulsion. The most pussy-footed of them, whenever they have got the power, have proceeded instantly to put down infidelity by force. The Quakers may constitute an exception, as their partisans allege, but the fact remains that the Quakers have never had a fair chance, even in Pennsylvania, to show their spirit. The Baptists, who are theoretically just as free from dogmatic certainty, turn to witch-burning whenever the opportunity offers. They are the motive power of the Ku Klux Klan in the South, as the Methodists are its motive power in the Middle West. Everywhere their pastors are demanding laws against Evolution, and urging that Prohibition be enforced with the sword. The Klan, indeed, is but little more than the secular arm of the evangelical *bloc* of churches. If they could manage it without risk, they'd be hanging giaours by the thousand.

The so-called Church of England, as everyone knows, has a bloody record, both at home and in this country. At the moment, at least on our side of the ocean, it is a social organization more than a church, and so its missionary libido is feeble. But in New York it is rapidly succumbing to a Jewish invasion, and these new Protestant Jews are very hot for the True Faith. Their own ancestral religion is probably the most murderous ever heard of in history, setting aside the religion of the Aztecs. When they come into complete control of the Church of England in New York, say in fifty years, there may be a revival of their ancient passion, and so we may see them engaged in

pogroms against their late brethren. Such a comedy would not be new. It has been played out over and over again in this world. Ten years after the first Protestants were sworn in, in the Sixteenth Century, they were slaughtering Catholics by the hundred thousand. The buffoonery culminated in the Thirty Years War, which exhausted Germany so completely that the whole country was paralyzed until new blood from without revived it.

I pass over the Church of Rome without comment: its history is too well known to need rehearsal. At the moment it is tame, for it is weak politically; what it would be doing if it had the power is precisely what the Baptists are doing in the South. The point is that toleration and faith are incompatibles—that the true believer simply cannot imagine a virtuous skeptic. When he begins to tolerate skepticism it is a sign that his faith has begun to weaken—that he is no longer absolutely sure that God admires him, and will treat him with distinguished consideration in the hereafter. Men of toleration are simply men who are little interested in religion, and do not take it seriously.

The Technic of Spotting.—The late lamented Huneker, James Gibbons, observed that in recent years the best way to distinguish between Jews and Christians was that most of the Jews now had Christian names and most of the Christians had Jewish ones. There is still another way to tell them apart. You will find the Jews admiring the interiors of the fashionable Episcopal churches. You will find the Christians admiring the exteriors of the humble synagogues.

The Greenwich Village Complex.—A bad artist almost always tries to conceal his incompetence by whooping up a new formula. Hence Dadaism, Vortism, and all the rest of that sort of buncombe. No really *good* new formula, it must be obvious, has ever come out of a bad artist—which is to say, out of an artist who could not do good work within the old formulæ. Among the so-called "modern" musicians, the only ones worthy of any respect are those who have proved their right to be revolutionaries by writing sound fugues. Among the advanced poets who now bray in every cellar the only genuinely amusing ones are those who have sound sonnets behind them. The rest are frauds, and bores.

Laughing Hate.—The inferior man's hatred of his superior often takes the form of being humorous at the latter's expense. A bitter heart is frequently the cradle of a biting wit. Men cry for their slaves and laugh at their masters.

SERVICE IN THE COTTON MILLS

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

RIGHT-THINKERS in the North, East and West seem to hold it as axiomatic that all the Southern cotton mill owners ought to be hanged. This is not the conclusion, but the premise of most of the current argumentation about social and industrial conditions in the South. From that premise conclusions are drawn that to Southerners are strange and wonderful indeed.

Now, it is doubtless true enough that manslaughter, practiced upon a number of Southern cotton mill owners discreetly selected, might purify the atmosphere below the Potomac and make that heroic region a better place to live in; but the same thing, obviously, is true of an equally large proportion of the cotton mill owners of Rhode Island and Massachusetts. As much might be said, indeed, of the lawyers of New York, or the coal dealers of Ohio, or the clergymen of California. There is no large group of men anywhere that would not be the better for an occasional decimation. The Southern cotton mill owners, as a class, have not escaped the common human frailty, but it is a far cry from that admission to the assumption that *all* of them ought to be hanged.

Yet that assumption, or something closely approximating it, passes unchallenged in the North, East and West. Attend a sociological conference anywhere, and listen to the reports upon human existence in the South. Note the unanimity with which the Northern press ascribes the rejection of the child labor amendment by Georgia and North Carolina to the machinations of the cotton mill men—in the face of the plain fact that the amendment would have been rejected by both States had there not been a cotton factory in either. Did the Southern mill men furnish the overwhelming popular vote against the amendment in Massachusetts? Yet mark the inevitability with which they are held up as horrible examples everywhere. They are fair game for every uplifting hunter and there is no closed season.

There must be a reason for this. It is incredible that it should have come to pass by chance, or by mere malicious intent. I believe it is the product of a collision of two moral superiorities. The Northern uplifter who comes South encounters something new in his experience. Being hated does not trouble him, for he is used to that. Being feared he not infrequently finds luxurious. If the Southern cotton mill owner merely hated and feared him, he would understand it perfectly, and to some extent condone it as an involuntary tribute to his own moral superiority. But the feeling he encounters is nothing so simple as a mixture of fear and hatred. It is sophisticated with loathing, contempt and white-hot moral indignation. The Southern cotton mill owner looks upon the Northern uplifter with much the same emotion that stirs within the plain man who observes a Gila monster in a zoo—he knows that it is unlawful to kill the thing, yet from the bottom of his soul he feels that it is contrary to reason and the natural rights of man to permit such a creature to live.

Now, the uplifter knows beyond peradventure that he is doing the work of God. What, then, is he to think of men who regard him as these Southerners do? Those who merely oppose him are in the nature

of things doing the work of the devil; but what is to be said of those who not only oppose him, but regard him and his work as utterly vile and loathsome, who look down upon him from a Himalaya of moral superiority? Obviously, they are in a category of their own, amenable to no known laws, entitled to no sanctuary. Wicked men may be converted, or at least restrained; but arch-fiends, who make good evil and evil good, are beyond hope. Extermination is the only recourse.

What has happened is plain: the uplifter, knowing his own moral superiority, has collided with a man even more belligerently superior. The impact of the collision is the most terrific the world has ever known, and it generates heat enough to vaporize the eternal rocks.

II

Where the uplifter gets his consciousness of moral superiority is a problem for psychologists, psychiatrists, psychoanalysts and other delvers into the mysteries of the aberrant mind. But where the Southern mill owner gets his is easy to see. He inherits it. True, his inheritance bears some similarity to the royalty of Sixtus of Bourbon and the Russian lady friend of the Monday Opera Club, in that the course of events has invalidated his claim, but just as surely as Bourbon and Romanoff once held sovereignty, so he once had a fair color of title to moral superiority in the South.

The subject has been treated extensively by Dr. Broadus Mitchell in his study, "The Rise of Cotton Mills in the South," in which the interested inquirer may find a carefully documented discussion of the social, civic and religious elements that contributed to the founding of the industry. The notion that textile manufacturing was introduced into the South by shrewd and far-sighted business men intent solely upon capitalizing the double advantage of proximity to the raw material and a huge supply of pauper labor cannot survive the perusal of this work. Those advantages, in fact, were only vaguely understood by the participants in the Cotton Mill Campaign of the early eighties. There were weighty authorities, notably Edward Atkinson, of Boston, who argued shrewdly and persuasively that such advantages were more apparent than real and that the textile industry in the South could never become important enough to offer serious competition to the New England mills. The fallacy of Atkinson's arguments was demonstrated only after the industry had been established. There is plenty of evidence that not a few of the men who put up capital for the first mills were more than half persuaded that he was right, and that they never expected the industry to return dividends, even if it survived at all.

Nevertheless, they put up the money, and a new industrial order was created out of hand between 1879 and 1881. The venture turned out profitable beyond the dreams of its most optimistic promoters, and its development has been prosecuted ever since with increasing energy and enthusiasm; but that the motivating force of its founders was not altogether profit-seeking is proved conclusively by the fact that in repeated instances subscribers sold their stock at a loss as soon as the factories to which they had subscribed were completed.

The philosophy underlying such subscriptions was nothing less than that of *noblesse oblige*. It was the sense of moral superiority in the Southern aristocracy that impelled it to seek a remedy for conditions already deplorable and rapidly becoming desperate. Lee had surrendered less than fifteen years before the Cotton Mill Campaign began, and the South, since Appomattox, had undergone the process which, by a ghastly irony, was labeled Reconstruction, with the result that socially and politically it was far below the level of 1865, and, as far as the public treasury was concerned, worse off financially, too. But by 1879 the worst of political misrule was over. The last Southern State had swept out the carpet-baggers and the natural leaders of the South were leading again.

The political situation made momentarily secure, their attention was necessarily turned upon the economic situation. It could hardly have been worse. The condition of the poor whites, in particular, was lamentable. Their sole means of subsistence lay in competition with the newly-freed Negroes in agriculture, with the inevitable result that they were swiftly sinking to the Negro's standards of living, which were far lower then than they are now. To men without social conscience, this might have been no more than an interesting phenomenon, worthy of attention merely as a study in societal evolution. But to men of highly conscious moral superiority, men accustomed to thinking of themselves as belonging to a master class, it was a sheer impossibility to regard the situation so comfortably. They were as incapable of avoiding a sense of responsibility in the circumstances as they would have been incapable, twenty years earlier, of permitting their Negro slaves to die of starvation. They had to do something to provide these people with some means of subsistence. They did do something. They built cotton mills.

The student of the origin of textile manufacturing in the South is usually dumbfounded by the blithe disregard of rudimentary business principles displayed by the early *entrepreneurs*. Aspiring hamlets built cotton mills without any sort of investigation into the advantages of the locality for textile manufacturing. Only in rare instances was the enterprise headed by a man of any experience in business, save perhaps cotton buying. The usual plan was to select that man in the community who possessed the people's confidence in the highest degree and draft him into service, regardless of his previous training. Thus the new mills were headed by doctors, lawyers, teachers, planters, and even clergymen. "What did the doctor, lawyer, or fertilizer man know about running a mill?" one of the pioneers of the business said, talking it over thirty years later. "Yet it got to the point where, if he were prominent in the town and did not become a cotton mill president, he lost his social position."

This procedure is as inexplicable as the ravings of the wildest Bedlamite until one remembers the spirit in which the whole venture was conceived, but then it becomes understandable, if not logical. This was not a business, but a social enterprise. Any profit that might accrue to the originators of the mill was but incidental; the main thing was the salvation of the decaying community, and especially the poor whites, who were in danger of being submerged altogether. The record of those days is filled with a moral fervor that is astounding. People were urged to take stock in the mills for the town's sake, for the poor people's sake, for the South's sake, literally for God's sake. In Salisbury, North Carolina, a certain Mr. Pearson, described as "a lean, intense Tennesseean who preached powerfully," held a revival in the course of which he scorched the souls of the richer residents on account of their neglect of their poorer neighbors; so immediately after the meeting a group of them organized a cotton mill with a preacher, the Rev. F. J. Murdock, as its secretary and treasurer. Later he became president and, as one commentator remarked, "the mill was religion-pervaded from the outset."

There was talk of profit in connection with the founding of the mills, but in these early years it never became the dominant motif. Always it was the prospect of civic and social salvation that was stressed. All the money return looked for was expected to accrue to the poor whites and to drag them back from the edge of the abyss obviously opening to swallow them. Such considerations are not potent to sway the minds of inferior men, and they were not addressed to men of that type. They were addressed to the master class, to men who felt their superiority to the common herd and acknowledged the attendant responsibility. Great numbers of them had owned slaves and had worn the uniform of the Confederacy. Fifteen years after the war had been lost, the bulk of the Confederate officers

were drawing near the end of their active lives. Some of them, of course, were to survive for decades, but they were nearing the close of their effective leadership. The founding of the textile industry in the early eighties may therefore fairly be regarded as the last great effort of the old order, the final gesture of the slave-owning aristocrat before he left the stage forever. It was a worthy gesture. True, it was the cue for the entrance of an actor of a very different type, but in itself it was altogether in keeping with the history of a race of men who lived with an air. Even when they became industrialists, they did it quaintly, they did it becomingly, they did it in the grand manner.

III

Marvelous to relate, the enterprises which they founded succeeded. The old men did not last long. Their blunders, in many instances, were too glaring, too appalling, even for the lax business standards of their day, but in a surprising number of cases the advantages of proximity to the raw material, cheap power and cheap labor outweighed even their inexperience and incapacity. Many of them died with comfortable fortunes; occasionally they started their sons on the road to wealth. One encounters now and then a Southern cotton mill man who is obviously a man of birth and breeding, for there are not a few great families who have managed to cling to their properties through all the succeeding years and have thereby restored the tarnished splendor of their names.

But these by no means dominate the industry today. When the early mills had demonstrated the fact that textile manufacturing might be carried on in the South at a profit, promoters of a different type swooped in from all quarters. The go-getters arrived. Sometimes they rose from the ranks of the poor whites employed in the mills. Oftener they were hard-headed and hard-fisted individuals who had sternly refused to have any part in the movement so long as it was simply an effort for the common good, but who waxed enthusiastic when it was demonstrated that there was money in it. The field afforded incredibly rich pickings for such as these, and they were later increased by a horde of up-and-coming immigrants from New England. By this time a man of the right type could hardly fail to succeed in the business. All that was necessary was for him to get a job as bookkeeper for one of the trusting old gentlemen of the *ancien régime* and in a few years he owned the mill. It was not even necessary for him to steal it. By introducing efficient business methods he could double, triple, quadruple its profits, and the grateful stockholders would nearly always split. By the time mills became so numerous that labor began to demand a wage that would enable parents to make a living for their families without working their young children, and competition with the mills of New England and Lancashire became brisk, the ancient aristocracy had relinquished the helm and the industry was manned by a crew hard-boiled enough to hold its own with the blood-thirstiest pirates of Lowell and Providence.

But note what an inheritance the modern Southern textile manufacturer has come into. The mills are only part of his legacy. He has the tradition, too. The pioneer cotton manufacturer had risked what small remnants of his fortune the war had left in an enterprise of doubtful future designed primarily to secure the happiness and well-being of his people. He sought first the common weal. He was therefore naturally and properly regarded as a public benefactor. His successor, becoming a cotton manufacturer, becomes *ipso facto*, in his own mind at least, a public benefactor in his turn. He forgets that he put *his* money into an enterprise no longer doubtful, but a demonstrated success. He forgets that he risked his capital, not in consideration of the common weal, but in consideration of the 50%, 60%, 75% and 90% that numbers of Southern cotton mills have returned as yearly dividends. But who of us is not inclined to forget the embarrassing points of

issimilarity that mark us off from the aints and heroes? It may not be logical, ut it is certainly human for the Southern otton mill man of today to regard himself s in all respects the heir of his distinuished predecessor.

More than that, he does possess somehing of the old slaveholder's spirit. He ooks after his people with the passionate nergy that characterized the care of the ntebellum aristocrat for his Negroes. The mount of welfare work carried on by outhern mills amazes and appals the vistor from the North. Not merely lodging, ut clubrooms, drug stores, Y.M.C.A. uildings, churches and funeral parlors are ometimes supplied by the mills. Teachers f the Bible, boxing and æsthetic dancing re on the company pay-roll. Pavements nd community morals are looked after vith equal assiduity.

Energetically as he invades it, however, he man of commerce is as ill at ease in this ealm as the man of the master class was in commerce. The consequence is that he falls a ready victim to astounding frauds. Only occasionally has he the good sense to have scientific studies made of his personnel. Usually he trusts his own judgment, which s to say, he goes it blind, with the natural esult that every sociological quack in the country has preyed upon him, selling him fantastic schemes of uplift for fantastic sums of money. The luckless working people suffer in silence; usually they recognize he excellence of the mill owner's intentions nd try to be grateful. This work touches ntimately the *amour propre* of the manufacuring tribe. Just as in 1850 a master who starved his Negroes, or worked them unmercifully, or kept in his employ a notoriously brutal overseer, was regarded by the neighboring gentry as an unspeakable rotter, so the modern cotton mill owner who fails to put up without squawking for any amount of welfare work is regarded by his business rivals as a low fellow, outside the pale, and a menace to the good name of the South.

However, in the sociological world Lady Bountiful has for years been a fallen woman. Consequently, when earnest inquirers from the North, East and West come drifting into the South, they raise a hideous outcry over this very welfare work which the Southern mill owner regards as his through ticket to eternal bliss. To the Southerner it seems that they revile him for acting decently, kindly, generously, as a Christian gentleman should. Is it to be wondered at that his amazement and pain swiftly give way to towering rage? These blasphemers would estop him from doing the work of God! Every ounce of moral superiority in him—and it is measured by tons—crashes upon the head of the outlander. If that worthy were not himself endowed with a moral superiority approximating the weight of Mount Mitchell, highest peak east of the Mississippi, the impact would smite him clear off the earth and send his mangled frame whirling beyond the orbit of the moon.

But as it is, the irresistible force meets the immovable body and the result is a terrific conglomeration of flame, dust, smoke and most infernal noise. The inquirers are by far the better publicists, so the rest of the nation hears from but one side and comes to the conclusion that Southern cotton mill owners ought to be hanged. . . . Of that conclusion one may say only that it is probably as sound—as most other moral certainties.

BILLY THE KID

BY HARVEY FERGUSSON

Who remembers Billy the Kid? He is no more than the echo of a name today, but in his time he stalked in glory across the front pages, and during the Lincoln County War in New Mexico he was almost a national hero. The New York *Sun* even had a war correspondent in attendance upon him. When he was shot by Sheriff Pat Garrett, a few years later, he got another turn in the red and amber spotlights. Everyone who could read knew that he had killed twenty-one men, "not counting Indians," before his own death at the tender age of twenty-one. He had many admirers who regarded him as a wronged and heroic man. A San Francisco daily published an editorial demanding that Garrett be jailed for killing him, and other papers criticized and reviled the officer. Garrett replied by writing and publishing a "Life of Billy the Kid," devoted chiefly to an account of his own herculean exploits on the border and to a blistering diatribe against his critics. It remains one of the fairest gems of frontier literature. A melodrama, portraying Billy as a promising youth ruined by evil companions, was written and put on the boards; I saw it in the West as late as 1913. An enterprising fellow, whose name I forget, made a living for years by exhibiting a skeleton, alleged to be that of the bandit, at ten cents a look. Hundreds of thousands paid their dimes to gape at it.

Billy had in a high degree all the qualities which impress the imaginations of simple men. And yet, for some strange reason, his fame has not persisted. Certainly he enjoys no such posthumous eminence as Jesse James, for instance, although he was a far more gallant and engaging figure. The James brothers were hard headed business men who made crime pay Billy was a quixotic romantic, who cared nothing for money. He lived and died an idealist. He began his career in murder to avenge an insult to his mother, and lost his life rather than leave his sweetheart He had in immense measure that uncompromising vanity which makes human destiny spectacular, and, according to Rochefoucauld, is the chief difference between heroes and ordinary men.

Moreover, he was the key figure of an epoch—the primitive pastoral epoch in the history of the West, which began after the Civil War and ended with the completion of the first trans-continental railroads in the early eighties. It has been the subject of much romancing, but of little patient investigation. Here, then, briefly sketched, is the career of a man who was wholly typical of it.

II

William H. Bonney was born of Irish parents on the East Side of New York in 1859. For reasons unknown his father moved with his family to Coffeyville, Kansas, where he died. The widow went to Colorado, where she married a man named Antrim, and with him went first to Santa Fé and later to Silver City, New Mexico, then a boom mining town, lawless and full of saloons and dance-halls. Mrs. Antrim ran a restaurant and Billy ran wild on the streets. Antrim comes into the picture as a disapproving step-father, who gave Billy many a thrashing and earned his hatred. But for his mother Billy had a jealous and worshipful affection.

He himself always claimed to have been driven from home by Antrim, but the immediate cause of his departure was an insult offered his mother on the street by a tipsy man. Billy, then about sixteen years old and small for his age, attacked the man with a rock and was saved from a severe thrashing by a friend named Ed Moulton. Later, in a saloon, Moulton got into a fight with the same man when Billy was present. Moulton seemed to be getting the worst of it when Billy intervened with a pocket-knife and the Berserker fighting spirit which was later to make him the most feared man in the Southwest. He killed his man by stabbing him in the heart, and departed the saloon with a yell of defiance, brandishing his bloody blade.

He got out of Silver City accompanied by a boy a year older than himself named Jesse Evans. Both riding one pony with a sore back, they reached Fort Union, where they were fed by the soldiers and also obtained from them an old army rifle and a six-shooter of the cap-and-ball type used in the Civil War. So accoutred, they set out to master the world. After several days of hungry wandering, they encountered three Apache Indians traveling with a herd of twelve ponies and a load of peltries. The boys asked for food and were curtly refused. Instantly, the newly acquired armament came into play, three Indians perished and the ponies and peltries changed hands. This, so far as I can learn, was the only murder Billy ever committed for gain. The contemporary chroniclers, such as Garrett and Siringo, pass it over as a mere boyish lark. The only popular solution of the Indian problem at that place and time was to slaughter the Indians.

The ponies and peltries were quickly converted by the boys into gauds and armament of the sort locally esteemed—high heeled riding boots and silver spurs, *chaparejos* with silver buttons, wide white hats and silken bandanas, good Winchesters and six-shooters. The first model of the Winchester carbine came into the world, like the six-shooter, just about the time Billy needed it. He was now, at seventeen, a bad man full blown, with his life in his hands, a gun on his hip and a world without law to roam in. He was beginning already to discover the two facts upon which his subsequent career was based—that he had more skill with a gun than most men and that most men are cowards. He had tasted the wild intoxication of battle. He fought, later on, for many causes, but always he fought primarily for love of battle.

Billy at this time had already reached his full growth. He was five feet, eight inches tall, and slim and muscular. He had very small, almost effeminate feet and hands, and was fond of elegant raiment. His features were aquiline and rather good, except that he had two very large and prominent front teeth. His hair was curly brown and his eyes blue-gray, with the hot hazel specks in them which often mark the man of gore. He was a bright fellow, with Irish wit, and an inveterate smiler. He always smiled when fighting. The gleam of his buck-toothed grin illumined many a man's last sight of earth.

About this least known period of his career many tales are told that have a romantic, apocryphal flavor. He is described as rescuing a wagon-train of immigrants from the Comanches, charging the savages with an axe, felling five of them, and completely demoralizing them with his demoniacal yells. Again, cornered by Apaches, in the mountains, he is said to have escaped by scaling a cliff the Indians were afraid to attempt. One tale represents him as making a record ride of one hundred and twenty-five miles in one night to deliver a friend from jail single-handed. It is interesting to note that in this last exploit he is said to have been fed and furnished with fresh horses by Mexican peons. The peons remained his friends to the last, and he could not have survived so long without them. They fed and hid him and gave him news of his enemies. He, in turn, gave them money by the handful when he had it. Like Robin Hood, he befriended the poor.

The story of his famous ride is probably at least partly authentic. Of the other sagas of his early prowess it can only be said that many tell them, but that none of them can be traced to Billy's own lips, for he was always reticent. What seems certain is that he made his living for several years without the indignity of work by playing monte and faro in the towns of the border and especially in Sonora, in Old Mexico. With a Mexican gambler named Melquiades Segura he would invade a town, play furiously for high stakes, generally win, get into a quarrel, kill a man, and then get out. Most of his killings were thus in fair fight, as fair fight was understood on the border, and over games or women, for he was a famous lover. There were many men like him in the Southwest of that day—professional adventurers of the dance-halls and faro tables. Most of them talked big and fought little. But Billy killed. He was always crossing the border on a fast horse, leaving a dead man and a panting posse behind. But one by one, as order penetrated that wilderness, his old haunts were closed to him. So he rode East, broke, to meet some friends who had promised him a job in the Pecos valley. And thus he came to the scene of those gaudy exploits which give him his bloody place in the history of the Southwest.

III

Most of the Pecos country then was a cattle range for one John Chisum (or Chisholm), who claimed some sixty thousand head of stock under the jingle-bob brand. Here it is necessary to understand the state of the cattle business at that time and in that country. The first long-horned herds had been brought north from Old Mexico into Texas before the Civil War. During the war these herds ran wild and were forgotten. Afterward, when the great western push of discharged soldiers and bankrupt Southerners began, they belonged to any man who put his brand on them first. Since they were worth about three dollars a head, branding mavericks was a legitimate and laborious way of getting a start in life. But once a number of forehanded men had large herds under brand, they looked with hostility upon new-comers with hungry branding-irons. They could not patrol their half-wild herds adequately, and so their calves and yearlings tended to fall to some other man's rope and to wear his mark. So began the battle between the cattle barons and the rustlers which lasted a quarter of a century. Each side believed it was in the right; law was laid on the shelf. Only gradually did the word rustler become synonymous with thief. Only gradually did property win its inevitable triumph.

Chisum was the cattle baron of the Pecos, one of the first in the Southwest. He had for allies a lawyer named McSween and a young Englishman named Tunstall. Tunstall was a leader in the long procession of well-born British younger sons who went to the Wild West to sink capital in the cattle business and hunt grizzlies and buffaloes. He bought an interest in Chisum's ranch, but proceeded at once to forget business and devote himself to sport. He was a big, hearty, red-faced boy, stupid, honest and well-meaning. With his background of orderly English country living, his instinctive faith in law and the right thing, he was pitifully unqualified to cope with the subtle and dangerous men of the border. He knew there was some trouble between Chisum and the Murphy-Dolan company of Lincoln, New Mexico, but he never thought of it as anything that menaced his own safety.

Murphy and Dolan ran a store in the town of Lincoln, which was the county seat of Lincoln county, then about as large as Pennsylvania and as wild as central Africa. They were the backers and creditors of all the small cattlemen and rustlers who were the natural enemies of Chisum. They gave leadership to the men who argued that Chisum was "hogging the range." Chisum, in turn, accused them of branding stock that should have been his.

The Chisum faction also had headquarters in Lincoln at a store owned by Tunstall and McSween. The bad feeling between the two groups was brought to a fighting climax by a lawsuit—itself unimportant, as lawsuits always were then. Suits and warrants were used liberally by both sides, but were merely pretexts. Both were meanwhile hiring cowboys, always chosen for their skill as fighting men. That was where Billy the Kid came in. His fame as an artist in homicide was sufficient to get him a job, first with the Murphy-Dolan faction. But before any real trouble came up he one day met in a saloon the young Englishman, Tunstall, and the two formed an enduring friendship. There is no doubt that Billy had the capacity to win the regard and confidence of men of many kinds. He has ancient friends living today who defend him hotly and make plausible excuses for all his crimes. Nearly always, indeed, he had some devoted follower to whom he was bound by an unspoken pact of mutual loyalty—Jesse Evans, Segura the gambler, and then, strangest of all, this young Englishman. The immediate result of their meeting was that Tunstall offered Billy a job, not as a fighting man but as a cowpuncher, for Tunstall probably was one of the few in Lincoln county who expected no bloodshed. Billy accepted, thereby switching from Murphy and Dolan to their enemies.

For some months he and Tunstall worked and hunted together. Meanwhile Murphy and Dolan were gathering a posse of thirty gunmen, all properly sworn in as deputy sheriffs, to collect the claim they held against McSween and Tunstall. Suddenly, the war swept down without warning on the Rio Feliz ranch, where Tunstall, Billy and two other cowboys were riding the range. When Billy and the other cowboys saw the enemy coming, they put spurs to their horses and shouted to Tunstall to follow. They knew what was in the air. They knew that the long-brewing storm was about to break and that four men had no chance against thirty. But Tunstall, the aristocrat, refused to run. Frank Coe, a friend of Billy who still lives near Lincoln, says that Billy stopped to argue with his friend, but that Tunstall was serenely stubborn. He was a law-abiding Englishman, minding his own business, and he had wronged no man. He felt sure he was safe.

"You fellows go on," he said. "They've probably got it in for you. I'll stay and talk to them."

Billy and his companions went—straight for the tall timber, low on their horses' necks. Looking back they saw the group sweep down and cluster about Tunstall, who out-topped them all on his imported thoroughbred. There was a moment of deliberation, and then six-shooters whanged, the posse swept on, and Tunstall and his mount lay dead on the prairie.

According to some accounts of this incident, Billy was away chasing wild turkeys when the posse came down on Tunstall. But the facts are probably as Coe tells them. Billy may have believed that Tunstall really was safe. Whatever the facts, his rage at the death of his friend was a thing he never got over. Ever afterward he carried a notebook in which he wrote down the names of all the members of the posse as fast as he could learn them, and he told everyone that if he lived long enough he would get them all. He did get five or six of them, and this yearning for blood vengeance seems to have been the leading motive of his short subsequent career.

The murder of Tunstall was the opening skirmish of the struggle which figures briefly in footnotes of western histories as the Lincoln County War. It was a guerilla warfare of small mounted bands battling for the possession of forlorn cattle herds in a wilderness of mountain and desert. Each side had men who had been made deputies by complaisant sheriffs, and each carried warrants for its enemies, but there was really no law in the contest, nor, indeed, in the land. The important thing is that Billy the Kid, at the age of nineteen, became the leader and field marshal of the

Chisum-McSween faction, and that he missed no chance to pump lead at the men who had murdered Tunstall. Two of them were captured and sent under guard to prison. Billy was in charge of the guard. The men never got to jail alive. Billy said they tried to escape. Another man was waylaid and shot down by Billy and several of his followers. Yet another was surrounded in a house and killed after a long siege. Billy was a hired gunman doing murder for wages, but he picked his victims from the list in his pocket. According to Coe, all he ever said about Tunstall was: "He is the only man I ever worked for that gave me a square deal."

The Lincoln County War went on for more than a year. It reached its climax when the Murphy-Dolan army surrounded Billy and his gang in the building in Lincoln where McSween lived and also had his store. An open siege was maintained for several days, right across the street from the court-house. Troops were sent from Fort Stanton to quell the riot, but they stood by and did nothing. Finally the building was set on fire and the besieged made a break for liberty. Several of them were shot down, but Billy and a few of his followers got away. McSween the lawyer was among those killed. This was his first taste of battle with bullets instead of words. He sat in a helpless daze throughout the siege, unable to believe that such things could happen. When the word came to make a break for it, he ran straight toward the enemy and fell riddled.

General Lew Wallace, the author of "Ben Hur," had just been appointed governor of the territory of New Mexico with extraordinary powers. He was devoting the lucrative leisure of his post chiefly to the composition of a romance about imperial Rome, but he now brought himself back to reality long enough to take cognizance of the fact that a state of war existed within his jurisdiction. He visited Lincoln and studied the situation. What was he to do? The execution of justice in the legal sense would have required hanging half the county. Seeing that this was impracticable, he tried to settle the war in the grand manner by proclaiming amnesty for all who would agree to lay down their arms and keep the peace. Most of the combatants were glad to comply. Only one man, indeed, flatly refused the amnesty, and that was Billy the Kid. He had a personal interview with General Wallace, who was immensely surprised to find the celebrated desperado a slim youth with a broad good-humored grin. Billy declined the governor's mercy with smiling politeness.

The reasons he gave were various. He had more enemies than any other man in the country and if he settled down to a peaceful life he would lay himself open to them. Moreover, two of his killings had been on United States government property—an Indian reservation and a military hospital site—and he believed, or professed to believe, that he would be arrested by the federal authorities in spite of the amnesty of the territorial governor. It was on these federal warrants, in fact, that he was finally taken to jail. Thus the reasons he offered to Wallace were plausible enough. But there was also another: if he accepted amnesty he would no longer be Billy the Kid, the most feared man in the Southwest. He would be just one more cowpuncher. His life of battle and fame would be over. Now, as always, he did the spectacular thing. He rode away from Lincoln with his gun on his hip, thumbing his nose at all the world.

For a year or more thereafter Billy was at the height of his glory—a perfect specimen of the bandit as hero. With a small troop of followers he went about the country stealing whole herds of cattle and horses with almost perfect impunity. He and his confederates would round up a herd, drive it a few miles and sell it. It was often sold for a fraction of its value, and usually then got back to its owner. In effect, Billy levied a cash tribute on the live stock industry. He did not forsake his old haunts. He still drank in the saloons of Lincoln and Fort Sumner, often with the very men he

robbed. He was more than ever a flame among the girls, including some who belonged to the first families. He was not an outlaw in any proper sense of the term, but a distinguished member of society, the most feared and admired man of his time and place.

Fear of his deadly skill with firearms was of course a large element in his power and eminence, but genuine admiration for him was another. Many substantial ranchmen fed and housed him. Some of them, perhaps, did so in return for immunity from his raids, but others regarded it as an honor to have Billy the Kid for a guest. The humble Mexicans were his friends now as ever, and when hard put he could always count on sharing the beans and mutton of some sheep-herder.

IV

But the Southwest was changing. Men and money were pouring into it. The cattle business was being capitalized and incorporated. The forces that make for law and order were strengthening. The men at the heads of the new cattle companies determined to get rid of Billy. Posses were organized to find him and finish him. Unluckily, they always came back without him. The fact was that even money could bring forth no man who was willing to stand up in the open and shoot it out with Billy the Kid. They would chase him a while for a price, but when a clash threatened they always found reasons for coming home. There was a fine comic quality about some of these chases. In one of them a posse of a dozen men pressed Billy and several of his band so hard that the bandits took shelter in a deserted house and prepared to give battle. They were surrounded and the stage was set for slaughter. But the weather was cold and the pursuers had brought nothing to eat. It seems not to have occurred to them either to build a fire or to send for provisions. Instead they held a council and agreed unanimously that it was best to call it a day and go home. They went back to Lincoln and gathered in a saloon—to tell each other what they would have done if the weather had been better.

That same night Billy the Kid rode into Lincoln, put up his horse at a livery-stable, entered the same saloon, and loafed about for a quarter of an hour. No man spoke a word to him or looked him in the eye. He was ignored as completely as though he had worn a cloak of invisibility. There was only one man in the place who was honest enough afterward to admit that he had seen Billy and had been too scared to move as long as the bandit was in the room. Before this boy of twenty the mighty fighting men of the border were as skittish as cotton-tail rabbits. They were all loath to die—and an encounter with Billy meant sure death to someone, for his professional skill was now at its height. He could bring a six-shooter into play just a little faster than any other man of his time.

But his enemies kept on seeking a man brave enough to tackle him, and finally that man was found. He was one Patrick F. Garrett, and he took the job of sheriff in Lincoln county with that avowed purpose. Garrett was a native of Louisiana, and one of the many Southerners who had left ruined plantations to come West after the Civil War. He was six feet four inches tall, silent, truculent and resolute. His memory is not revered by the old-timers, because, although he killed many men, he killed nearly all of them from cover. He was careful and deadly. He seems to have taken the job of getting Billy because he was politically ambitious and believed that he could thereby win fame and favor where favor counted. For the details of the hunt there is no room here, but they showed plainly that Garrett planned either to ambush the Kid or to take him otherwise by surprise. He executed one ambuscade and killed one of Billy's followers, but the Kid was saved by the fact that he had dropped back to borrow a chew of tobacco.

It was the treachery of a friend that fi-

nally led to Billy's capture. A rancher named Brazil, who had been feeding and housing him, went over to Garrett and led him to a deserted house where the Kid and three companions were camped. It was surrounded, and the siege was a real one this time. Garrett dug himself in, taking no chances, and sent for a wagonload of provisions. With a skill almost equal to Billy's own he shot away the tethers of the bandits' horses, and then dropped one of the animals in the doorway of the house, so that a sortie was impossible. Billy and his followers then surrendered, without the chance of firing a shot, to save themselves from death by starvation and cold.

The others came out scared and grave, but Billy seemed in high spirits. He ate a large meal and laughed and joked with his captors, talking over all the details of his pursuit and capture as though it had been a friendly game they were playing. His fine saddle mare he presented to a member of the posse to whom he had taken a fancy, with the remark that he probably wouldn't be taking any horseback exercise for quite a while. Leg-ironed and hand-cuffed, he was hauled away to prison, absolutely undaunted, as though he had known he was on the way to the most spectacular moment of his career.

Lincoln lacked a jail, and Billy was confined in an upper room of the old two-story adobe court-house. None of its doors would lock securely, but he was ironed hand and foot and two armed men were set to guard him. One of these, Bell, was a good-natured fellow, glad to earn a few dollars by what looked like an easy job. The other, Ollinger, was a bitter enemy to Billy and a choice specimen of the bad man at his worst. A born killer, he had earned his living chiefly as a deputy sheriff, and had a reputation for killing men under arrest on the pretext that they had tried to escape. He was proud of his dangerous reputation and spared no pains to look his part. He wore his hair long, had long ferocious moustachios, and was one of the few men of the time who carried a knife at his belt as well as a gun. Billy had a great contempt for him, which he often and eloquently expressed, and Ollinger hated Billy. He now took delight in sitting before his prisoner with a shotgun loaded with buckshot, cursing and taunting him.

"You just try to get away once, you goddam little Irish gutter snipe! All I want is one crack at you with this old smoke wagon. . . ."

Billy smiled and held his peace. His smile was based on a discovery he had made—that he could get his small and supple hands out of the hand-cuffs whenever he wished.

V

He waited until one noon, when Ollinger had locked up his shotgun in an adjoining room and gone across the street to dinner. He then persuaded Bell to bring him a newspaper and under cover of it he got his hand-cuffs off. Still concealing his hands under the newspaper, he asked Bell to take him downstairs on a natural plea that could not well be denied. Bell marched him out with a six-shooter at his back and started to march him in again. When they reached the steps, which had a turn in them, Billy suddenly leaped ahead and out of sight. He kicked down the door of the room where Ollinger had locked up his shotgun, seized a six-shooter which lay on the table and got back to the head of the stairs in time to meet Bell coming up. As always, he shot first and Bell fell dead. Billy then got the shotgun and went to the window, where he waited for Ollinger to come across the street. When he did so, Billy called to him, and then, as Ollinger looked up, shot him with both barrels, savagely broke the shotgun and threw the pieces into the street.

"There, you son-of-a——!" he shouted. "You won't follow me around with that gun any more."

All Lincoln now knew that Billy had killed his jailers, but the one street of the little town was as deserted as though a plague had taken the last inhabitant. Not

even a head was poked out a window while Billy sat on the porch, whistling and singing after his cheerful fashion as he filed off his leg-irons. When this was done he summoned an old man who acted as janitor of the building and made him bring a saddle horse. Mounted and armed and free once more, he rode up and down the street several times, defying all and sundry to come and get him. As no sign of life showed, he rode away, stopping at the edge of the village to give a Mexican a message for the owner of the horse to the effect that he would either pay for it or send it back.

The natural and expected move for him now was to cross the border into Old Mexico and safety. For reasons which were never explained, Garrett gave him every opportunity to do this. Although put under a good deal of pressure to take Billy's trail, he did nothing for more than a week. He probably felt that if Billy would cross the border and stay on the other side it would save both of them a great deal of trouble. But Garrett was now pestered by a rumor, which gradually grew into a certainty, that Billy had not really skipped. He was hanging around Fort Sumner to see a girl there.

Why Billy staid must remain a mystery. He ought to have known that he would be hunted to the death. But he was in love with this pretty daughter of a ranchman, and he risked his life nightly to see her. He was a romantic fellow, foredoomed to be a fool for women. Moreover, he was also a man of enormous vanity and of a self-confidence much swollen by his easy triumphs.

Soon Garrett, urged on by public opinion, went to Fort Sumner to investigate a report that the Kid was in hiding there. He went after dark and very quietly, with two companions. These he stationed on the porch of the suspected ranch-house while he went inside to talk with the ranchman, whom he found in bed. Forbidding his host to make a light, he sat down at the foot of the bed and began a low-voiced conversation. The ranchman was a weak, good-natured fellow and a firm friend to Billy. Garrett tried to persuade him to tell where Billy was hiding and he professed not to know.

As a matter of fact, Billy was in another room of the same house, which his friend had placed at his disposal. He had just come in and had taken off his boots. He was hungry. There was a small stove in the room and he determined to awaken his friend, get the key to the meat-house, where the usual quarter of beef hung, and cut himself a steak to broil. In his sock-clad feet he went softly out upon the porch and toward his host's room. In the dark he almost stepped on Garrett's guard. He whirled around, gun in hand, and backed away from them, calling out in Spanish: "Who are you?" Getting no answer, he backed into the room and turning, asked his host, whom he could not see in the dark: "Who are they, Pete?"

Garrett recognized the voice. His six-shooter belched red in the dark, and Billy went over backward, shot through the heart just as he pulled the trigger of his own gun, shooting a hole in the wall.

Destiny was thus hard on Billy the Kid at the last, for he died with his boots off, in the dark, without a chance for his life. It was still harder on Garrett. Instead of reaping praises he was denounced loudly, not only for the way he killed Billy but for killing him at all. A tale was widely current and is still believed by many in that country that he hid under the bed where Billy's girl lay waiting and killed the Kid as he came to a rendezvous. When he ran for sheriff again he was defeated. In a rage he sold out land-holdings that would have made him a millionaire and moved to other parts. There he was shot in the back and killed by one of his many enemies.

Billy the Kid died at the right time. Within a year the railroad reached New Mexico, and less than a decade later it was almost as tame as any State in the Union. The brief day of the hero-bandit in the Southwest was over.

THE MEDICINE SHOW

BY THOMAS J. LEBLANC

Four gasoline torches blazed in the gathering darkness and dripped splashes of flame on the grass below. They stood at the corners of a raised wooden platform on a vacant lot near Main Street. A short stout man puffed and wheezed as he leaned out to adjust the valves of the torches. He was dressed in white satin trousers and a scarlet frock-coat, and wore a tall silk hat balanced precariously on the back of his head. His face, covered with black grease-paint and with huge lips outlined in white, looked curiously solemn as he went about his tasks. We who watched him knew that in a short time he would turn into the personification of gaiety, quips falling from his lips as he danced and sang rollicking songs to the accompaniment of a banjo. Now he moved heavily about the platform, the boards creaking under him as he opened wooden cases and spread their contents on tables.

It was a quiet, sultry evening, the silence broken only by the sputtering of the torches and the distant piping of the frogs in the swamp across the river. The town was dozing after its supper. We who watched the minstrel at his preparations were first-nighters at the medicine show: a select group of small boys and a few of the town bums. We were always on hand when he came and always knew what was next on the programme. But that did not spoil the show for us; on the contrary, it gave us a feeling of sophistication and superiority. We could look with amused and tolerant smiles on the rest of the crowd when they were surprised and amazed by some transaction on the platform. We knew that it was coming.

Cases were unpacked, and the tables about the edges of the platform were covered with packages of different sizes, jars, bottles, tubes and flasks. The crowd gathered, slowly at first, then more rapidly. The torches ceased their sputtering and broke into even petals of flame. Two men mounted the steps at the back of the platform, one young, smooth-faced and dressed in pearl-gray trousers, a cutaway coat and a silver brocaded vest. The other was older, with a gray, pointed beard and wore a black frock coat with shiny satin lapels. We knew him well. He was the man who had devoted his life to the study of the sick; who had been called in by all the crowned heads of Europe and even by Presidents of these United States; who had roved and healed from Superior's pictured cliffs to Florida's snow-white strand, and from the Statue of Liberty to the Golden Gate. Old men hymned his praises and little children owed their lives to him. He was the Grand Old Man of Medicine. He seated himself in a large armchair, while the younger man bent over one of the open chests. The medicine show was about to begin.

II

"Look! Look! Folks, I'm stabbed!" The young man whirled suddenly and waved his hand aloft. His wrist was transfixed by a gleaming dagger and blood dripped from the wound. People came streaming in off Main Street to stare. "Move in closer, folks," he coaxed in a low tone and then with a shout, "Look! Folks, I'm stabbed!" We first-nighters knew that the dagger was in two pieces, clipped to his wrist by a

metal spring, the handle showing on one side and the point on the other. We knew that the blood was red paint. But it was a good trick anyway and it never failed to thrill us. The crowd grew thicker and thicker and soon packed itself about the front of the platform in a solid mass. Then the young man, with an engaging smile, detached the dagger from his wrist and in a friendly tone invited the crowd to listen while the minstrel sang "The Little Red Caboose Behind the Train." For the chorus, Sambo, as he was called, turned a lighted cigar backwards into his mouth and blew long streamers of smoke as he whistled like a train. The crowd roared. There followed a dialogue between Sambo and the Professor, riddles and jokes, old, well-worn and friendly ones that we knew well. Waves of laughter swept the crowd of mill hands, farmers and shopkeepers. Jaws dropped half open and tobacco went unchewed as they hung on every word. Hats were pushed back and thighs slapped in delight as Sambo bested the Professor in some amusing wager.

To our disappointment the dialogue ended soon and the Professor became serious. He stepped to the front of the platform and raised his hand for silence. The crowd grew quiet and waited. The Professor seemed to look at each one of us for a moment, and then his voice came low and sincere. "Folks," he began, "we don't want your money. We have come to help you." How completely disarming! What fine fellows these were! Then followed the impressive life history and amazing accomplishments of the Grand Old Man of Medicine. This was the standard procedure. Each told of the other, and although their praises were sounded in extravagant phrases, the system gave an impression of retiring modesty that was very effective. One felt that each of these wonderful men was modest when it came to his own talents but generous in praise of another's. After these mutual introductions, we felt sure that anything either of them had to say was well worth hearing.

Then we were told of the long years of study by the Grand Old Man to find relief for the various aches and pains of the sick, and how at the twilight of his life his efforts were finally crowned with success by the discovery of Nonpareil Rubbing Oil. The story, told in clear ringing phrases by the Professor, with a sureness of delivery and a keen sense of values, impressed us very much. The Grand Old Man sat in modest retirement in the full glare of one of the torches at the front of the platform. We did not know the meaning of Nonpareil but it sounded very worthy. It was a secret mixture of various rare and exotic oils: kawa oil, the only known cure for leprosy; rattlesnake oil from snakes raised by the doctors themselves; eel extract from eels taken at night from Crooked River during certain phases of the moon; lastly and most important, juju oil brought, at the cost of great suffering and many human lives, from the wilds of Abyssinia. What a glamor of romance in those strange names! How large and strange the world was! And here were men who had actually seen all those faraway places—places that existed for us only because the Bible mentioned them.

Nonpareil Rubbing Oil cured aches and pains in the chest, back or limbs, headache, earache, toothache, rheumatism and lumbago. In fact, the Professor assured us that in his vast experience he had never met a pain that was not conquered quickly and easily by it. We had no reason to doubt him. Then he let us sniff a few drops of the oil to show us its tremendous power of penetration. The odor dazed us and made our eyes water. I remembered that it smelled just like a bottle of what my grandmother called spirits of hartshorn, but I felt sure that it couldn't be the same. Then the Professor dropped into an informal tone and said, "Now folks, I know you are too intelligent and educated to believe all the things I have said without some scientific proof. From your faces I can see that this is an unusually intelligent audience and not like the one we addressed in Freedom last week. [Roars of amusement

from the crowd.] Although we are in Michigan, I can see that most of you are from Missouri. That's right, folks, always be from Missouri! Don't let a smooth talker sell you something without making him show you first. Well folks, we're going to show you, and then we'll talk business. We'll let the results speak for themselves. Results, folks, is what counts. Now, is there anybody in the audience who has been growing deaf lately? If so, let him step upon the platform. Don't be afraid, folks. You will not be embarrassed. This is a dignified medical meeting and there is no horse-play connected with this experiment."

III

The crowd shifted, men looked at each other. Finally a movement at one side resolved itself into Old Man Jackson, sawfiler at the mill, making his way to the platform. With slow, careful steps he raised his bent form into the glare of the torches. The Professor shook his hand with exaggerated courtesy and motioned him to a chair. Then he said in a loud tone, "Can you hear me?" Old Jackson turned a stupid look and wry smile on the audience and ignored the question. The Professor raised his voice to a yell, "Can you hear me now?" Jackson turned slowly, a light of understanding flitting across his face, and nodded. The Professor looked pleased, and turning to the crowd said, "Now folks, you all know Mr. Jackson. He is one of your prominent citizens and you see that he is almost stone deaf. Now, due to his position in your community, there can be no question of collusion. [We didn't know what collusion meant but we felt that there was no question about it.] I am going to ask the Grand Old Man of Medicine to treat Mr. Jackson with the Nonpareil Rubbing Oil, and folks, you alone are to be the judges of the results. Results is what counts."

The Grand Old Man, with his cuffs turned back, did something to old man Jackson's ears. Then he dropped in a few drops of the oil and massaged the region about the ears with his finger tips. In a few minutes the treatment was complete and the Professor took his position at the far side of the stage. The crowd was quiet save for an occasional cough and the spurt of tobacco juice. The Professor's voice came in a clear even tone, "Mr. Jackson, can you hear me?" Jackson started at the sound of his name, grinned and nodded emphatically. The Professor turned to the crowd with a smile of triumph and said, "Folks, I leave it to you."

Voices broke out excitedly as Jackson climbed down from the platform, his bottle of oil clutched in his gnarled fingers, a present from the Professor. Here was a miracle of modern medicine right before our eyes! How were we to know the wonders that an ear spoon and a few drops of any oil will do for impacted wax in the ear? How were we to know that impacted wax often causes deafness? Old Man Jackson had been deaf—and a few drops of this oil had cured him. We had seen it with our own eyes. That was enough.

Surely this wonderful oil must be worth its weight in gold. But the Professor said, "Not ten dollars, folks, not five dollars, not even two dollars, but one single, lonesome dollar bill, one hundred cents. This does not cover the cost of the oil. It merely pays for the bottling and distribution; and now Sambo will pass among you. Act quick, folks, the supply is limited." Grimy hands went into pockets, cowhide purses came out, heavy fingers fumbled with the metal clasps, and Sambo's breast pocket swelled with green bills. We first-nighters liked this part. We had heard the Professor refer to it as the *pitch*, another curious word that puzzled us. Sambo brushed right by us and we could peer at his make-up and see his skin showing through at the back of his neck and behind his ears.

After this came the story of the Grand Old Man's second great discovery, Tono Tonic. The Professor told us of trips to the wilds of Africa, to the Holy Land and to the banks of the River Jordan. He quoted the

ible, which told us to gather leaves from he trees and heal ourselves. He told us of he terror of consumption, of kidney dis- ase and liver trouble. He held up jars con- aining lungs, liver and lights. He pictured he suffering and hopelessness of a person n the clutches of these dreadful diseases. Then he told us of the cure, Tono Tonic, secret compound of roots, herbs, barks, eaves, berries, buds and balsams. He eaned out over the platform and in an minous tone said, "Do you ever feel like t is almost impossible to get up in the norning? You eat well and sleep well, but ou hate to get up. You hate work. Do ou ever feel that way?" Vigorous nods of nderstanding came from all parts of the rowd. "Ah—ha, I thought so. Well, olks, you may not know it, but that's the irst sign of gallopin' consumption!"

A murmur went through the crowd. A all lean man next to me gulped convul- ively, his Adam's apple fluttering up and lown in the opening of his woolen shirt. 'And, folks, you don't have to be old to how the signs; and I'll prove it to you." His glance roamed the front of the crowd nd finally stopped at Lefty LeClair, a hort solid young man, with barrel chest nd arms that hung below his knees. "Will ou step up here, please?" and the Pro- essor motioned to the steps. Lefty ran up he steps with his curious ape-like swing nd stood on the platform, nervously pass- ng the back of his hand across his mouth. The Professor took a glass of clear liquid, xplaining that it was a test liquid for gal- oping consumption, and asked Lefty to low through it with a straw. The crowd tood on tip toe to watch the column of ubbles rise through the liquid.

Suddenly the liquid became cloudy. efty paled and stopped blowing. "There ou are, folks," said the Professor, "you an see for yourself; and if this young man s in danger of galloping consumption how nany of you are free?" We wondered with shiver. How were we to know that the quid was lime water and that if *anybody* lew through it, the carbon dioxide in his breath would cause an insoluble precipitate? It was a quiet and subdued audience that watched the next move. The Professor took an apparently empty tube and placed some water in it. Then he added another liquid which he said was uric acid. The contents of the tube turned red—red the color of anger, suffering and death. "There you are, folks, that's what happens when your kid- neys or liver fail to work. Now watch what Tono Tonic does to this dangerous poison." He added a few drops of the tonic and the solution became clear. "It changes the poison into a harmless fluid as clear and pure as spring water."

There it was right before our eyes, where we could see it work in a tube! How were we to know that the water had contained a few drops of an indicator that was red in the presence of acid and colorless in an alkaline solution? How were we to know that the tonic was alkaline and merely neutralized the acid and caused the indi- cator to lose its color? We didn't, and Sambo made another profitable trip through the crowd.

IV

Thus the show continued. It varied each evening, but it never failed to give us an hour crammed with strange, entertaining and breath-taking developments. It was our one spot of drama, a stage that was open to everyone. The round-shouldered lumber handlers from the mills, the dull and stupid farmers from the countryside and the poor people from across the rail- road tracks—all of them came, for here was one form of pleasure they could afford. Even the women came, the short pudgy Polish women, so accustomed to carrying children that they always leaned back- wards. The medicine show was the one breath of romance, the one touch of lands across the sea that invaded the isolation of our remote little town. The light from its torches was reflected from eyes that were only too seldom opened wide in in- terest and pleasure. It was a splash of color and strange movement against a dull and

drab background. When Nemo the town half-wit decided to commit suicide and wished to have the eyes of his little world upon him, he chose the stage of the medicine show for his last dramatic gesture, the smoke from his pistol swirling into the flames of the torches as his body collapsed into the arms of Sambo.

The Grand Old Man of Medicine did not confine his talents to deafness and consumption. Many other ailments succumbed to the onslaught of his experience. On about the third day of the show a jar would appear on the platform containing a tapeworm taken from someone in the town. Sometimes there would be two or three. To the original owners of the tapeworms came a distinction that one could get in no other way. The town had only two social castes. One lived in the big white house at the foot of Main Street and owned the mill. The other was made up of everybody else. But in addition there were the select few who had had their names read from the platform as having been delivered of a *Taenia saginata* by the Grand Old Man of Medicine.

There seemed no end to the Professor's cleverness. He could pull an untold number of articles from a hat or he could make a doll say very funny things. One night he read our minds. Sambo passed through the audience with a pad of paper and a pencil. On this pad you wrote your name and any question you wanted answered; and the strange thing was that you kept what you wrote in your own hand. The function or even existence of carbon paper was unknown to us and the whole thing quite inexplicable. Then the Professor would call out the different names and answer the questions asked.

One night he called, "Amelia Biggs, Amelia Biggs! Where are you?" Amelia, a frail little spinster, dressed in black, with her hair drawn back into a pathetic little knob on the back of her head, answered in a nervous voice, "Here—sir, here I am —sir." "You want to know if you will ever be a successful writer? You want to know why the editors do not accept you stuff? Is that right?"

Amelia, tense and straining forward an swered, "Yes, sir, yes, sir, that's right." The Professor stroked the black cloth ove his eyes and then continued, "Amelia, yo will succeed. Keep on with your writings The editors don't appreciate you now, bu some day they will. They are slow to rec ognize genius. Do you hear me, Amelia?"

Her voice was a little husky and he hand caught at the high net collar abou her throat with a quick, nervous gestur as she answered, "Yes, sir, I hear you My—it's good, too!" The Professor con tinued:

"Keep trying, Amelia, and some day th editors will come to you begging for you writings. They will learn to appreciate an understand you. You will become famous and this town will be proud of you. Tha is all, Amelia."

Amelia Biggs, her face flushed with color, head back and chin up, her watery eyes peering in triumph through her thick lenses, a smile of joy on her face and a song in her heart—left the crowd.

V

Finally, there came a Summer when we waited in vain for the medicine show. The Polish women sat on the steps of their little houses, bodies drooping over drawn up knees and eyes staring dully at the dusty stretch of road that led to town. We first-nighters prowled around aimlessly feeling a subtle sense of loss. Something had been taken from our lives and we could not afford to lose so much. Those who could raise five cents were marveling at a new wonder, a picture that danced over a white sheet stretched at the back of the Woodmen's Hall, and showed a man pumping water from a pump. But the others talked longingly of Sambo, his banjo and his songs, the Professor and the miracles that had taken place on the platform on the vacant lot near Main Street.

The medicine show has passed. It is not hat people have become more intelligent nd use less patent medicines. On the con- rary, where the Grand Old Man of Medi- ine dosed them with one tonic and rubbed hem with one oil, now they have their hoice of a hundred tonics and a hundred ils. Big Business looked with a jealous ye on the bills that collected in Sambo's ocket and the Grand Old Man was smoth- red in an avalanche of tonics, oils, pills, astes, creams, ointments and muds. The usiness has been turned into an industry vith all the trappings of capital, quantity roduction, distribution, Service and ad- ertising. This last has been a powerful actor in the defeat of the old-fashioned nedicine man and in the rise of the new. The lady who formerly had her name read rom the platform as no longer being the ost (or should it be hostess?) to a tape- vorm now has her picture in the weekly aper over a fervent and flowery testi- monial. Thus she is able to substitute for vhat was purely a local distinction, some- hing in the nature of national fame.

The patent medicine man has been quick o utilize the newer discoveries in science. Not content with the almost unlimited ermutations and combinations that were ossible with the old materials, he has ow added the more subtle powers of vita- nines and gland extracts. The new possi- ilities are infinite; the field has scarcely een touched. The Grand Old Man, in his gnorance, had but one tonic for all inter- al ills. Now there are special tonics for very organ and some of them are even ubdivided. This new flood of nostrums has aused alarm in the medical profession; the Grand Old Man of Medicine caused none n his day. When his show was in town, ld Doctor Fournire would stop to be amused and entertained before he hurried out to a confinement case across the rail- road tracks. Or perhaps it was Mrs. Crum- ley's organic heart that needed attention or a case of pneumonia among the mill- workers or a fractured leg down at the lumber docks. Dr. Fournire enjoyed what little he could snatch of the entertainment as much as we did, and certainly he never seemed anything but cordial and friendly to the Grand Old Man and the Professor. He knew that their activities had no bear- ing on his practice, and that when any of the crowd that nightly packed itself in front of the platform felt a real twinge of pain, they would send for old Doctor Four- nire in spite of the fact that in the cup- board over the wash basin were bottles of Tono Tonic and Nonpareil Rubbing Oil.

Lefty LeClair no longer has to blow through a glass of lime water to see if he has galloping consumption. He is con- vinced by half-page announcements in the weekly paper, and if he wavers a little in this conviction he finally succumbs to a bargain day when he can get his cure for ninety cents whereas the regular price is a dollar. Now, when he goes to the drug- store, he is faced by an endless array of elixirs. Instead of the gasoline torches, the reassuring Professor and the tinkle of a banjo, there are nitrogen bulbs, a busy but efficient salesman, a clanging cash register and profit sharing coupons. Of medicines, he may choose any one of a hundred. But there will be no Sambo to make his eyes dance with a lilting song, nor will the druggist pull a rabbit from a hat or show his wrist pierced by a dripping dagger; and where, now, will Amelia Biggs get her golden words of encouragement and sym- pathy?

MORE LICHEE-NUT POEMS

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS

I

On Contentment

First wife dead, second wife gone to China.
No children, no house, only these little rooms,
This stove, couch, bowl and spoon and image of Buddha.
But a little silver laid away, and food enough;
Mind at rest, or filled with good thoughts,
And long talks with Yang Chung every day.

II

The Convert

Friend in China write me letter of great missionary
Who convert many Chinese people,
And say if they believe they can eat poison
And handle serpents, as it is written in Holy Scripture.
Yee Lem accept Jesus, and is baptized,
Then handle cobra to prove he believe.
Cobra bite Yee Lem, and he die.
Missionary say Yee Lem die because he do not believe.
I say he believe or would not handle cobra!

III

Wing Lee and Daisy Fraser

Chinese friend, Wing Lee,
Have very happy time with American girl,
Daisy Fraser;
And give her two pair silk stockings;
Then find out that Daisy Fraser exchange
Two pair silk stockings
For three pair silk and lisle,
And so have two left
After sending one pair to sister,
Missionary in China. . . .
Confucius no teach like this—
Not polite!

IV

Salvation Army Girl

This morning Salvation Army girl come
And say: Pray and get what you want,
Ask and receive.
This afternoon Irishman digging up water main,
Say God damn, and say Ireland pray to God
For more'n hundred year for freedom,
And get it in neck all time.
Chinaman has better way:
No give a damn!

V

Working Man and Picture

All over New York
Strong men at work:
Big men, niggers and whites driving trucks;
Italians digging subways, laying tracks;
Irishmen running long trains,
Putting up sky-scrapers, hammering plates on ocean liners.
Greeks, Lithuanians, all strong arms,
Lifting rocks, working scoops.
All strong men dressed in blue, with red faces,
And dirty hands, hard at work all day
Under gray sky, blue sky, in rain, cold—
This I call wonderful picture for artist!
But Englishman sending cable;
Or Jew counting money;
Or American standing in pulpit;
Or making speech to judge;
Or playing piano;

Or writing poem,
Not much picture!
Nor man wearing spats, dancing with ladies,
Or drinking tea,
Not much picture either!

VI

Music in Memory

Music in memory, sweeter than music
Played on the strings, come to me;
Pulls down my heart and my heart is fainting:
Too much longing, what is it about?
Music in memory, and I see Hsi-Chün
Climbing beside me, up the high rocks;
See Hsi-Chün standing beside me
On the high rocks, looking at the sea.
Gulls skim the water, bell-buoy is ringing,
Great ship is sailing, China far off.
Music in memory, why do I hear it,
And didn't hear it with Hsi-Chün?
Now I know that this is her music,
The same as this music inside my ear;
Now I know that she is this music,
Because as I hear it I see Hsi-Chün.
But my heart grows faint, my breast is hurting
For hearing this music I never heard,
And didn't know, as I climbed the high rocks,
Talking nothings with Hsi-Chün!

NOTES FOR A HISTORY OF THE KLAN

BY WARD GREENE

While the New York *World* undoubtedly contributed most to the growth of the Ku Klux Klan in its second childhood, the rebirth of the Klan was the direct result of Prohibition. Had liquor not been outlawed in Georgia, the white hood would have stayed in the grave of Reconstruction.

Georgia, like most Southern States, went dry long before the nation. A tumble of successive legislative enactments, beginning with local option and yearly getting bluer and bluer and yet leakier and leakier, finally culminated in the picturesque locker-club law, which allowed any citizen to keep any kind or quantity of liquor in his own locker at his own club. The club list of Atlanta in those days read like a work on natural history. There were the Elks, the Owls, the Beavers, the Badgers, the Eagles, the Panthers, the Bears and the Buffaloes, to name but a few. These zoölogical orders were not to be confused with the Lions and other such virtuous children of Rotary. Their houses were, with few exceptions, locker clubs—*i.e.*, boozing dens.

In appearance, the typical Atlanta locker club was the nearest thing to the old-time Cripple Creek dance-hall the Methodist South has ever managed to achieve. It offered any drink you could name, and it had barkeepers, darky waiters, a ballroom, a band, an automatic piano, a professor, and private drinking and spooning parlors. The local butterflies of booze passed in and out, day and night. Everything was there, in short, save actual lockers. I belonged to half a dozen such clubs—for the membership fee was a song, and most of the newspaper boys were deadheads, anyway—but I never saw a locker outside of the Y. M. C. A. But the letter of the law was kept. Naturally, the promotion of locker clubs became an industry almost as alluring to the local Ponzis as floating coffin clubs in Darktown. Here was gold to be garnered by the bushel and to the luscious tune of popping corks and sizzling siphons.

On a hot Summer afternoon not long before the end of the locker club Golden Age, there approached the steps of the Atlanta City Hall a tall, gangling gentleman whose stubby red hair smouldered temporarily beneath his old-school colonel's hat. His name was William J. Simmons and he was known about the newspaper offices as a plugger for the Woodmen of the World, in which he was presumed to hold office. Colonel Simmons—to give him his own title—drifted into the lair of all the Atlanta politicians and municipal camp-followers: City Clerk Walter Taylor's ground-floor office, commanding a view of Henry W. Grady's statue and four windy corners.

"Walter," he said, "I've got something I want you to read."

Taylor, used to counseling both friend and foe, perused the lengthy document handed him.

"Well?" he demanded.

"What do you think of it, Walter? The name, I mean. For a locker club. Will they join?"

"Naw—they all want to be animals!" said Taylor, and thereby proved himself no prophet. For the document was the proposed constitution and by-laws of a new fraternal order—with locker club trimmings, of course—to be known as the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan.

II

Had Simmons not been a dreamer, (and he *was* a dreamer, for all he showed a very practical streak in the later days of night-gown factories and bottled klan water), the Invisible Empire might have died the death in the Atlanta City Hall that day. As it was, the passage of a bone-dry amendment soon afterward, knocking out the locker clubs, all but accomplished what the *World* tried in vain to do years later. But Simmons, rising superior to this blow, continued to cuddle his notion. Perhaps the dwindling number of joiners for the Woodmen of the World had something to do with it. He had to hang his old-school hat somewhere. How much better to hang it on his own peg! Still, the Klan could scarcely be said to have had one foot out of the grave in those early days. It might have tumbled back altogether if Simmons, in the course of his putterings about, had not met one E. Y. Clarke.

Clarke's name has received a nation-wide flaunting in the last few years, including headlines charging him, absurdly, with white slavery. I recall him as the mildest of men. He wasn't a Dragon or a Wizard then; certainly I can picture him as nothing so romantic as a white slaver. He was just a publicist, or press-agent—and not a very good one, either. He had a small office over an oculist's shop, and thence, from time to time, there would come to the city desks of the three Atlanta journals items about the Anti-Saloon League, which was trying hard to raise money—just why, I don't profess to know, for the State, as I have said, was now bone-dry. I believe Clarke nursed, too, the celebrated and bellicose Stone Mountain Memorial Association, still a pauper at that time, with nothing so fruity as a $5,000,000 government coinage to squabble over. Also on his books was the Salvation Army, a notoriously poor client before the war, as any press-agent will tell you.

I cannot believe that Clarke took Colonel Simmons under his wing with any other thought than, "Well, all's grist that comes to the mill." Certainly he could not have dreamed then of fiery crosses burning on Long Island flats and Dakota hills. For the early Ku Klux Klan, you must understand, had less strength in Atlanta than the B'nai B'rith. Its first boost came quite by accident—another link in the chain of lucky chance that has helped it all along. Working in Atlanta in those days was the most resourceful newspaper photographer I have ever known. When assignments were slow, he would go to the zoo and pose the keeper pulling the elephant's teeth. To give verisimilitude to the scene, it was his custom to borrow from a medical friend the forceps used in obstetrics. The zoo received letters from all over the country about those pictures, many from solemnly interested members of the American Dentists' Institute.

This photographer, Matty by name, heard that the old Ku Klux had been revived in Georgia. The news first came from the college town of Athens, near where a band of whitecaps had got into action. But it had nothing whatever to do with the Simmons outfit. Inquiries, however, quickly revealed the existence of a klan in Atlanta also and led Matty to the office over the oculist's shop.

What! Pose for a picture? A picture of a secret order? The thing was impossible! Messrs. Clarke and Simmons had not yet been tutored in the sweets of notoriety. But refusal could not stump Matty, once he had his idea. A secret order, was it? No faces—just cowls and robes and crosses? He had seen "The Birth of a Nation" and he knew his stuff. Off he went, rigged up his uniforms, hired twenty men, lit a couple of crosses, and turned on the graflex.

The pictures sold like wildfire. They were a brand-new sensation in pictorial journalism. The New York *Times* played them up in its rotogravure section. There were no dirty digs from any quarter, either. D. W. Griffith had made the Ku Klux as noble as Lee. Even the captions of the *World* in those days, I daresay, described

Matty's hirelings as sons of the Old South who had revived its finest traditions. None of the editors, of course, knew who were under the robes and cowls. Matty had gone to the cheapest market for labor. Two bits a man was what it cost him. The first pictures of the Klan to be published in America were thus posed by twenty invisible sons of Ham!

But that hour, unless I am gravely mistaken, marked the beginnings of prosperity in the little office over the oculist's shop. If the Atlanta Kluxers wouldn't stand for a picture, they knew enough to seize their advantage, once Matty had opened their eyes with his Decatur street blackamoors. The snowball began to roll—at ten dollars a roll.

III

I wonder if the rest of the country realizes what a joke the Klan seemed to Atlanta before the North began to pick on it. The city as a whole scarcely knew of its existence. Occasionally pedestrians passing the oculist's shop would glance up and see a sign, (the promoters were now rich enough to have a sign), reading "1001 Eyes." No doubt they thought, "These eye-doctors are getting as nifty as the morticians!" Hardly anybody knew that the sign was the Klan's, not the oculist's.

In the Spring of 1920, however, there was a flurry that excited some public interest. A man was stabbed to death in the woods near Lakewood, a suburb. A wizened little fellow named Thomas did the cutting. He ran a hot-dog stand in Decatur street in a block chiefly occupied by catfish frieries, pool-rooms, pawn-shops and other establishments catering to the darker races. Thomas was arrested, but later released, for the story he told, though surprising, seemed honest. It was evident that he had acted in self-defense.

He said that he had been receiving letters for weeks past, telling him to get out of town because "a thousand and one eyes were upon him." This was puzzling to the hot-dog man. He did not understand why a thousand and one eyes should be upo him. So he did nothing. He tore up th letters. Then, one night, five men kid naped him in an automobile, took him t the woods, tied him up and told him the were going to beat him. Thomas was a terrified now as he had been perplexed be fore. In his terror he squirmed loose, seize a knife from one of his assailants, an made a lucky swipe at random. The ma fell, his companions fled, and Thoma scampered for the nearest policeman. H had no idea he had slain a Kluxer.

The story came out in the Atlanta papers and soon an effort was made to pin th deed on the new fraternal order. I myself as a reporter for the *Journal*, quizzed Clarke but he poohpoohed the idea that his sig and Thomas's letters had anything to d with each other. Someone had taken ad vantage of the brotherhood—that was all The slaying was soon forgotten in Atlanta Some sympathy, not much, went to th widow of the dead man. Gobs of glory accompanied by chuckles, went to the hot dog man. Then the city forgot all abou the matter in the thrill of a forthcoming Shriners' convention.

This, I believe, would still be the atti tude of Atlanta today—complete unaware ness of the bed-sheeted mechanics and brakemen in its netherworld—had it no been for two things. For the boomerang assault on Thomas, mind you, was abso lutely the first and last case of Klux vio lence to occur in the heart and hotbed o Klandom. Of one thing—money—more anon. The other, of course, was the New York *World*.

They are sentimental patriots, thes Southerners, even to the point of fanati cism. For example, there was Leo Frank He would never have been lynched had no the northern press, and his fellow Jews moved heaven and earth to save him Georgia, inflamed thereto by Tom Watson got the idea that an outsider was tryin to butt in and run things. A fatal notio for the ex-secessionists to acquire—fatal that is, to Frank. The Marietta mob jou

neyed down to Milledgeville and lynched him in the same high spirit of local pride that fires the New York dramatic critics when they lynch a show because the Chicago critics liked it.

And so we come to the great anti-Klan crusade. Its history is brilliantly written in the *World's* columns, its glorious results attested by the Pulitzer Prize Committee. Unluckily, those results, in Atlanta, were certainly not what the *World* planned. The bull-headed Southerners, running true to form, first woke up to the fact that there was a Klan, then smiled upon it because the *World* spat on it, and then ended by embracing it ecstatically. When the embattled Georgians clung stubbornly to their standard in Madison Square Garden last Summer while a thousand Irish howled "Klux! Klux!" from floor and gallery, the editors of the *World* in the press-box might well have turned to one another and, beaming proudly, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, our handiwork!"

In justice to the spirit of financial enterprise in the new South, however, it should be stated that the *World* alone did not push Atlanta into the arms of the Klan. There was also, to put it bluntly, the money. A new million-dollar industry within your gates is not to be hooted at—whether it be cotton, Coca Cola, Tanlac or the Klan. Atlanta, smelling all that money, jumped aboard.

Out on Peachtree street, lined with the lovely colonial mansions of the gentry, there towers today the loveliest and most colonial of the lot—national Klan headquarters, or, as the town boys call it, even those themselves reputed to be Kluxers, Nightgown Palace. It is said to be guarded by many detectives. The grounds alone must be worth a million. Farther out, on Peachtree road near Buckhead, stands, I am told, a great manufacturing plant devoted solely to the weaving of regalia. And down in the smoky city, in the vaults of more than one Atlanta bank, nestle dollars which no board of directors in its senses would care to lose.

It may not be true, as I have heard, that the president of one bank joined the Klan after the Klan threatened to remove its account because his vice-president was a Catholic. It may be the merest gossip that there are now, in Atlanta, Jewish auxiliaries of the Klan to which all "good Jews" belong. But the fact remains that Atlanta, including its considerable anti-Klan population, seems to take the Klan with great serenity. There are no whippings, no stabbings, no crusades, no grumbling—but the money is still rolling in.

The only note of discord has been in the Klan itself. Colonel Simmons is out. Clarke is out. So are their henchmen. Imperial Wizard Evans reigns supreme. But the colonel has launched a rival order, the Knights of the Flaming Sword, and I hear that Clarke, in Florida, is starting another. All of the henchmen are probably engaged in similar enterprises. It is like padlocking Broadway: one cabaret is closed, and five head-waiters dash off to open as many speak-easies. So Prohibition once again points the colonel his way.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THE Provincetowners' presentation of Congreve's "Love for Love" provides one of the season's most toothsome evenings. For the last eighteen or twenty years I have been philanthropically urging our theatrical managers to spend their money on revivals of the Restoration comedies and now that the poison seems to be working I can only adjust my medals, bow and make a speech to the effect that I am delighted to find that the comedies are every bit as gay in the modern theatre as I hoped they would be. Usually, when I magnanimously instruct our managers to lose money on revivals of certain plays that have struck my fancy in the past, I find subsequently that, when the managers are shrewd enough to take my advice, the plays turn out to be not one-half so amusing as I thought and somewhat obstreperously said they would be. And, what is more to the point, I find that the paying public agrees with me so unanimously that the managers are lucky if they end up owning their undershirts.

That is often the way with revivals. One frequently discovers that a play that aroused one's enthusiasm ten or fifteen or twenty seasons ago considerably abashes one's changed critical sense and taste when it is put on again in later years. The play is the same play, but one is not the same person. Memory plays many a trick on one. It is forever pinning a "Please Kick Me" sign to one's critical rear. But not so with these manuscripts of the Restoration. I suppose that we have all read and re-read them dozens of times in the years ago, and their glamor and grace and great wit never dim for an instant as the moon travels on. To see them acted on the modern stage—by the Phoenix Society in London or down in the Village Theatre—is to appreciate anew their very immense and ever green vitality. This "Love for Love," for example, has in it ten times the vigor and humor, and certainly ten times the charm, of nine-tenths of modern comedy even on its highest levels. Less valuable by far than "The Way of the World," it yet flashes forth as brilliantly as a locomotive headlight rounding a sudden corner. And one notices further that those critics who object most strongly to its sexual indelicacies are the same critics who find such yoshiwara smut as "Ladies of the Evening" desirable and respectable drama. I can never understand the critic who takes moral objection to sex treated humorously. It is comprehensible that a certain type of mind, so to speak, may find disrelish in certain serious treatments of sex, but my powers of understanding are insufficient to grope with the type of mind that can find offense in any intelligent laughter at sex. It is the outstanding mark of the Anglo-Saxon's philosophical provincialism that he places sex on the farcical index expurgatorius along with his God, his wife, and his pet dog.

A second revival that I have been howling for is one of Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra." The Theatre Guild lately laid out the necessary funds and the result is a play that seems to me to be every bit as magnificently entertaining as it was when Forbes-Robertson first showed it to us. And this, for all the circumstance that the Guild's presentation is obviously defective at many points. But the play itself is so overly rich in the luxuries of humor and understanding that it hardly matters whether it be well produced or not. For all I care, it might be put on in a cow-stable and acted by high school boys and girls. A diamond remains a diamond under all circumstances.

However, as the current production has been made not in a cow-stable but in the Guild's handsome new theatre, there may be a measure of critical profit in appraising it. Although vastly more expensive and colorful than the Forbes-Robertson production, the Guild's does not strike me as being nearly so apt. Pictorially, it surpasses the original production as the "Miracle of the Slave" surpasses a picture postcard of a Statler Hotel rathskeller. The costuming, the grouping and the lighting are, for the most part, excellent. So are some of the performances. But the manuscript that is filtered through this often beguiling theatrical hocus-pocus somehow loses a measure of the splendid quiver that it found in the earlier and considerably simpler presentation. The general effect is less of Shaw than of Thompson and Dundy. There is a little too much new art, as it is called. Treason or not treason, it remains that the ancient front-parlor species of production which Forbes-Robertson visited upon the manuscript actually gave the play more life than this new-fangled latest production contrives to give it. The wittiest line ever written, the most searching bit of human philosophy, the tenderest of dramatic scenes—each loses something if too much parsley garnishes it. And the Guild production is full of parsley. Such wit as much of "Caesar and Cleopatra" is made of calls infinitely less for a wealth of Fortuny lighting, Schiebebühne, Kuppelhorizonte and Adolph Appian ways than for a simple A. M. Palmer stage peopled by a few actors who have been taught the rudiments of emphasis and inflexion and who are not in the least concerned, through their director, whether overhead or underfoot lighting makes their ears and noses stand out unduly or not, or whether their scenic surroundings are after designs by Cesar Klein, Emil Pirchan or Gimbel Brothers. It seems to me that the usually talented and intelligent Guild producer has shown himself off at Shaw's expense. His production is "Moeller and Cleopatra" rather than "Caesar and Cleopatra."

The acting is, on the part of Helen Westley as Ftatateeta, Schuyler Ladd as Apollodorus and Henry Travers as Brittanus, satisfactory. But something is left to be desired in the instances of the two central rôles. Lionel Atwill's Caesar is valid in those phases of the rôle that call merely for ham genius, but it misses much in the overcast of ruminative and derisory world-weariness so beautifully suggested by the original interpreter. Atwill is the actor playing Caesar rather than, as Forbes-Robertson was and as Shaw has written the rôle, Caesar playing the actor. Helen Hayes, surely one of the most adroit young actresses of the American theatre, reads the lines of Cleopatra intelligently and sometimes persuasively, but remains biologically unconvincing. Cleopatra, for all we know, may at sixteen actually have been like Miss Hayes in outward aspect, but she surely was somewhat different from Miss Hayes in inner aspect. Miss Hayes is a nice little girl who suggests sex, whether potentially or otherwise, no more than a rabbit suggests the Archbishop of Canterbury. She no more could have woggled Caesar or could long realistically for the well-rounded arms of Mark Antony than she could have resisted innocently holding hands with the undergraduate Ptolemy. Miss Hayes' Cleopatra dances every afternoon in the Ambassador grill-room and makes devilish dates with college boys to sneak to a matinée of "The Harem," but she never has in her for a moment that potential esoteric quality that might have caused a Roman general anatomically to stutter. This Cleopatra, in short, may have been, as Shaw specifies, a cutie—but there are cuties and cuties.

II

When Beyerlein's "Zapfenstreich," or "Taps," was first spread before the public gaze twenty-odd years ago, it attracted a degree of admiring critical attention both in America and Europe which was out of all proportion to its intrinsic merits. The

reason for the cordiality of its reception was a simple one. It was, unless my memory has been utterly destroyed by synthetic schnapps, the first play of military life written in a carload of years that boasted even the germ of a thematic idea. This idea, if it may be called that, was the amazingly novel one that caste in the German army, with its dogged subservience to rank, was responsible for various tragedies of more or less bulk. But even an idea of this sort seemed a veritable thunderbolt in a play treating of soldiery, and so great was the shock that Beyerlein's exhibit was hailed as something of a revolutionary masterpiece. A masterpiece it was not, by many jugsful, but on the score of its revolutionary quality there was something to be claimed when one considers the species of military plays that crowded the stages just before, during, and just after its time. These plays, as one recalls them, were a fritzy lot, with no more ideas in them than so many congressmen. There was the play of "The Heart of Maryland" school, the idea of which consisted in the saving of the Confederacy by a trapeze act, and the play of "The Conquerors" school, the idea of which consisted in the hypothesis that a lady who has fainted does not know, after recovering consciousness, whether she has been raped or not. There was the play of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" catalogue in which the white actors, besieged in a stockade by Indians and doomed to be scalped and quartered within the next two minutes, while away the time by writing letters home to their sweet ones (said letters presumably to be mailed by the obliging Indians after the slaughter), and the play of "The Flag Lieutenant" sort obviously produced only because some London matinée idol fancied the way he looked in a gaudy naval uniform and because some unimaginative playwright thought it would be a fine idea to have a brass band play "God Save the King" offstage as the final curtain fell. Then, too, there were the open and shut military melodramas to the tune of a hundred or more. These showed us Sepoy villains being struck down by cobras just as they were about to knife British majors, English heroines diving off men-o'-war in order to get dispatches to Downing street in time to baffle malevolent and vaguely identified forces, scenes in which fifteen supers in uniform circled around a backdrop painted to resemble Trafalgar Square thirty or forty times by way of convincing the yokels that they had paid in their half-dollar to see a "mastodonic production," and episodes in which an Irish-American sailor of the United States battleship *San Jacinto* pulled the whiskers of the visiting British admiral and airily recalled to him certain *contretemps* of 1775 and 1812, with the parting shot, expressed both verbally and with chewing tobacco, that what we done once we can do again.

Thus, it was less sound praise that was meted out to Beyerlein's play than it was sound dispraise meted out to the bass-drum scherzos that had directly preceded it. His "Taps" is intrinsically little more than a dramatized Captain Charles King novel with a three-minute speech against military caste inserted into the text a few minutes before closing time. Some of its melodrama is effective theatre; some of its scenes are contrived with skill and simplicity; and now and again there is a flash of character perception that hits the mark. But the play as a whole is hardly the play that criticism has hailed it to be. Which is a way that some of these plays have with them.

The star of the revival is Lionel Barrymore, who plays Sergeant Volkhardt exactly as he played Macbeth. Whatever the rôle, this member of the Barrymore family always plays it in much the same way. The Scottish heath and a squadron room in Alsace are all one so far as he is concerned.

III

In Lulu Vollmer, Hatcher Hughes and Dan Totheroh we engage the spectacle of three skilful short distance swimmers heroically

trying to make the distance to Scotland Light and becoming winded before they get out of Ambrose Channel. Their latest plays are, respectively, "The Dunce Boy," "Ruint" and "Wild Birds." Each far overreaches its author's capabilities. And each offers evidence once again of the sad havoc that too much ambition plays with modest, if interesting, talents. Ambition is one of the most dangerous things in the world. It is safe only for persons of the highest potential mark. Suffered by the average man, it results inevitably in embezzlement, bogus Ibsen plays or some other such tragic undoing. The good work in the world is done either by natural-born geniuses, who have small need of ambition, or by lesser talents that are content to be themselves and are wise enough to keep their ambitions within self-discerned bounds. Vaulting ambition had no more share in the birth of "The Wife Without a Smile" than it had in the birth of "Hamlet." But it has been unchecked ambition, on the other hand, that has produced such disasters as the blank verse dramas of Percy Mackaye and the problem plays of Baron Rothschild. The trouble lies with the Guy Empeys who aspire to be Napoleons.

The trio of playwrights whom I have named, the first two in particular, show an unmistakable aptitude for good dramatic writing, not only in their latest efforts but in their antecedent plays. Yet this obvious desire to show themselves off as more important dramatists than they are has contrived to wreck their manuscripts completely. "The Dunce Boy" and "Wild Birds" are thus merely jitney Scandinavian plays where a rigorous self-editing of pseudo-artistic gluttony might have made them twice as good. "Ruint" is more modest in its intention, but—for all its author's amusing and charmingly written note of apology in the playbill—not modest enough. What Hughes has undoubtedly tried to do, unless my generally reliable bloodhound is suffering from a cold in the head, is to view the North Carolina mountaineers through some such eyes as Synge, Robinson, Lady Gregory and George Birmingham have viewed the Irish (there are signs of a close devotion to "The Playboy of the Western World," "The White-Headed Boy," "Spreading the News" and even "General John Regan" in his work), but his effort, which might have been happier had he used only his own eyes, does not come off. His play goes to pieces not on the rocks of his own lack of skill so much as on the rocks of the skill of others.

Miss Vollmer's *concerto grosso* is an attempt at a dramatic study of a half-wit, including considerable chit-chat anent blossoms that wither and die when touched by worldly hands, much low-throated symbolic premonition anent ominous thunderstorms, and a vacuum cleaner in the wings that makes a symbolic noise like a sawmill. Upon this vacuum cleaner, alias buzz saw, the idiot boy hurls himself in Miss Vollmer's grand finale. The performance of the half-wit by an actor named Gareth Hughes is strongly to be recommended to all connoisseurs who do not think that Mr. W. C. Fields is sweet enough. Mr. Hughes will be recalled as having stated in a recent interview in the *Herald-Tribune* that he puts on a red sweater in the morning because he feels so passionate when he gets up and who continued, "I am Dorian Gray! I am eternal youth! I am Narcissus! And Mr. Belasco once said I was a combination of green fields and choir boys." His performance saves the life of Tinker Bell.

"Ruint" falls below its author's "Hell Bent Fer Heaven," which got, if it did not win, the Pulitzer prize last year. It shows the drastic results of a harmless kiss in the Carolina mountains as "Preserving Mr. Panmure" showed them in an English drawing-room. The playwright, as I have observed, in the expansion of a triviality into a dramatic catastrophe attempts the plan and, in part, the manner, of the modern Dublin school, but finds the job beyond him. After getting off to a fair start, his structure crumbles beneath him.

I assume, without acquaintance with the folk and speech of the Blue Ridge and Great Smoky mountains, that he has been more or less faithful in the matter of their transcription, but he has plainly gone too far afield in search of drama into which to incorporate them.

"Wild Birds" is Daphnis and Chloe by a California Ibsen, with a barn burning symbolically in place of an orphanage, and with a final curtain descending on a stage strewn with corpses. The author is not without a measure of imagination, but that imagination calls for a very great deal of careful fencing-in if it is to produce anything like sound drama. Totheroh, in the present instance, has tried to jump over the moon with a pogo stick. His play, or what he meant to be his play, is still far from his reach. The manuscript won the prize in a California play contest held a couple of years ago. But such prizes mean next to nothing. As one of the judges of the contest—having been hornswoggled into the thing in a weak moment—I voted for the play simply because no man not a Populist could conceivably have found any reason for voting for any of the others. Yet the word "prize" always deludes a number of impressionables into regarding its recipient as something of importance. The only thing that has won a prize within my recollection that has actually deserved a prize is Crosse and Blackwell's chow-chow.

IV

The Hungarian manuscript market being pretty well exhausted in the matter of quality, at least for the time being, the American theatrical impresario is currently deluding himself into buying Magyar goldbricks under the impression that they are masterpieces. Up to relatively recent years, our producers, as I pointed out not long ago, knew Budapest only as a place from which the Café Boulevard and Little Hungary restaurant recruited red-coated fiddlers. All that some of us could do to persuade them that there were other things in the city on the Danube than rackety gipsy orchestras, beribboned tambourine pounders and willing blonde chambermaids went for nothing. We were put down as so many Aubrey Pipers who were dredging up a lot of queer-sounding names that no one had ever heard of before simply by way of showing off the cosmopolitan result of having spent a week or two of a summer vacation in Central Europe. And then—some time later—a couple of the local producers simultaneously got hold of the manuscript of one of the poorest of the modern Hungarian plays and ran a race to see who could first get it on. This play, which consisted in essence merely of a commonplace London drawing-room comedy with the Charles Hawtrey of the occasion dressed up in a swallowtail with a red satin lining and with his eyebrows penciled upward at an angle of forty-five degrees, stampeded the rest of the managers. The astounding novelty of it sent them packing to the cable offices and shortly thereafter the ships bound westward were laden with countless Hungarian manuscripts which might have been bought a few years earlier for United Cigar Store coupons but which now called for prices so fancy that it was not long before Kuhn, Loeb and Company had to angel one of the largest producing firms to enable it to buy even the prologue of a three-act play.

Among these manuscripts that were brought over were, as some of us had been reporting for a number of years, a half dozen or so of very considerable beauty and merit—and also, as we had reported, many more that were of the second, third and fourth rank. But the boom was on and up and down Broadway and in the catalogues of the publishers such names as Imre, Ferenz, László and Melchior crowded out the erstwhile Augustuses, Owens, Juleses and Samuels. The good plays and the poor ones were swallowed as one, not only by the producers, but by the public, and not only by the public, but by the critics. Molnár became the patron saint of the Rialto, and Dregely, Vajdá, Pasztór,

Lengyel, Cápek, Biró and their Budapest brothers began to buy silk pajamas and Fords. The Sunday newspapers, that had for twenty years been devoting their theatrical pages to stories telling how Maude Adams had been carried on the stage by her mother at the age of two sucking a milk bottle, how Sidney Rosenfeld had got the idea for his masterwork while listening to a German brass band playing Chopin's Étude in Thirds, and how the scholarly Richard Mansfield invariably recited "Cancionero" in its entirety while he shaved before the mirror in his private car, now went in front and bustle for articles indiscriminately hailing the genius of any playwright whose name had accents on letters not accented in the French and whose plays consisted of a Schnitzlerian sentimental philosophy removed from the customary scene in a middle-class living-room or an artist's studio and placed in a scene representing either a railroad culvert or an antechamber to the celestial regions. And the professional critics, who hitherto had fought tooth and nail to keep the American stage free from foreign contamination and alien sex evils and safe, thank God!, for uplifting *Festspiele* in which the Supreme Court of the United States was occultly influenced by the mental disturbances of a hind in the hinterland and in which the divorce question was settled by a child's critical illness—these professional critics now tripped over themselves in lifting up their hallelujas to any dramatist whose name would give S. Stanwood Menken a patriotic colic and whose plays allowed that adultery might on occasion be something other than what Alfred McCann wrote about.

This Hungarian beanfeast has been one of the chief sources of amusement to gourmets of the rich and juicy in affairs theatrical. Some fine and dignified plays have come out of it, as they know; and so have many more that have been no whit better than the average American play of commerce. But the cocoanut grease has been smeared upon them all, whether good or bad. That is, until very recently. As is ever the case, when worms turn, they somersault. There is no well-considered gyration in such cases; what ensues is a wild flip-flop. And so we now engage a vast nose-fingering, as indiscriminate as the antecedent eulogies. Some of this nose-fingering is deserved; some is not. The latest recipient of the *nez retroussé* is Lászlo Lakatós' "The Sapphire Ring." It amounts to utterly nothing, but it is, at that, no worse than certain other Hungarian importations that have been received with greater critical favor. Lakatós is, or at least aims to be, a mere box-office prestidigitator. And he is not the only one in Budapest. The Danube has it share of Molnárs, but it has also its full share of Martin Browns and Cosmo Hamiltons.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Spreading the Kingdom

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS AND ORIENTAL CIVILIZATIONS, by Maurice L. Price. Shanghai, China: *Privately Printed.*

This book bears a formidable but useful sub-title: "The Reactions of Non-Christian Peoples to Protestant Missions from the Standpoint of Individual and Group Behavior: Outline, Materials, Problems, and Tentative Interpretations." It is the first serious work upon the subject ever to be published, and though the author, toward the end, has recourse to an elaborate psychological apparatus and so gets himself enmeshed in words that are largely merely words, he nevertheless manages to make his main ideas very clear. His conclusions, I fear, will give small comfort to those worthy Christians who are liberal when the returned missionary passes the hat. He finds that, on the whole, very few heathen "converts" are brought to the mourners' bench by the workings of the Holy Spirit. Some of them, in the end, probably become Christians of a sort, as rural Methodists may be called Christians of a sort. But what fetches them at the start is not the high plausibility of Christian theology, nor even the sweet appeal of Christian ethics, but the quite secular conviction that if they submit to baptism they will get more to eat, and have a better doctor to look after them when they are down with cholera, and be privileged to send their children to schools wherein the devilish cunning of the white man, particularly in materialistic enterprise, is taught. In brief, they become Christians because, in one way or another, it pays. Shut up the missionary hospitals, abandon the free schools and close the bread lines, and nine-tenths of the "converts" would go back to Baal. It costs hard cash to nab them, and it costs even more cash to hold them.

One of the consequences of all this is the fact that Christian missionaries, in nearly all countries, find it most profitable to concentrate their sorceries upon the poorest and most abject sections of the population. In India, for example, it is not the high-caste Hindus who succumb, but the lowest outcasts. In Moslem countries it is not the Moslems, but the riff-raff of Greeks and Armenians, already, indeed, Christians in a sense. Getting converted, in other words, is almost everywhere a mark of inferiority, social or personal. The heathen who belongs to a solid group, of dignified position in the social structure, is extremely unlikely to be dazzled by Christian evidences. He has nothing to gain by yielding up his soul, and the logical appeal of the new gospel is not very likely to fluster him. He has heard better stuff, indeed, from his own priests. Dr. Price gives a number of examples of this conflict between Christian doctrine and non-Christian common sense. The dogma of the Virgin Birth offers great difficulties to educated Hindus and Chinese, as it does to educated Kansans and Nebraskans. So, too, does the notion of eternal life, especially to the Japanese. They have been led to believe, by the influence of Buddhism, that the intelligent individual should desire, not an infinity of pointless existence, but painless annihilation. They can't understand why anyone should want to live forever, even among the angels. When the Christian future life is explained to them in detail, and the daily labors and recreations of the blessed are described, they flee from the prospect in alarm. Even the lowest savages in Africa are not without logical objections to the glad tidings

brought to them by the missionaries. They are quick to see discrepancies and absurdities in the Bible, and sometimes greatly embarrass a sweating soul-snatcher by challenging him to explain them away.

On the ethical side Christianity often encounters equal difficulties, though here the majority of the damned seem to agree readily that it has some merit. What daunts them is the obvious conflict between its precepts and the practices of its shining ornaments. Dr. Price records the answer made by a refined Chinese lady of Shao-hsing to a female missionary who besought her to give up her idolatrous ways and become a good Episcopalian. "You burned our palace!" she exclaimed. "You killed our Emperor! You poison our people! And now you come to teach us *virtue!*" It is not easy, I take it, to answer such objections. In China, where the missionary has been the advance agent of the trader and exploiter for generations, they are heard everywhere. The Chinaman does not deny that Christianity presents an ethical scheme of great attractiveness; he is not infrequently disposed to admit that it is better than his own. What he argues is simply that Christians do not seem to be able to live up to it—that it doesn't work as well as the Chinese scheme. It is not easy to meet that argument.

Here, however, I depart from Dr. Prices' text. In his book he very carefully avoids any attempt to adjudicate between the missionary and the heathen; after reading it from end to end I am still unaware whether he is in favor of missions or against them. His job is simply to set forth at length the scientific problems which confront the missionary, and to discuss scientifically the measures taken to solve them. As I have said, it seems to me that he is rather too prone to resort to psychological jargon—that his discussion would be more valuable if there were less gabble in it about norms, coördinations, divided selves, apperceptivities, innovating forces, bio-psychological categories, and other such phantasms. They give his book, at times, a pedantic, even an absurd air; he seems to be translating plain English into a dead language. Nevertheless, the enlightened reader will be able to read him, albeit with some effort, and to profit by him. He has plowed a wide and deep furrow through a field hitherto left untilled. Why doesn't some psychologist do a companion volume on political propaganda here at home? The problems it presents are often curiously like those presented by the labors of the missionary in pagan lands. The politician, of course, faces, in the main, an inferior audience. The boobs he seeks to bump are seldom, if ever, logicians. He need not fear their reasoning powers. But in his assault upon their self-interest through their emotions he does almost precisely what the missionary tries to do.

I have called for such a book before, and now formally renew the summons to MM. of the psychological faculty. They waste their time, it seems to me, on childish laboratory inquiries. Lately I was reading the elaborate report of a professor who exhibited "a set of French photographs of a pornographic nature" to twenty or thirty subjects, including two young women and a boy, and then solemnly photographed and measured their grimaces. That done, he read to them "several of the most pornographic case histories from Ellis' 'Psychology of Sex'." Then he shoved their hands into buckets containing live frogs. Then he ordered them to cut off the heads of rats with butcher knives. To what end are such puerile obscenities? Who was in any doubt that the gals would jump when their hands touched the frogs, that they would shrink from butchering the rats, that the French photographs would make them giggle and blush? Yet American psychological literature is made up very largely of just such tosh and bosh. I suggest that the learned professors put away their frogs, their rats and their dirty pictures, and address themselves to the central problem of democracy, to wit, how to fool the great masses of Christian morons.

Four Critics of Letters

MAMMONART, by Upton Sinclair. Pasadena, Calif. *Published by the Author.*
THE NEWER SPIRIT, by V. F. Calverton. New York: *Boni & Liveright.*
STUDIES FROM TEN LITERATURES, by Ernest Boyd. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*
ART PRINCIPLES IN LITERATURE, by Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. New York: *The Macmillan Company.*

Of these books, the only one of solid value is Mr. Boyd's, for he alone approaches the problems of the critic without predispositions—that is, without predispositions drawn from foreign and hostile realms. Father Donnelly's point of view is the naïve one of the pious Catholic. The highest variety of artistic expression that he can imagine is that which best accords with the doctrines and welfare of Holy Church. All great art, he says, has a religious purpose. Even the cave drawings of the Crô-Magnons were so intended; "they would seem" to have been "the earliest appearance of stained glass windows." This is news, indeed, if true. In modern times the artist must always remember his duty to Christian morality and the True Faith. If his ideas happen to be of such a character that their expression would give uneasiness to the ordinary of the diocese, he must, in decency, either throttle them or reserve them until he can "find a South Sea island where there is neither man nor God." I hope I do not do violence to Father Donnelly's notions; it is sometimes difficult to make out just what they are; now and then he mellows them with nostalgical dithyrambs in praise of the ancient Greeks. But, in the main, what he is driving at is plain enough: he is eager to make the artist, and especially the literary artist, a docile servant of Divine Truth and the Higher Good. That eagerness is not new; it shows itself every time a holy clerk of the Latin rite ventures into æsthetic jurisprudence. The fact, no doubt, explains the scarcity of Catholic artists among us.

Sinclair and Calverton are both Socialists, and their æsthetic is chiefly compounded of the doctrine that only those artists who love the proletariat—*i.e.*, the eternal enemies of beauty—are worthy of the name. Calverton is full of the astonishing discoveries that Socialists are always making—of facts known to all the rest of us since childhood. He devotes a long chapter to the news that artists take color from their environment—that a poet living under, say, feudalism is very apt to think and write differently from a poet living under democracy. This revolutionary contribution to human knowledge he formally dedicates to posterity. He "caught hints" of it, he admits, in Kuno Francke's "History of German Literature" and in "some of the literary research of William H. Hudson and Ernest Crosby," but he alone is responsible for "coördinating the facts"—and "the coördination is what is significant." It is a sad circumstance that Dr. Calverton will get no reward for this enrichment of critical science. If he were sound on the open shop, the Dawes Plan and the Coolidge idealism, he might expect confidentially to be called to a chair at Harvard, with a salary of $10,000 a year. As it is, he will get nothing save a few superior sniffs. Meanwhile, perhaps I may suggest that he might derive some profit from a reading of the works of the late Matthew Arnold.

Sinclair's "Mammonart" is impeded and made dull by an elaborate allegorical machinery, but the heroic reader, soon or late, will come to the essence of his idea, which is this: that the Interests are forever trying to make slaves of artists, and that usually they succeed. The case of Shakespeare is in point. Is he to be ranked, by enlightened men, with Tolstoi? Nay, his place is beside that of Ivy Lee, press-agent of John D. Rockefeller. His name is "a magic word used by every snob and every time-server in place of straight thinking and the reality of life." He was against Social Justice. He was a champion of the Classes against the Masses. He favored Militarism, Plutocracy, *Junkertum.* Is it high time, then, "for Jack Cade to make it a felony

to read Shakespeare?" No, not yet. Let us "follow the example of the Catholic Church, whose priests are allowed to read prohibited books for purposes of controversy." But let us not forget that the Bard was "a poet and propagandist of the enemy"—that, for all his voluptuous burbling, he was a wicked fellow.

Now and then Sinclair's susceptibility to such burbling gets the better of his Socialistic chastity. He is greatly attracted, for example, by certain of the works of Nietzsche, especially "Also sprach Zarathustra," and attempts the herculean task of reconciling old Friedrich's notions with those of Karl Marx. I say that he attempts it; more accurately, he simply announces that it is completed. He goes even further: he reconciles Zarathustra and Jesus! Thank God that such feats are performed behind the arras! In the glare of day they would draw such crowds that thousands would be trampled and killed. Some of the steps, however, are revealed. Sinclair is inclined toward Nietzsche *inter alia*, it appears, because he "loathed the Prussian Junkers, and the whole Prussian state machine." But did he loathe the Junkers because they were too junkerish or because they were not junkerish enough? Let Sinclair go back to "Also sprach Zarathustra" and read it more carefully, and then let him give prayerful study to "The Antichrist," in the translation made by my own inspired hand, and not selling as well, alas, as it ought to. The fact is that reconciling Nietzsche and Marx, or Nietzsche and Jesus, is as impossible as it would be to reconcile William Jennings Bryan and Aristotle. And the fact is, no less, that Sinclair's weakness for "Also sprach Zarathustra" constitutes a devastating criticism of his whole position. He is trying to sort out artists according to their economic theories. But in the presence of a genuinely great one he is knocked completely off his pins.

Boyd, in his "Studies from Ten Literatures," is at the opposite pole. He brings no Socialistic moonshine to his party, and no Bible. His one aim is to enjoy himself in the manner of a civilized man. How he regards the office of the artist is revealed by a note on Flaubert. "The genius of Flaubert," he says, "enabled him to see the dream and the reality which together make up the sum of human existence, and to express both with sensitive beauty." There you have the whole thing in one sentence. The artist is by no means a mere recorder, and he is certainly not a teacher, nor even a prophet. His function is to set forth as beautifully as may be the *whole* of human experience on this earth—the overt facts and the accompanying overtones. What gives him dignity is not his goodness, as Father Donnelly and Sinclair, in their different ways, seem to think, but his imagination—his capacity for conjuring up beauty. He transmutes all experience into æsthetic experience. Was Beethoven a democrat or an aristocrat, a Christian or a pagan? Who cares a damn? His political views were actually so nebulous that he began the Eroica as a hymn to Napoleon and ended it as a sort of elegy. But the Napoleonic miracle is nevertheless in it. It is a colossal evocation, in terms of beauty, of the eternal striving of man against fate. Napoleon, in real life, was a sordid little Italian with flashes of immense genius. Beethoven makes a god of him. Beethoven himself was a god, and high up in the scale. He created a world that was enormously more lovely than the world confected by Jahveh. Sinclair would now judge him by asking him what he thinks of the use of injunctions in labor disputes; Father Donnelly by cross-examining him on the subject of birth control.

As I say, Boyd steers clear of all such rocks. His taste is extraordinarily catholic and eclectic; he has fewer theories to cry up than any other critic now in practice among us. Maybe it is because his acquaintance with the materials of his craft is greater than that of any other. Ranged beside him, the most learned of the campus critics appears to be almost illiterate. He is not only a sound Latinist and Grecian; he also has an immense familiarity with

the literature that is in being, and in almost all of the modern languages. When he writes of Frenchmen it is almost in the manner of a Frenchman; when he tackles the Germans he sees all around them. In this book he ranges from Proust and André Gide to Kasimir Edschmid and Walter Hasenclever, from Wladyslaw Reymont and J. Anker Larsen to Carl Spitteler and Giovanni Papini. Here is no whooping up of dogma, whether orthodox or heretical, but only wide knowledge, profound tolerance, and an unflagging interest in the problems of the artist, and his devices for solving them.

An American Saga

PAUL BUNYAN, by James Stevens. Woodcuts by Allen Lewis. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

THIS book will not be unfamiliar to readers of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. One of its most amusing chapters, "The Black Duck Dinner," was printed in these pages in June, 1924. Altogether, there are twelve such tales in the collection, and to them Mr. Stevens has added a learned note upon the history of the Paul Bunyan legend. The result is a contribution to American folk-lore of the first importance—perhaps the most important made since Joel Chandler Harris printed his first volume of Uncle Remus sketches, in 1880. Mr. Stevens brought almost every imaginable qualification to the accomplishment of his task. He is a skillful writer of English, with a simple, ingratiating style. He is full of a rich, wholly masculine humor, and hence thoroughly in rapport with the extravagant, Rabelaisian humor of Bunyan himself. Best of all, he is an old lumberman, and spent a good part of his early youth among men to whom Bunyan was as real as George Washington. Thus his rendering of the tales is a first-hand transcription. He had to tone them down, true enough, for as heard in the camps they were overladen with pornographic and even skatological embellishments. Single men in barracks, as every one knows, don't grow into plaster saints. Their concepts go far beyond the pale, autoerotic day-dreams of a Y. M. C. A. secretary. Their vocabulary is full of the harsh monosyllables, mainly of four letters, which give so pungent a flavor to popular English. All this stuff Mr. Stevens had to get rid of, or, at all events, to transmute into something measurably softer. It seems to me that he has done the job with infinite cunning and vast success. The Paul Bunyan that he presents, though policed a bit, is still the authentic Polyphemus of the woods: horrible, hairy, human. The great heart of a true folk hero is in him. He represents, not only the Gothic humors of the lumbermen, but also their secret aspirations, their somewhat diffident and blushful idealism. Paul is the man that every one of them longed to be—immensely strong, unflinchingly honorable, romantically generous. He projects into an epic the dream that went into the winning of the West.

Needless to say, the folk-lorists of the Republic have long neglected him; in Mr. Stevens' introduction there is the first plausible account of his origin that I know of. The trouble with the folk-lorists is that most of them are schoolmarms, male or female, and that their interest is concentrated upon more seemly heroes and more gentle legends. Most of their learned tomes, in consequence, are devoted to the lore, not of the lumber camp and the trail, but of the nursery. They have traced "King William Was King James's Son" back to its primordial protoplasm, but they have given little attention to the geste of Bunyan, and none at all to such noble American sagas as that of Larry and the panorama. Who, having heard any part of the latter, will ever forget it? "This strange beast, ladies and gentlemen, is the laughing hyeneus. . . . What he's got to laugh at I'll be damned if I know." And the ibex, pursuing the female of his species through the primeval forest! And the cassowary! And the astounding bird that laid the bricks for Cheops' pyramid! The epic of Larry has been reduced to paper by more

than one exhilarated scribe, but I don't believe that it has ever been printed, even privately. A chance for the Yale University Press or the Carnegie Institution! Who wrote it? That is, who began to write it? No one seems to know. I have been told that Mark Twain made contributions to it: it is surely not improbable. But it was old when Mark was a boy. I suspect that scores of ingenious men have had their hands in it—that it is, more than any ballad ever heard of, a genuinely popular collaboration.

It is a pity that our national prudery prevents its publication, even for the use of the learned and damned. It is, in parts, unquestionably loose and ribald, but there is certainly nothing disgusting in it—nothing half so disgusting, indeed, as the furtive, half-pathological indecencies that burden all the news stands and pack the Broadway show-shops. Its humors are the humors of the unfettered male, taking his ease with his kind; any man who is not moved to laughter by them is *ipso facto* a Freudian case. So with the bawdy ballads that every college freshman learns. There are hundreds of them in circulation, perhaps even thousands, and some of them show an ironical jocosity of the very first order. The American Army, during the late crusade for God and democracy, adapted and embellished many old ones, and invented a few new ones. Certainly no conscript came home without a copious repertory. Even the Christian young men who sold cigarettes in the Y. M. C. A. side-shows must have learned the words and music of "The French They Are a Peculiar Race." Of the peace-time ballads, the majority, despite a few shrill passages, are quite harmless. I am almost tempted, indeed, to risk a month in the hoosegow by printing the celebrated "Lydia Pinkham," with its mournful beginning,

> Mrs. Brown had female weakness.

And its joyous refrain:

> Sing, oh sing, oh sing, oh sing
> Of Lydia Pinkham, Pinkham, Pinkham,
> And her love for the human race! . . .

This song is perfectly and magnificently American. It bursts with American hormones. It is worth ten thousand vaudeville songs, and will outlast a million of them. For one, I'd like to see it redacted by competent hands, and printed in a book with a hundred or two of its fellows.

But perhaps I begin to give, unintentionally, a wrong impression of Mr. Stevens' "Paul Bunyan." There is, in fact, little relation between it and these Rabelaisian ballads. Old Paul was not a lover, nor one who mused upon the hellish traffic of sex; he was primarily a strong man, and no doubt showed all the indifference to Aphrodite characteristic of that order of mammal. His epic does not deal with pining Helens and shameless Sirens, but with stupendous labors in the heat of the day. He felled forests, leveled mountains, dammed up great rivers. He had his staff of lesser miracle-workers—Johnny Inkslinger, the prince imperial of bookkeepers; the Big Swede, best and stupidest of prime ministers; Hot Biscuit Slim, the incomparable cook, and so on. Their work cleared a continent. Here, for the first time, they are hymned as they deserve.

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For obvious reasons the author of "The Uplift Hits the Army" must conceal his name. He is a graduate of West Point and in command of a combatant unit.

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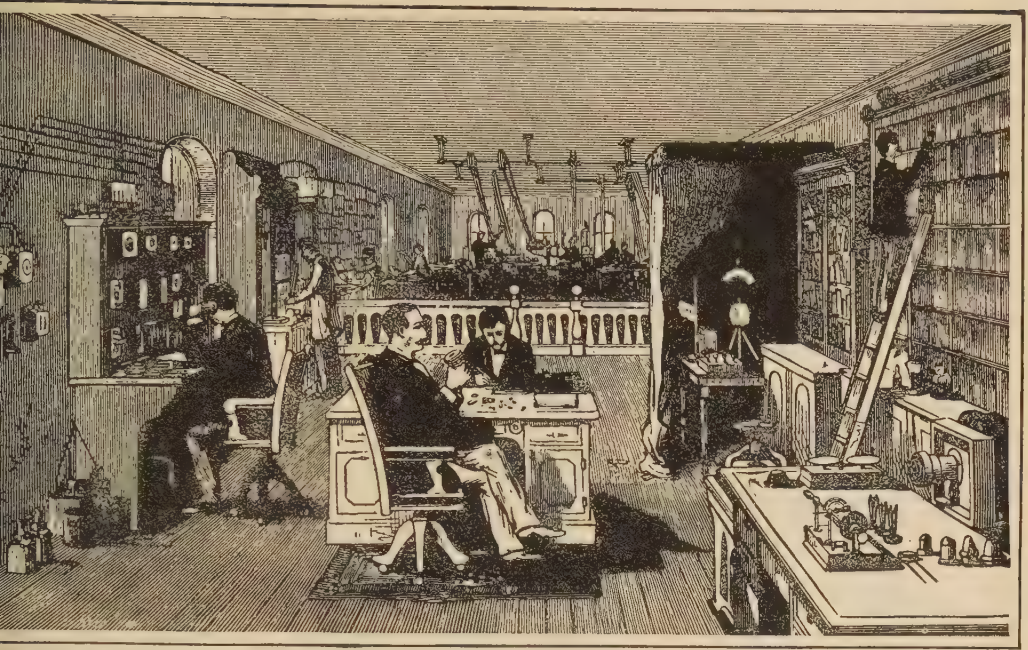
Editorial NOTES

Among the short stories scheduled for pu lication in THE AMERICAN MERCURY duri the Summer are the following:

"The Forest Fire" and "Allie," by Winifred Sanford, author of "Wreck" in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for January last.
"Untamed," by Chester Crowell, author of "Mary Fisher's Philosophy" in the May number.
"Unshapely Things," by Francis Hackett, formerly of the *New Republic*.
"When We Get in with Nice People," by Thyra Samter Winslow, author of "Picture Frames."
"A Mendelian Dominant," by Sara Haardt.
"Lemon Pie," by Gregory Mason.
"The Liberator," by L. M. Hussey.
"The Metaphysician," by John McClure.

Requests frequently come in for the fi two issues of THE AMERICAN MERCURY January and February, 1924. Both are o of print and neither will be reprinte There were no plates; they were print from type. Several subsequent numbers a threaten to go out of print very short Annual subscribers who began with t first number have all of these numbe No. 1 has brought, of late, as much as $ in the second-hand book-shops, and No is fetching a price almost as great. The is, perhaps, a moral in these facts for the readers who still rely upon the news-stan to supply them with the magazine. It much safer—and more profitable—to su scribe by the year. It should be added th THE AMERICAN MERCURY has in no w profited by the high current price of t first two issues. Copies were sold from th

Continued on page xx



Bell Telephone Laboratory in 1884. *From an old wood engraving published in the "Scientific American"*

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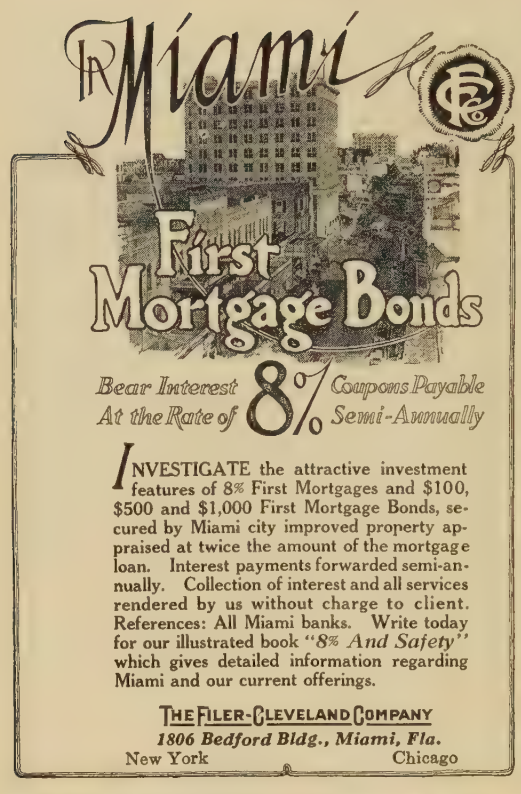

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xviii

office at the regular price until the sup
was exhausted.

A customer in Canada sends in this:

> I have long wanted to protest against your us
> of *blue-nose* to mean a joy-killing reformer—
> what the Australians call a wowser. The term
> as you doubtless know, was applied to the in
> habitants of Nova Scotia many years ago, a
> first opprobriously. Now it has lost offensive
> ness down there; the Nova Scotians rather lik
> it. They called a famous fishing schooner by th
> name, and won a trophy from the Glouceste
> fishermen in a race open to all fishing schooner
> on the Banks. They won the first race, and now
> whenever the accursed Yankees build a boa
> that seems likely to beat the *Blue-Nose*, th
> trustees make a new rule and disqualify her.

Among the articles to appear in the J
issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY are
following:

> "Jacques Loeb," by Paul de Kruif. An intimat
> portrait of the great biologist at work, by on
> of his former associates at the Rockefelle
> Institute.
>
> "Bright Eyes," by Jim Tully. A brilliant rem
> niscence by the author of "Beggars of Life" an
> "Emmett Lawler."
>
> "War Paint," by Henry Tetlow. A manufac
> turer of cosmetics tells the secrets of the
> preparation.
>
> "The Cavalry of Tomorrow," by Capt. E. I
> M. Burns, of the Canadian Army. What wi
> follow the disappearance of the horse? A cav
> alry officer's forecast.
>
> "Napoleon Breaks Jefferson," by Dr. Willia
> E. Dodd. A new interpretation of an importan
> episode in American history.
>
> "Dakota," by Ellen du Pois Taylor. A vivi
> picture of life on the cold, lonely steppes of th
> Northwest.
>
> "Ballads of Kit Carson," by Stanley Vestal.
> remarkable group of poems by an Oklahom
> poet.

Will the correspondent signing his ma
script K. A. T. communicate confidenti
with the Editors?

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NOTES & *Queries*

This department will appear every month he after. Queries will be printed in the order their receipt, and numbered serially. Answ should bear the numbers of the queries they refer to. The printing of answers will begin in August. Queries and answers should be addressed to The Editor of Notes & Queries, and not to individuals.

QUERY NO. 1

It is a well-settled principle of Christi canon law that the heads of male atten ants upon divine worship shall rema uncovered. The other day, at mass in strange church, I encountered a priest wea ing a toupee. Can anyone tell me if t general rule excepts toupees?

J. D. M., *Greenwich, Conn.*

QUERY NO. 2

I am puzzled by the first edition of Geor Ade's "Fables in Slang." The date of t copyright is 1899, and I have seen adve tisements, in second-hand book catalogue of copies said to bear that date. But all t copies that have actually come into n hands have borne 1900 on the title. I 1899 copies really exist?

Lester J. Harlow, *Chicago, Ill.*

QUERY NO. 3

I am making a collection of very sho

Continued on page xxiv

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BORZOI BOOKS

NOTES *and Queries*

Continued from page xxii

poems—such things as Strickland Gillilan's "Ode on the Antiquity of Microbes":

Adam
Had 'em.

and the once familiar:

How odd
of God
To choose
The Jews!

Can any of the readers of THE AMERICAN MERCURY help me with contributions?

R. L. O'F., *London, England*

QUERY NO. 4

What is the latest scientific view of the psychological origin of modesty? Havelock Ellis seems to be very uncertain; I can't make head or tail of his explanation. I hope you can induce some gentleman of the psychological faculty to do a better treatise upon the subject.

O. B. Montgomery, *Erie, Pa.*

QUERY NO. 5

I note that THE AMERICAN MERCURY speaks of the Maryland Free State. Where and how did it get that name?

K. K. K., *Atlanta, Ga.*

QUERY NO. 6

All the Christian sects profess to save their communicants from hell. What I'd like to know is how far they succeed. For example, take the Methodists. Do they save 99%, or 75%, or 50%, or 5%? Where can I find authoritative estimates? I have written to four or five bishops, but they are very vague.

Theologicus, *New York City*

QUERY NO. 7

I have heard that beer is high in vitamines. Where can I find a scientific report upon the subject?

A. D. T., *New York City*

Continued on page xxvi

THERE'S BEAUTY, TOO, BENEATH THE MASK OF DULL DRAB HAIR

"YET THIS WAS SHE!"

AT the Metropolitan . . . high pathos of golden song. . . a color drenched vista like a flood of soft moonlight. . . youth and beauty epitomized in the tender strains of "Salut d'Amour"

And before him, as if in exquisite sequence, another enchanting tone poem—golden hair that crowned a shapely head with a halo like the golden mist of sun-glow.

He remembered last season. . . the foyer of the *Opera Comique*. . . a fair flushed face in vivid contrast to the monotone of her hair—hair that covered her beauty like a lurking shadow.

Yet this was she! Now her beauty was lighted by a canopy of golden ringlets that seemed to personify the golden voiced aria of the opera.

Contrasted with the yesterdays, she looked like a glorious flower about which the darkness has been dissolved.

A miracle of the *toilette?* No; just the simple use of the famous preparation which removes the mask of dull drab hair—the formula of DR. CHARLES MARCHAND, *Graduate Ecole Centrale des Arts et Manufacturers de Paris.*

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BUY a 4 oz. bottle, follow directions and see the charming result produced on a strand of your hair Golden Hair Wash brings out the natural lighter colorings of the hair—the golden tint of girlhood or transforms dark or unattractive hair to rich tones of chestnut, auburn or lighter golden shades. And it is beneficial to the scalp, simple to apply and not affected by washing or shampooing. ***Write for booklet, "The Care and Treatment of the Hair". Address: Charles Marchand Co., Dep't O, 220 West 42nd Street, New York.***

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

of THE AMERICAN MERCURY
published monthly *at* Camden, N. J.
for April, 1925

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Alfred A. Knopf, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of The American Mercury and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

	Post Office Address
The American Mercury Inc.	
Publisher, Alfred A. Knopf	730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Editors { Henry L. Mencken, George Jean Nathan }	730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Business Manager, Samuel Knopf,	730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.)

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Alfred A. Knopf Inc., 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
Samuel Knopf, 815 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Alfred A. Knopf, 1148 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. } *Stockholders*
Blanche W. Knopf, 1148 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Henry L. Mencken, 1524 Hollins Street, Baltimore, Md.
George Jean Nathan, 44 West 44th St., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more or total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)
None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is

(This information is required from daily publications only.)

ALFRED A. KNOPF,
(Signature of publisher.)

Sworn and subscribed before me this 26th day of March, 1925.

[SEAL] JOSEPH LESSER.

(My commission expires March 30, 1925.)

Notary Public Kings Co. No. 432, Reg. No. 5224. Certificate filed in N. Y. Co. No. 605, Reg. No. 5457. Commission expires March 30, 1925.

NOTES *and Queries*

Continued from page xxiv

QUERY NO. 8

Who was the author of the saying, "If owned hell and Texas, I'd rent out Texa and live in hell"?

George Traband, *Dallas, Texas*

QUERY NO. 9

Most of the new dictionaries include th word *moron*, but none of them gives th date of its first use. Who invented it, an when was it used for the first time? Also I note that in your Editorial Notes fo April you used *broadcasted* as the perfec participle of *to broadcast*. Shouldn't it b simply *broadcast*?

I. Q. 62, *Cambridge, Mass.*

QUERY NO. 10

Do any of your readers know anythin about the early life of the late Ambros Bierce? In "Who's Who in America" h used to give Ohio as his birthplace, but have heard that he spent most of his earl youth in Indiana, at Elkhart and vicin ity. For a time he lived at Warsaw, th birthplace of Theodore Dreiser. I can fin nothing about these matters anywhere.

Joseph P. Lake, *St. Louis, Mo.*

QUERY NO. 11

A recent news item, saying that the com mon form of public ridicule in France i whistling, set me to searching the publi libraries of Milwaukee for literature abou whistling. I can find nothing. Perhaps on of your readers may be able to direct me. I seem to remember reading somewhere that whistling was unknown to the an cients. Also, that it is regarded as grossly disorderly in Russia.

Frank Kern, *Milwaukee, Wis.*

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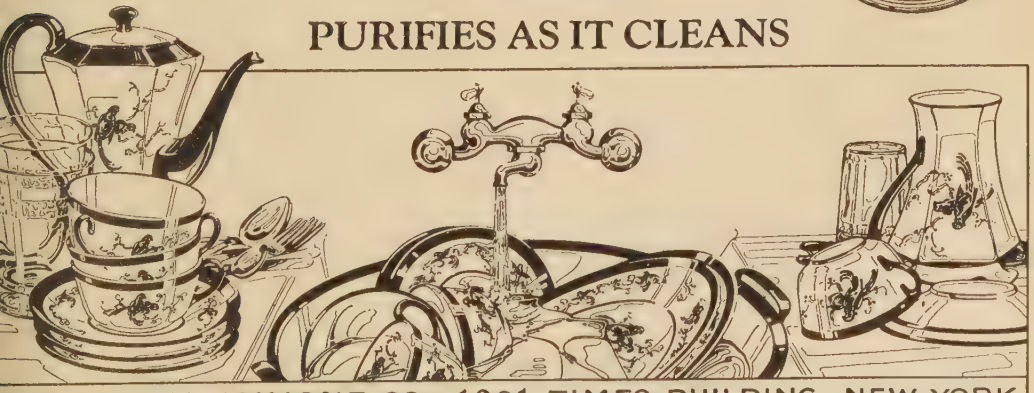

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

SOCIOLOGY

SEX AND CIVILIZATION.
By Paul Bousfield. *E. P. Dutton & Compa*
$5 9 x 5½ ; 294 pp. *New Yo*

An attempt to prove that the obvious differenc between man and woman, as social animals, are n congenital, but arise out of long-continued custom in other words, that they are artificial. The the forces the author into some very dubious contentio —for example, that the disabilities associated wi the lunar cycle are imaginary.

CHILD MARRIAGES.
By Mary E. Richmond and Fred S. Hall. *The Russell Sage Foundat*
$1.50 8 x 5½; 159 pp. *New Yo*

The authors find that the number of child marriag in the United States annually is larger than has be assumed, that most of them are among native-bo whites of native parentage, and that in fourte American States it is still legal for girls of twel years to marry. They believe that the minimum a should be raised gradually, first to sixteen and th to eighteen. Their study indicates that an overwhel ing majority of child marriages turn out unhappil

THE CHALLENGE OF CHILDHOOD. *Studies Personality and Behavior.*
By Ira S. Wile. *Thomas Selt*
$3.50 8 x 5¼; 305 pp. *New Yo*

The author presents fifty selected cases from h practice, divided into four classes, as they offer phy cal, intellectual, emotional or social problems. Ve often, of course, the categories overlap. His discu sions are shrewd and well-informed, and his boo constitutes a valuable contribution to the study youthful maladjustment.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE BAD MAN.
By Arthur Train. *Charles Scribner's So*
$3 8¼ x 5¾; xviii+427 pp. *New Yo*

Thirteen sensible essays on various phases of th administration of justice, written in a very entertai ing manner. The preface is a blistering attack on th ancient hocus-pocus of the law.

Continued on page xxx

WHY IS UPTON SINCLAIR?

'N THE "Century Magazine" for April an eminent professor of anthropology reports on the low state of Europe, and as evidence cords: "These 'sophisticated' Russians aclaim Upton Sinclair as a magnitude of the rst order." The professor knows the reason r this, and gives it in a sentence: "The ussians admire Upton Sinclair simply beuse he is a Socialist."

Now this leading anthropologist is accustomed to prost against the oversimplification of his own specialty, formulas which do not cover all the facts. We have bserved the gusto with which he deflates a too-confident neralization. Let us apply his method to himself.

Is Upton Sinclair the favorite American writer of Gerany, Austria and Czecho-Slovakia because he is a Demoat? Is Upton Sinclair the favorite American writer of rance and Switzerland because he is a Republican? Of orway, Sweden, Denmark and Holland because he is a Ionarchist? Of Italy because he is a Fascist? Of India ecause he is a Mystic? Of Australia and New Zealand ecause he is a Pioneer?

The professor implies that the popularity of Upton nclair is a matter of mass-prejudice; overlooking the ct that the men of letters here lead the masses. Is pton Sinclair the favorite American writer of Georg randes because he is a Liberal? ("Frank Norris, Jack ondon, and Upton Sinclair," says Brandes.) Of Henri arbusse because he is a Communist? ("L'hommage 'admiration devouée," writes Barbusse.) Of Romain olland because he is a Humanitarian? ("One such work ill survive in an epoch," writes Rolland.) Of Blasco banez because he is a Constitutionalist? ("Mon grand onfrere," writes Ibanez.) Of Frederik van Eeden beuse he is a Catholic? ("Verwonderlijke kracht," writes an Eeden.) Of H. G. Wells because he is a Utopian? 'Dear and Only Upton," writes Wells.) Of Johann ojer because he is an Artist? ("Dear Master," writes ojer.) Of Rabindranath Tagore because he is a Saint? 'I felt immediately a bond of sympathy," writes Tagore.)

How many times has it happened that an American riter has become a household word, alike in the cottage nd the salon, throughout the civilized world? There ave been four such writers, and three of them are dead—ames Fenimore Cooper, Mark Twain, and Jack Lonon. The fourth has had to be his own publisher, and nerefore has to fight his own battles.

The works of Upton Sinclair are about to be declared state monopoly by the Russian government, the propty of a hundred million people for all time. They are erving as university text-books in Switzerland, and as chool-books in Mexico. They are the Bible of political risoners in Jugo-Slavia, Poland, Esthonia and San Quenin, California. They are read wherever the English language is spoken, and are regularly translated into a dozen foreign tongues.

UPTON SINCLAIR *has just published a new book*

"MAMMONART"

A study of the world's culture from the point of view of economics. Who owns the artists, and why? To what extent has literature served and glorified the ruling classes? "Mammonart" is at once a text-book and a battle-cry. The New York "Times" finds it "interesting" to the extent of a page. Joel E. Spingarn calls it "a passionate poem on the lives of poets, and a new epic of human destiny." Floyd Dell writes: "I wish that every young writer in America could read it." Ernest Untermann, leading Marxian scholar of America, writes in the Milwaukee "Leader": "The first serious effort in the English language to view art in relation to the class economics of its time. . . . An event not only in Anglo-American literature, but in the world literature of Socialism. . . . We predict that this book will meet with the enthusiastic reception of the leading European Socialists, and that it will become a permanent classic of the world's labor and Socialist movement. . . . It is the finest of fine literature, written with the skill of a man who knows his English, and who understands the ins and outs of his craft as only a master can. . . . Intelligent workers everywhere will spread it and treasure it as one of their rarest possessions. . . . A veritable encyclopedia of the personalities, works and social significance of the great writers of ancient, mediæval and modern times. No matter how well versed one may be in literature, this book of Sinclair's will open up new vistas and stimulate new thought."

400 pages, cloth $2, paper-bound $1, postpaid. With either "The Goose-step" or "The Goslings," cloth $3, paper-bound $1.50, postpaid.

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UPTON SINCLAIR, *Pasadena, California*

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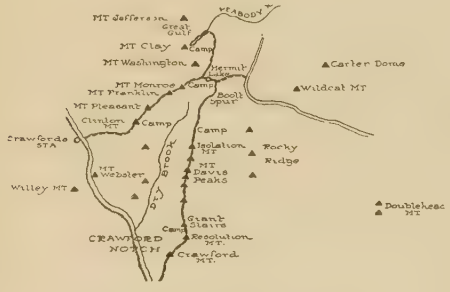

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BORZOI BOOKS

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxviii

THESE UNITED STATES. *A Symposium.*
Edited by Ernest Gruening. *Boni & Liveright*
$3 8 x 5¼; 438 pp. *New York*

The first volume of this work is well known. In this, the second and last volume, the following States are discussed: Virginia, Minnesota, Montana, Florida, Illinois, West Virginia, New Hampshire, Wyoming, North Carolina, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Idaho, New York, Kentucky, Washington, New Mexico, Indiana, Rhode Island, Missouri, North Dakota, Georgia, the District of Columbia, Alaska, Porto Rico and Hawaii. There is a special chapter on New York City by the editor. The contributors include Sinclair Lewis, Willa Sibert Cather and Theodore Dreiser.

YOUTH IN CONFLICT.
By Miriam Van Waters. *The Republic Publishing Co.*
$1 7¼ x 4¾; 293 pp.; paper. *New York*

A discussion of the problems confronting juvenile courts, by an official of the court at Los Angeles. There is a refreshing absence of the pious snuffling usual in such treatises. The book is well documented, but it lacks a bibliography.

ESSAYS

THE CONDUCT OF LIFE.
By Benedetto Croce. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$2.25 7½ x 5; 326 pp. *New York*

The Italian philosopher here attempts to relate his fundamental ideas to such practical concerns as sexual morality, the duties of the citizen and the attitude toward death.

THE FAITH OF A LIBERAL.
By Nicholas Murray Butler. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2.50 7½ x 5⅛; 369 pp. *New York*

Essays and address by the president of Columbia. Among them is a courageous and devastating denunciation of the Prohibition buncombe.

THE FREEMAN BOOK. *Typical Editorials, Essays, Critiques, and Other Selections from the Eight Volumes of the* Freeman, *1920–1924.*
B. W. Huebsch
$3 8 x 5¼; 394 pp. *New York*

Salvage from the files of the most lamented of American weeklies. The contributors include Albert Jay Nock, Suzanne La Follette, Charles A. Beard, Van Wyck Brooks, Geroid Tanquary Robinson, Walter G. Fuller, Alexander Harvey, Francis Neilson, Henry B. Fuller, Harold Stearns, Lewis Mumford and Henry W. Nevinson.

Continued on page xxxii

BORZOI BOOKS

"A first requisite for any American library"

PAUL BUNYAN

by James Stevens

WITH NINE WOODCUTS BY ALLEN LEWIS

Beautifully presented by James Stevens from the gorgeous stories which have been told for generations by the lumber-jacks of Bunyan's native logging camps, this gargantuan hero has already achieved a welcome truly Bunyanesque in exuberance. Gigantic in deeds, richly original and humorous in speech, endowed with deep truth and clean as the great North Woods, he is well on his new road to join the crew of the classics.

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxx

IMPRESSIONS AND OPINIONS. *Third (and Final) Series, 1919–1923.*
By Havelock Ellis. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$3 8¾ x 5¾; 241 pp. *Boston*

The charming style, the wide learning and the civilized manners of the first two volumes are again visible here. A book of sound and solid merit.

LIKE SUMMER'S CLOUD. *A Book of Essays.*
By Charles S. Brooks. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$2.50 8¾ x 5¾; 262 pp. *New York*

Twenty fugitive essays in the manner of a third rate newspaper columnist. There are many good drawings by Julia McCune Flory.

THE SCIENCES

MEDICINE. *An Historical Outline.*
By M. G. Seelig. *The Williams & Wilkins Company*
$2.25 7¼ x 5; 207 pp. *Baltimore*

A useful short history, based upon a series of lectures at the Washington University School of Medicine, St. Louis. There are forty-nine portraits, and a foreword by Lieut. Col. F. H. Garrison, of the Army Medical Corps.

CALLINICUS. *A Defense of Chemical Warfare.*
By J. B. S. Haldane. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$1 6½ x 4¼; 84 pp. *New York*

A brief but valuable analysis of the uses of poisonous gases and smokes in the World War and of their possibilities in future wars. The author maintains that chemical warfare is more humane than warfare with explosives.

OUTLINE OF PSYCHOLOGY.
By William McDougall. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$3.50 8½ x 5½; 456 pp. *New York*

An eloquent tract against the mechanistic view of the mind, often extremely diverting but seldom scientific.

THE PROBLEM OF ATLANTIS.
By Lewis Spence. *Brentano's*
$3 8¾ x 5½; xv+232 pp. *New York*

The author gathers all available scientific and folklore evidence bearing on the former existence of an Atlantean continent. There are sixteen full page plates. This is a second edition, slightly revised.

Continued on page xxxiv

Spring Books from Harper's

Novels

He Was a Man

By Rose Wilder Lane

"A very fine book indeed. Miss Lane has style, and with it a picturesqueness and a vitality which should take her far as a novelist."—*Wallace Irwin.* *$2.50*

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The sparkling, ironic story of a group of widely diverse people on an English Main Street. "Pungent satire. Mrs. Delafield always writes with a trenchant pen."—*New York Times.* *$2.00*

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Table Talk *of* G. B. S.

Conversations on Things in General between George Bernard Shaw and his Biographer, Archibald Henderson

"Exciting" is the word which Lawrence Stallings in the *New York World* applies to these striking conversations, in which G. B. S. discourses informally on a wide range of timely topics. *$2.00*

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By Mary Austin

A towering portrait of Christ. "One of the two lives of Jesus written in two thousand years worthy of being described as literature."—*John Haynes Holmes.* *$2.00*

The Spirit of the Hive

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One of the foremost of living scientists explains for laymen that most spectacular achievement of recent science—the laying bare of the structure of the atom. *$3.00*

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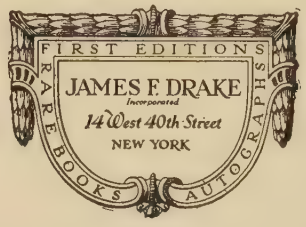

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Continued from page xxxii

CRITICISM

THE LIFE, DIPLOMATIC CAREER AND LITERARY ACTIVITIES OF NICOLAS GERMAIN LÉONARD.
By William Moseley Kerby. *Édouard Champion*
10 x 6½; xx+471 pp. *Paris*

A detailed analysis of the literary life of Léonard a French novelist, poet and dramatist who lived in the latter half of the Eighteenth Century. There are many extensive quotations from the original French. A lengthy bibliography is appended.

HIGHWAYS OF CANADIAN LITERATURE.
By J. D. Logan and Donald G. French. *McClelland & Stewart*
$5 8½ x 5¼; 418 pp. *Toronto*

A painstaking and exhaustive but sometimes unduly enthusiastic survey of Canadian literature, from pioneer days to the present time. The chapter on Haliburton shows all the orthodox errors, lately laid by Dr. V. L. O. Chittick.

WILLIAM BLAKE IN THIS WORLD.
By Harold Bruce. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3 8¼ x 5½; v+234 pp. *New York*

A readable life story of one of the most interesting characters in English literature. There are eleven illustrations and a very good bibliography.

LITERATURE AND REVOLUTION.
By Leon Trotsky. *International Publishers*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 256 pp. *New York*

Eight essays on Russian culture since the Revolution. Cluttered with Bolshevik rubbish, but also packed with shrewdnesses. The translation from the Russian is by Rose Strunsky.

LA PENSÉE AMÉRICAINE; AUTOUR D'ÉMERSON.
By Régis Michaud. *Éditions Bossard*
Fr. 12 9 x 5½; 250 pp.; paper. *Paris*

Penetrating essays upon American literature and American ways of thought by a French critic long resident in this country. The book opens with a discussion of Emerson, proceeds to studies of such figures as Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, and William and Henry James, and closes with a capital chapter on "le malaise intellectual et social" of today.

Continued on page xxxvi

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PUBLIC AFFAIRS

OUR DEBT AND DUTY TO THE FARMER.
By Henry C. Wallace. *The Century Company*
$1.75 7½ x 5; 232 pp. *New York*

The author was Secretary of Agriculture until his death last October. He discusses the agricultural depression of 1920–1924, and argues that the farmers should have been rescued from it by an inflation of the currency.

PATRIOTISM IS NOT ENOUGH.
By John Haynes Holmes. *Greenberg, Inc.*
$2 7½ x 5; viii+209 pp. *New York*

A plea for an international patriotism, a devotion to mankind instead of to a particular group or government. There is not one new idea in the whole book. A Community Church sermon between cardboards.

THE STORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.
By Thomas W. Goodspeed *The University of Chicago Press*
$2 7½ x 5¼; 244 pp. *Chicago*

The tale of the magical metamorphosis of a one-horse Baptist college into a great cultural rolling-mill with 13,357 students, assets of $53,000,000, and an English Gothic plant four times as big as Oxford's. *Soli Deo gloria!*

BIOGRAPHY

LEON TROTSKY. *The Portrait of a Youth.*
By Max Eastman *Greenberg, Inc.*
$2 7½ x 5; viii+181 pp. *New York*

A brief but very interesting life story of the former war minister of the Soviet Republic by one of his most intimate English-speaking friends.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM COBBETT.
By G. D. H. Cole. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$4.50 9 x 5¾; 458 pp. *New York*

A workmanlike and excellent biography of the great English radical. The chapter on "Rural Rides" is by the late F. E. Green, who was at work on a book on Cobbett when he died. A bibliography is appended.

THE LETTERS OF OLIVE SCHREINER, 1876–1920.
Edited by S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner. *Little, Brown & Co.*
$5 9 x 5½; 410 pp. *Boston*

A volume supplementary to Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner's biography of his wife. Nearly 6,000 letters

Continued on page xxxviii

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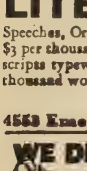

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were examined by the editor; many of his selection are but one sentence long. A large number of the let ters are to Havelock Ellis. In an appendix are te intended by the author for publication, on subjects o public interest.

HISTORY

THE LESSONS OF HISTORY.
By C. S. Leavenworth. *The Yale University Pres*
$1.50 9 x 5¾; 100 pp. *New Have*

The lessons that Mr. Leavenworth deduces from hi studies are all familiar to schoolboys, and even to th more intelligent sort of school-teachers.

MEDIEVAL CITIES: *Their Origins and the Revival o Trade.*
By Henri Pirenne. *The Princeton University Pres*
$2.50 7 x 5; 249 pp. *Princeton, N. J*

Eight essays dealing with the economic causes and sociological effects of the rise of cities in medieva times. The last chapter, "Cities and European Civili zation," is a very clear account of the part played by the middle class in the development of the modern economic system and modern culture. A bibliography is appended. The translation from the French is by Frank D. Halsey.

POETRY

ONCE IN A BLUE MOON.
By Marion Strobel. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$1.75 7½ x 5¼; xii+139 pp. *New York*

The first book of verse by one of the editors of *Poetry*.

SELECTED POEMS.
By W. H. Davies. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$2 8 x 5½; 76 pp. *New York*

Sixty poems, many of them decorated with wood cuts by Stephen Bone. There is a sweet pathos in some of them.

POEMS FOR YOUTH. *An American Anthology.*
By William Rose Benét. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$3 7½ x 5; xxxiv+512 pp. *New York*

Selections from American poets from the close of the Eighteenth Century to the present. Each is prefaced by a brief biographical note, including a few critical comments. There is a general introduction dealing with the history of American poetry.

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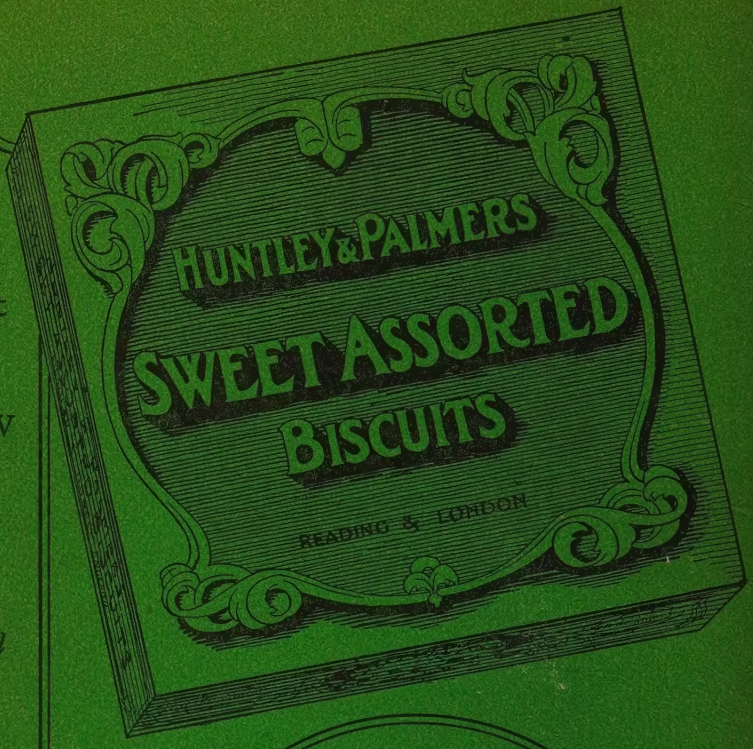

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